Beginning Again at Ararat

Mabel E. Elliott

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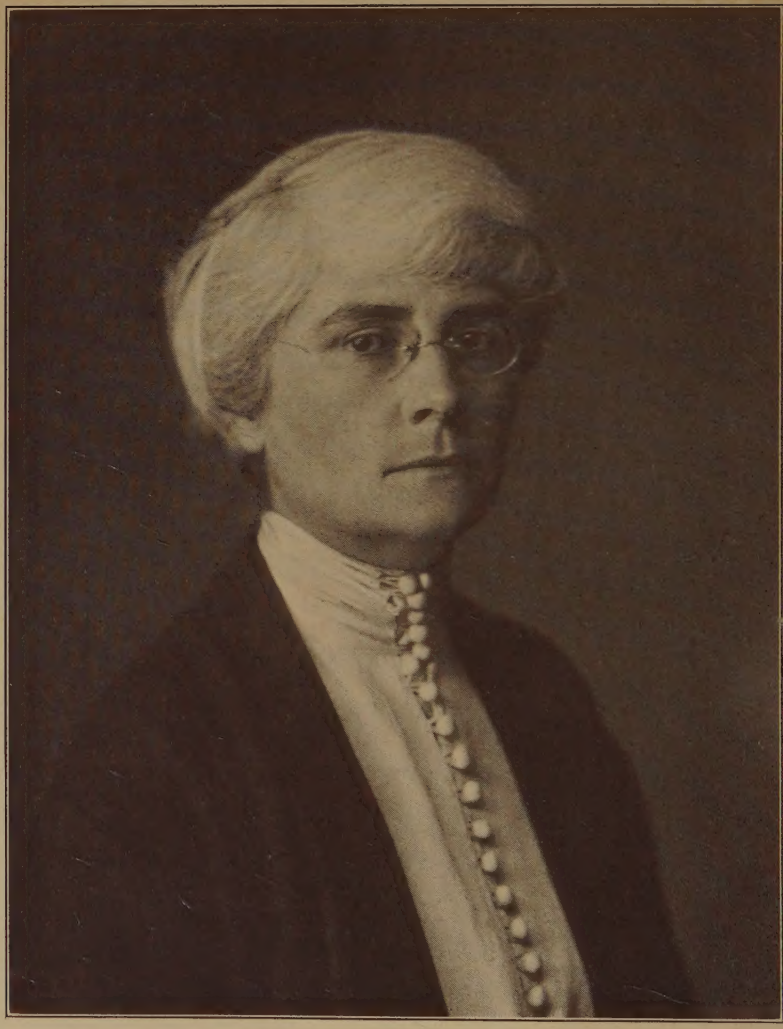

MABEL EVELYN ELLIOTT, M.D.

Beginning Again at Ararat

By

Mabel Evelyn Elliott, M.D.

Medical Director of Near East Relief

With Introduction

By

John H. Finley

Illustrated

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INTRODUCTION

I HAD the privilege of reading several chapters of this book in manuscript when on my way by a small black night-boat from the port of Piræus to the island of Scyros. On this beautiful little island, mentioned by Homer in the *Odyssey* as a place where people are never "plagued by sickness," there are now gathered two thousand refugee, orphan children from Asia Minor,—Armenians and Anatolian Greeks,—in an orphanage built and maintained by the Near East Relief.

But in the background of that cheerful, hopeful refuge amid the Isles of Greece of which poets have sung since the days of Sappho, there rise the snowy peaks of venerable Ararat, which have looked down upon more human woe, probably, than any other mountain on the face of the earth.

One of the most tragic stories of modern times is that of the wanderings of a people who for centuries made their homes in the valleys of the streams that have their sources in this mountain. The children whom I saw at Scyros and on the coasts of the mainland of Greece were but as the spray of the great successive waves of flying refugees that broke upon all the shores around the Ægean. They have, thanks to the hospitality of the Greeks and the generosity of the Americans, the prospect, if this assistance is con-

tinued for a few years, of becoming the pillars of the new republics that are being built upon the ruins of old empires.

The story which Dr. Elliott has written is an odyssey, the story of wandering and suffering after a world war. It is, however, an odyssey that has in it something which the immortal story of earlier wanderings along these same shores after the Trojan war, which seemed a world war, did not have,—for there is in the lines and between the lines, the spirit of Christian charity, which endureth all things, hopeth all things, is long-suffering and kind. There are no halls of Circe in this story, no caves of Calypso. It is an odyssey of human sympathy and noblest purpose, ministering to homeless people without even a country.

Ararat is more than the name of a mountain in the geography of Genesis. It stands in the geography of Geneva and Lausanne sharply against the background of Noah and Prometheus, as real and as imposing as Mont Blanc. A modern geographer has found a sort of geographical justification for the ancient view that it was the centre of the earth. Political orologists have a good reason to look upon it as the centre of the earth's present-day problems. It stands in what is now the territory of the new Turkey. It looks across the Araxes River into Russia, or specifically, into Russian Armenia, which is all that is left of Armenia. And it has, over the head of Little Ararat, a glimpse into Persia. It is thus at the conjunction of three countries whose beginning again is of great consequence to civilization. For what happens in the lands upon which it

looks down, especially Russia and Turkey, is bound to affect profoundly and permanently the whole Western world.

The most significant educational effort in that far region is that upon which Ararat's peaks look down—the Near East Relief Orphanage for children in Alexandropol, in Russian Armenia. It is the largest children's city in the world. I stood one day for two hours and more, with the Armenian Commissioner of Education and the Commissar of Agriculture, while the children passed in procession, some so small that they had to be carried. At the end of the procession came American tractors, drawing American ploughs, cultivators and self-binders,—a prophecy of the machinery that is likely to be in use beneath Ararat when these children become farmers and commissars of the new Russia. They occupy the extensive barracks, once filled by Russian soldiers but now put to this better defensive constructive use.

I take a hopeful view of the landscape from Ararat. I have travelled in the penumbra of the shadow that is deep upon the heart of Europe. And everywhere I was assured that the outer rim, at any rate, is not as dark as it has been, that things are not as bad as they were, and that they will be better rather than worse. I have a confident hope that Ararat is to be the centre of a new hope for the earth and the seat of a new covenant. And that hope is largely based upon what I have seen of the peasantry in all these lands, to whom the early covenant made with man at Ararat has been renewed: "While the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, and

summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease." It is these peasants, in their simple religious faith, who ever renew the sweet savour that first went up from Noah's altar, and who in the unceasing labour which is their prayer, will, if anything can, prevent a curse from falling again upon the whole earth, worse than that which Ararat has known in the past. It is in this hope that I have suggested the title "Beginning Again at Ararat" to Dr. Elliott for her book.

JOHN H. FINLEY

New York

AN APPRECIATION

FEW, if any, women in the history of humanitarian work have a record equal to that of Dr. Mabel Elliott, who has for four years been one of the most notable members of the American Women's Hospitals personnel in the Near East. It would have been unfortunate if one in the midst of such frightful strain and stress could not have kept any record of her experiences. Dr. Elliott has now arranged to give the world a connected narrative of the terrible pages of history of which she has been so intimate a witness.

She has had four very distinct experiences with a crescendo of tragedy in their continuity. First, Marash, in Central Anatolia, her hospital and general medical relief work for the population when the French troops were in occupation; the long siege by Turkish troops, with fear, hunger and disease to combat; and the final evacuation in midwinter when Dr. Elliott went out with army and populace. For three days of marching through deep snow and intense cold, without food or water, she shared the cruel hardships of those among whom she worked. Next, we see her with indomitable energy establishing the work in Ismid, south of Constantinople. A hospital, general medical relief, and a training school for nurses were in full swing when again war broke over her head. The Greek occupation yielded to the Turks. Under fire she calmly continued

her work, sent all her Christian young nurses in orderly evacuation and continued her work now for the Moslems.

This piece of work done, we see her transferred to the Trans-Caucasus, where her work was to organize and direct hospitals for Armenian refugee children driven out of their country by the Turks. Here Dr. Elliott had to cope with the results of war on a huge scale. It was a tremendous piece of organization and she did it with marvellous executive ability and scientific skill.

Then, while she was seeking rest and change from long months and years of strain and toil and danger, the awful tragedy of Smyrna horrified the world. Again she was called to service and she hurried back to Constantinople and thence plunged into the indescribable and inconceivable horrors of the Smyrna and Anatolia evacuations. We think of Florence Nightingale and her work in that same vicinity: read the annals of the Crimean war, and in numbers handled, in horrors encountered, and in heroism of service rendered, surely our Mabel Elliott of to-day stands peer to that wonderful woman of 1854-6. The Medical Women's National Association honours itself in honouring her. And in the work of our daughter, the American Women's Hospitals, we feel that we have a place in the sum of achievement.

Grace N. Kimball
(*President, Medical Women's National Association*, 1922-23.)
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

PREFACE

THE idea of this book, and the making of it, are not mine alone. Though the material is mine, gathered in notes and reports and letters during four busy years, the task of arranging and editing it has been shared by Mr. Jaquith, Mr. America, Mr. Jennings, Mr. Morris, Mrs. Lane and many others. To the *San Francisco Call* I am indebted for the use of a story by a staff correspondent. The illustrations are from photographs by Ella Jane Hardcastle, H. C. Jaquith, and Stanley Kerr.

To all the friends who have so patiently helped me, I gratefully give thanks; it is their book as well as mine; it is our book. Indeed, I feel that it is the work of all the millions of Americans who sent us out to help Armenia.

I went to the Near East as the representative of the American Women's Hospitals, one of the American institutions that rose out of the war and have grown during the less dramatic but more terrible years of the peace. It was at first a war-committee of the National Medical Women's Association, a committee whose work was the mobilizing of American medical women for war service. The committee was one of the many organizations which worked practically and efficiently as part of the huge American war-machinery, and was

as little noticed as any indispensable cog that helps to turn the large impressive wheels.

I went to Marash as one of the women certified and equipped by this committee, to work for the Near East Relief. I went to Ismid for the American Women's Hospitals, with a staff chosen, equipped and paid by them, to open and manage a hospital for which the Near East Relief furnished all supplies. Later the American Women's Hospitals sent me to the Caucasus to take over, for them, a larger share of the medical work of the Near East Relief.

This association of the small, specialized organization with the large general one proved so satisfactory that before I left the Caucasus my organization, made entirely by American women and employing only women in all executive positions, was handling the whole medical work of the Near East Relief in the Caucasus, a work involving the care of 40,000 orphan children, all of whom were at one time patients.

MABEL E. ELLIOTT.

West Palm Beach, Florida.

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I

A NEW MOTIVE IN THE WORLD

ONE autumn evening the Maxim Gorki on which we were travelling came into Armenia. The Maxim Gorki is a train made up of boxcars and decrepit third-class coaches, which was invented by the Russian poet when the Revolution made him a railroad man. We had left Tiflis at noon, and for six hours we had been creeping southward through Georgia, looking out at plains dotted with herds of horses and cattle, at strings of ox-wagons carrying hay and grain, and at villages peaceful in trees. Clusters of men hung to the steps of our coaches, stealing free rides, but last year's hordes of refugees had disappeared. Georgia was recovering from war and revolution. Even the crisp, mountain air seemed to have in it energy and hope.

Twilight was falling when our panting engine began to climb the mountainous border of Armenia. In a little while, as though exhausted, it stopped on the edge of a wild gorge. Looking across the chasm made by a furious river, we saw the wreck of a large village, perhaps a hundred houses, of which not one remained upright. Above it the mountain had been terraced to its summit. Miles of solidly-built stone walls, still holding the ledges of earth, spoke mutely of the wealth of human labour and life that had gone to make fruit-

ful the grudging mountain side. Nothing was left now but the stone walls and hundreds of stumps of murdered olive trees.

Near the skyline a woman sat alone on a boulder, at the black doorway of a dugout. She sat motionless, covered from the crown of her head to the earth by a white Armenian veil, and her figure was like a marble statue of mourning above the desolation. It expressed all the centuries of Armenia's misery; it expressed all that, four years earlier, I had known or felt about the Armenians.

Four years pass swiftly in the Near East. They bring added knowledge and a changed point of view, but these come concealed in the rush of immediate events. Persons who live through a catastrophe, like an earthquake or a theatre fire, do not know until a later quiet moment that the world has been changed for them. Four years in the turmoil of the Near East are not a catastrophe for an American, but they are as engrossing in their demands for quick, practical thought and action. It was not until I saw the white figure of the woman at the mouth of her cave that I realized how greatly four years of acquaintance with Armenians had changed my attitude toward them.

Down by the banks of the river, among the two or three hundred refugees living in shelters of cornstalks, was my Armenia. There were the haggard, dishevelled women nursing their babies; there were the young girls with dark, passionate eyes and thick masses of hair; there were the ragged boys. There, too, was the triumphant survival of home. For home persists,

endures, continues indomitably to survive, like life itself. Women who have lost husbands and brothers and the weakest of their children, who have lost all their treasures of linens and carpets and clothing, who have no food, no shelter, and—one would think—no hope, will still keep some semblance of home. Five thousand sick and dirty refugees huddled in a roped-off street will divide the cobblestones into tiniest family-spaces, and sweep, and lay neatly in order their precious rags, their one tin can, their handful of fire. So in the cornstalk village in the gorge there were the small cooking-fires, the covered deep pit for baking bread, the carefully folded rags of beds, the piles of rocks arranged as a cradle for the baby.

Life was going on there, as everywhere. If sorrow were a part of it, so were all other human emotions. The girls comb their thick hair and tie a bit of scarlet rag in it; they have a smile for the young man who passes while they are bringing water from the river, a brimming Standard Oil can replacing the accustomed graceful jar on their shoulders. The mothers gossip while they nurse their babies; depend upon it, there are scandal and triumph, envy and neighbourliness in that village of refugees. One family has a sheep; that means wool for the distaff, riches. Another has a bit of meat for the evening soup; stolen, perhaps. After supper the mothers will tell the children folk-tales that were old when Rome was a place on the banks of the Tiber where wild animals came to drink.

Yes, the Armenians are more—and less—than Christian martyrs. They are human beings. For some

years they have been wards of the American people. But they are like a ward in a distant boarding-school; the reports that come back to America do not express their living reality, their faults and their mirth, their stupidities and their hopes, their bewilderments and their flashes of nobility.

Perhaps no American will ever fully understand the Armenian people. Three hundred years of pioneer life and almost unbroken peace have produced us. Three thousand years of war and hate and mixing of bloods in the maelstrom where East and West meet have produced the Armenian.

We are a practical people; our Christianity becomes morals and ethics. The Armenians are a primitive and poetic people; their Christianity is still the mingled mysticism and superstition of their native East.

We were born free, and have made for ourselves the chains of a social sense. For fifteen centuries the Armenians have been a subject people, and their individualism is restrained only by patriarchal traditions and the rule of alien conquerors.

No two peoples of the same family of human races could be more different than the American and the Armenian. The bond between them is unique in history—the purely humanitarian interest of one nation in another.

Since the time of Adam, such a thing has not been known. All peoples have always been enemies, active or potential. The interest of a people in its neighbours has been simple; they could be robbed, enslaved, or killed. This principle endured when war became

more subtle, being fought with treaties and commerce as well as with stones and clubs and guns. It is a principle still accepted as the rule. But, to-day, the rule has exceptions. One of them is the relation of America to the Armenians. We see America, with nothing to gain, with no intention of annexing land, of finding cheap labour or seizing concessions, acting as though Armenians were not an alien people, but members of her own family.

This is not a movement of governments, but of peoples. There is probably not an American to whom the idea of Armenia is not familiar, scarcely an American child who has not given up the delight of candy to send a nickle or a dime to some unknown Armenian child. There is no Armenian who does not know that the American flag means help in trouble and safety in danger. The two peoples are separated physically by the bulk of the world, and mentally by the ages of experience since the white races began their migration from their unknown birthplace. But they are united by a new reality between peoples, the idea of human solidarity and mutual service.

This is a young motive in the world, and one must admit that, as yet, it is a weakling. Americans are not ministering angels, any more than Armenians are stainless martyrs. We are all human beings, and a pair of over-tight shoes or a day of hunger will submerge for a time the spirit of Christian brotherhood in the best of us. The important thing is that the Coué formula does express a truth, "Every day, in every way, we are getting better and better." Yet we are

doing it so very slowly that I would not rely on that truth to set a broken bone or stop a smallpox epidemic. But surely if slowly the great masses of us do begin to feel that sense of human brotherhood which Christ taught. To me this strange new thing in international relationships, the bond between American and Armenian, is one proof of it. Perhaps, after a few millenniums, the increasing goodness of humanity may be strong enough to heal for ever the world's war-wounds.

The Maxim Gorki went on, carrying the packed carloads of us further into the night that covered the mountain ranges and high plateaus of Armenia. Candles were lighted in boxcars and coaches, sheets of the thin Armenian bread torn and divided among eager hands. The snow-chilled mountain air came through broken windows and made the candles flutter. Mothers wrapped their sleepy children in rags of shawls. From one of the boxcars ahead a fragment of an old Armenian cradle-song came back to us:

> Sleep, my baby, lying in your cradle;
> I have wept very much, you need not weep.
> The blind cranes fly crying over our country,
> And I have wept very much; you need not weep.
> In the black forest the wind is mourning,
> Mourning for bodies the wild dogs devour.
> Don't weep, my baby, I have wept very much.
> Far in the desert the camels are kneeling,
> The caravan carries away all our sorrows.
> I have wept long enough; you need not weep.

The veiled woman whom we had left behind on the mountain side was probably at that moment singing

the same song to her own drowsy children. She was not what she had seemed, a statue of sorrow in desolation; she was as human as all the other Armenians whose faces and voices and stories came crowding into our memories. I wished that the people at home who had sent us to the Near East to help the Armenians could know them as we know them—more as neighbours, and less as symbols. That wish is the mother of this book, through which I hope to share with Americans at home the experiences of an American in Armenia.

II

ASIA THE INCOMPREHENSIBLE

IN Scutari, immediately after the Armistice, there was a Rescue Home for Armenian girls who, by order of the conquering British, had been released from imprisonment in Turkish harems. Scutari is the large Asiatic suburb of Constantinople, known to us as the place where Florence Nightingale, during the Crimean war, established the tradition which is the foundation of the Red Cross and of modern nursing.

Crossing the Bosphorus to Scutari, on a dingy ferry-boat crowded with strangely clothed men and women chattering all the tongues of the Near East, one sees only the uninteresting walls of wooden houses, the oblong brusqueness of Selemie Barracks, and the tall monument to Florence Nightingale. The domes and hills and minarets of Constantinople are left behind in Europe. Scutari is in Asia, but it appears less Asiatic than the city of which it is a suburb. Yet it was in Scutari, in the antiseptic cleanliness of a modern operating room, that I was given my first glimpse of Asia—the real Asia, beneath its outward colour.

There were a hundred and fifty girls in the Rescue Home, which was one of the many shelters receiving the girls escaping from the Turks. The Near East Relief had established the home, and my first work

after I reached Constantinople was the examination and medical treatment of these girls.

They were all from the best class of Armenian homes; carefully reared, well educated, charming girls, much like a group of young American college women. They were products of the American Mission colleges in Turkey, and many of them had studied in European universities. Nearly all of them spoke French or English. Among the thousands of girls who had come out into the world again, from behind the guarded gates and latticed windows of Turkish homes, these had been distinguished by their evident personal qualities. The Scutari Rescue Home was for girls of this type, who, when they had somewhat recovered from their experiences, could use their exceptional equipment in making new lives for themselves.

You must see them as I remember them, passing, one by one, through my consultation room; gentle, well-bred girls, with brushed hair and shining finger nails, who spoke in low voices and wore with instinctive taste their borrowed clothes. None of them had discussed with any one her experiences during the war. For the first time their reticence was disturbed, necessarily, by professional questions, and when they had begun to speak it was as though they could not stop. The whole story poured from them.

The things that I heard were unbelievable. A doctor sees more deeply into the abysses of human society than any other person except a priest, but I knew only America. This was Asia, strange, bestial, incomprehensible. It was my first personal encounter with such

things—the things that human beings can do, carelessly, without rancour, laughing, to other human beings. It was incredible, too, that these girls could have seen and endured them, and survived to sit there telling of them. The stories did not vary greatly; the variety was in the revealed temperament of the girls. Some sat quietly, with folded hands, talking on and on in a low voice, growing whiter and whiter until there was no blood in their lips. Others became excited, little by little lost their self-control, and ended screaming and sobbing.

It was better for them to pour out this bitterness that had been so long dammed behind their silence, and I did not stop them. I sat in the little, white room and listened, while the hucksters cried their wares up and down the narrow, cobbled street under the windows and the sunshine moved across the white walls, until at times the whole thing became as unreal as nightmare.

"I was twelve years old. I was with my mother. They drove us with whips, and we had no water. It was very hot and many of us died because there was no water. They drove us with whips, I do not know how many days and nights and weeks, until we came to the Arabian desert. My sisters and the little baby died on the way. We went through a town, I do not know its name. The streets were full of dead—all cut to pieces. There were heads and arms and legs and blood—oh, blood!"

"There, there," I would say. "You are safe now. Don't."

"They drove us over them. I keep dreaming about that. We came to a place on the desert, a hollow place in the sand, with hills all around it. There were thousands of us there, many, many thousands, all women and girl-children. They herded us like sheep into the hollow. Then it was dark, and we heard firing all around us. We said, 'The killing has begun.' We thought they had got tired of driving us. All night we waited for them—my mother and I—we waited for them to reach us. But they did not come, and in the morning when we looked around, no one was killed. No one was killed at all.

"They had not been killing us. They had been signalling to the wild tribes that we were there. The Kurds came later in the morning, in the daylight; the Kurds and many other kinds of men from the desert. They came over the hills and rode down and began killing us. All day long they were killing; you see there were so many of us. All that they did not think they could sell, they killed. They kept on killing all night, and in the morning—in the morning they killed my mother."

It was all an old story to Americans who had been longer than I in the Near East—the story of the deportations that were being carried out in Turkey while we in America were watching the battle-line in France. Every one knows now all that can be printed about it. Still it cannot be comprehended by a Western mind. More than a million human beings driven from their homes as casually as cattle from pens, their men and boys killed, the women and girls driven in

long criss-crossing caravans all over Turkey, dying, scattered in terrible days of massacre, meeting mothers and sisters again hundreds of miles away, torn from them once more, sold to slave dealers, escaping, helped by kindly Turks, captured by Kurds and re-sold—the magnitude and fantastic quality of it make it seem unreal. We cannot grasp it, for there is no reason in it; the facts those girls told were like revelations of the mind of a madman.

We read of wholesale massacre ordered by a government, and whatever our horror, our minds picture something like an orderly butchery. But there was no organization, no orderliness, in Turkey; all the passions and policies and hatreds of millions of human beings were turned loose, unrestrained.

This one girl remains distinctly in my mind because she was the only one in the Home who had lost her sensitiveness. Her manner was bold, almost callous, and one could not wonder at it, remembering that she was only twelve years old when the Kurds took her. The story went on, in a matter-of-fact voice. She had apparently been valued because of her youth and hardihood. They had held her for a higher price, while other girls were sold. She had escaped. For a year she had lived through a phantasmagoria of adventure, always captured, always escaping. She had got a knife and killed with it. She had been wounded, beaten, hunted through hills and underbrush. "There were some days I do not remember; my mind stopped. I would find myself a long way from where I had been,

and say, 'Where am I?'" Many times, driven by starvation to Turkish houses, she had been taken in and treated kindly. But always, sooner or later, the idea of profit came into Turkish eyes, and she saw it and escaped, wrenching bars from windows and dropping from walls. In the end, the Vali, governor of the province, heard of her and sent to demand her from the Turkish family that was giving her shelter. She escaped once more, and the gendarmes caught her.

"You might as well give up," they said. "What can you do against the Vali? This whole province is in his hand; he will have you in the end. Better give up now, while he feels kindly toward you."

So she surrendered. They took her to the Vali's house. "Then," she said with a long sigh, "for the first time I knew peace."

The Vali had been kind to her. She had had rest, and good food, and cleanliness. Having given up the struggle, she was no longer afraid. Every one was kind to her. "The Vali's wife loved me like a mother, and he loved me like a lover." Did she love him? "I? But I am Christian. And I love nobody. What did they leave me to love when they killed the last of my family?"

When I told her that in a few months she would be a mother, she said, with a laugh like a snarl, "Very well. I will send it to its father."

Then there was another girl, whose story had a touch of the incredibly fantastic. With eyelids closed, she was the most beautiful girl I have seen among a

people renowned for feminine beauty. Her features were like those preserved for us from antiquity by the chisels of great artists; her skin was like that of a child, and her body was a rhythm of line. But when she opened her eyes, it became painful to look at her. One eyeball swung outward in its socket so grotesquely that one thought of a gargoyle.

Her story was the usual one; during the deportations she had been sold into a Turkish house. There she had been rebellious, violent, incorrigible. She had upset the whole household, and beatings had not subdued her. "Then they said that they had had no peace since I came; I must have an evil eye, and they would fix it," she said. "My eyes were perfectly straight then, but they took me to a hospital and had this done to me," and she pointed to the crooked eye.

I did not believe it. I had grown as accustomed to hearing of monstrous things as I shall ever be, but this was incredible. When a knife or a hot iron would have served the purpose, why resort to an infinitely delicate surgical operation? It is a question I cannot answer; a question whose answer is so deep in Turkish character that only a Turk could answer it. For I examined the eye, and saw beyond doubt that the story was true. The microscopic scars were there, in the minute muscles of the eye. Some finely trained and skilful Turkish surgeon had used his training at the operating table to make this girl hideous. He had done this, while hundreds of Turkish soldiers, wounded in fighting for their country, were dying for lack of surgical help.

The girl whose revelation of Armenia went deepest was a graduate of European schools and spoke French and German as well as English. These accomplishments and her beauty had saved her from the deportations. After her father and brothers were killed, while the women and girls were being driven from the city, she had been selected with others to stay behind. She managed to keep one younger sister with her. More than a hundred girls were crowded into the Armenian church, and groups of officers and influential Turks continually came to choose wives from among them. During the first afternoon she perceived that one of these Turks looked at her for some time. He seemed kinder, more sympathetic, than the others.

He went away without speaking to her, but the next day he returned and said to her, "Come." She asked if she might bring her sister, and he said, "Yes." She went with him to his house, which was a large and beautiful one, with extensive gardens. She was given her own rooms and servants. From the very first he was always considerate and kind to her and to her little sister. He married her by Moslem ceremony. She was his only wife.

She repeated that he was always good to her, and like a father to the little sister. He gave them beautiful clothes and many jewels; he was thoughtful of their comfort and sensitive to their feelings. She lived with him for three years, and they had a child. He was in Constantinople when she heard of the Armistice.

At this point in her story she stopped, and I thought

it ended. She had been sitting very quietly, growing whiter as she talked, and the only gesture she made was when she said, "No, wait. I want to tell you."

When she heard of the Armistice she took off all the jewels and clothes he had given her, and put on the garments she had worn to his house and kept laid away. She left her baby with its nurse, took her sister, and went to Constantinople, straight to the patriarch of the Armenian church. She told him that she wanted to see her husband. The husband was sent for, and she said to him, "The war is ended now, and I am leaving you. I will never see you again."

He pleaded with her to come back to him. He said that he loved her and could not live without her, that he would never take another wife into his house. He promised even to give up his faith and become a Christian if she would come back to him. He begged her not to leave their child without a mother.

She sat quietly telling me this, with tears running down her white cheeks, and I said to her, "You love your husband."

"Yes," she said.

"But you love him, you say he loves you and is kind to you, he has your baby—why do you not go back to him?"

She looked at me with astonishment in her miserable eyes, and said, "But he is a Turk."

He was a Turk, her baby was a Turk, and she was Armenian. She felt that her love for them was a sin, and that in going back to them she would be denying Christ. She could not do it.

In this story, as she told it, I began faintly to perceive the meaning of religion to the Armenian. This Eastern meaning of religion is alien to us. It is not so much a guide in living, as life itself. It is dearer even than earthly life or hope of heaven; it goes deeper than the individual. It is the life of a race, the memories and traditions of generations of ancestors, and the immortality of a people on earth.

Without being consciously aware of it, these people know that to give up their God is to betray, not only their own souls, but their people. Their belief in their God is the force that has held the Armenians together as a people through fifteen centuries of living mingled with other conquering races; the Armenian Church is the one remnant of their state that has survived. At home we say glibly, "In the East, religion is nationality," but our minds skim the surface of the words' meaning. Neither religion nor nationality is to us what it is to the Armenian. Let America be conquered and held in subjection by a yellow race that worships strange gods, and after many centuries our descendants will know the Armenian meaning of nationality-religion, and American girls will know why this Armenian girl could not go back to the husband and baby she loved.

Many Armenian girls, of course, did remain in Turkish households. Of the thousands who disappeared into the seclusion of the high-walled gardens only a few hundreds came out. This absorption of white, Christian women into the families of the Mongolian conqueror began six centuries ago and has never

stopped. During those centuries the high-cheek-boned, slant-eyed, yellow-skinned invader has changed into the straight-eyed, smooth-cheeked, olive-tinted Turkish type of to-day. How much has the blood of the conquered and despised Armenian contributed to this change? It is an interesting question, which cannot be answered, for in a Turkish household the Christian woman becomes nominally Moslem, and her children inherit nationality from their father. Abdul Hamid, called the Red Sultan because of his bloody massacres of Christians, was the son of an Armenian slave, but this did not prevent his being a Turk and a Sultan.

This lofty ignoring of biology does not in the least hinder biology's pursuance of its own laws, but their working is hidden and their aim defeated. Beyond doubt only the obstinacies of religious creeds have prevented the Turk from being absorbed, in name as he has largely been in fact, by the greater numbers of the races he has conquered. For six centuries the Turk has maintained his precarious power over the innumerable peoples of Asia Minor and the Balkans solely by force of arms and by keeping alive the old hatreds between the subject races. During those centuries the blood of the conquered peoples has been mixed with the Mongolian to produce the Turk of to-day; a race separate from the others not by blood but by religion. Meanwhile the conquered peoples themselves have remained nearly as pure in blood, and as distinct from each other, as they were a thousand years ago.

Only common blood and a common ancestral ex-

perience enable human beings fully to understand each other, I think. There were always incomprehensions between me and the girls in the Scutari Home, gaps in our mutual understanding that could be bridged only by blind sympathy. Reasons for the organized American effort to help them were not very clear to the girls; neither organization nor impersonal social service were part of their experience. As for me, I could hear their stories only objectively; I had not yet seen massacre or slavery, and I could not remember to take for granted, as these girls did, that slavery and massacre are part of the normal scheme of things, like thunderstorms.

These girls, however, told more vividly than any mass of figures or political statements the immediate background of the Turkey into which we were going. In their little personal stories appeared the whole gigantic chaos of interior Turkey during the Great War; the conflicting ambitions and policies and characters of beys and pashas, the wandering bands of Kurds and other nomads, the stern figures of German officers—more brutal, often, than the Turks, but making little islands of Western discipline in a sea of anarchy—and the small heroic struggles of American missionaries.

There were girls from Van, who unconsciously revealed, in their story of Armenian delight in Turkish defeats and pitiful joy in the Russian army's coming, the basis for the Turks' charge that they were traitors, and the reason for the deportations. These girls had been caught in the massacres and driven from

their province, even while the Armenians of Van, intrenched in their quarter, were fighting the Turks until the Russian armies came. There was a girl from Mosul, who knew of the Assyrian-Kurdish war within the war. There was a girl from Marash, who had heard of the heroic revolt and defense of Zeitoun by the Armenian mountaineers.

Strange as these stories were, in their taking for granted a mingling of patriarchal laws and anarchy as foreign to our life as some story of conditions on Mars, there was in them a vague resemblance to something once heard or dreamed, which evaded my efforts to place it. It came to me suddenly one evening when a Bible fell open at an unaccustomed place and my eyes fell on the words, "And Jonathan smote the garrison of the Philistines that was in Geba, and the Philistines heard of it."

It was a shock to realize that the Old Testament is not a record of the far past, as it seems to us from our reading of it in comfortable living rooms on Sunday evenings; it was a shock to realize that here, in Asia Minor, it has never ceased to be living reality, that the peoples are living here to-day as they lived through the centuries after the Israelities came from Egypt to conquer the land. "For the children of Ammon and Moab stood up against the inhabitants of Mount Seir, utterly to destroy and slay them, and when they had made an end of the inhabitants of Seir, every one helped to destroy another."

Exactly as, without thinking of it or questioning it, we take for granted an orderly organization of society,

with its mixing of many races in our cities and on our unguarded farms, arrival of letters, ringing of the telephone, church services of many creeds on peaceful Sunday mornings, so do these people of Asia Minor take for granted a world of religious and racial hatreds, little and big wars, massacres, deportations—the same world in which the Lost Tribes of Israel disappeared, the same in which the Jews were driven captive to Babylon.

One girl was telling how she had been given the alternative of death or becoming a Moslem. "I would have said the words, I was so terribly frightened. Oh, I would never, never stop really being Christian! But I was so tired and so afraid and I had been beaten so, and they were killing others—there was so much blood and screaming. I thought God would perhaps forgive me if I said the words, not meaning them, and I would always pray secretly to Him as long as I lived. But I couldn't, when I remembered my mother.

"I'd lost my mother a long time before. It was when they were driving us through the pass in the Karajah hills, all among the rocks they began killing us—not the Turks, but some other men who came down from the hills. And somehow, I don't know how, I lost my mother. Afterward I could not find her anywhere. Always when we met or passed other Armenians I asked if they had seen my mother. I never saw her again. But once, a long time afterward, when we were being driven south toward Aleppo, we passed some of our people who were being driven north. The

soldiers would not let us stop, but as we went past we called to each other. A woman answered me, and said she had seen my mother, going West. My mother sent me this word, 'Do not deny Christ. If you deny Him, I will deny you.' It was the only word I had from my mother. So I could not say the Moslem words, though I tried to."

Strangely, some disturbance had occurred, and in the confusion she had been included among the girls who had repeated the fatal words. She had survived, without disobeying her mother's command. "I can tell her that when I see her," she said.

"You have heard from her, then? You know where she is?"

"No. Of course she may be dead. But she was very strong. If she lived I will meet her some day and tell her."

She was making no effort to find her mother—indeed, there was no effort she could have made—but her manner was confident. And four years later, on the wharf in Piræus, the harbor of Athens, I heard a sudden wild shriek. "My mother! My mother!" It was this girl, now a refugee from Smyrna, recognizing a woman on the crowded deck of a refugee-transport from the Black Sea. Once more they were both refugees; once more the hundred thousands of Armenians were adrift, and chance had brought these two together again.

The developments of these four years were unimaginable when she was in the Rescue Home in Scutari. The Armistice had just been signed; the Peace of Versailles and the Treaty of Sèvres were in the making.

Americans, knowing no better, thought that the war was ended. Turkey was beaten helpless at the feet of Western conquerors. English officers walked the streets of Constantinople with that air of rulers of earth which they have perhaps acquired from ruling so much of it. The Turks moved quickly aside to let them pass. When the English spoke, Turkey obeyed. The English had said that Christian girls must be released; they were released. When there was a rumour that a Christian girl was in a Turkish house, Allied soldiers walked through the ancient sanctities of the harem as though Turkish customs were tissue paper. The Allies were lords of all the debris of ancient peoples and civilizations, from the Mediterranean to the Black Sea and the Caspian. The only question was the ratio in which they would divide the spoils, and that was to be decided at their conference tables.

Meantime the Arabs were relying on England's promise of their freedom when they had helped to defeat Turkey, and dreaming happily of the Arab kingdom of Syria—which had been promised to France; the Kurds were claiming independence and killing the Assyrians, remnant of the people who had oppressed the Kurds thirty centuries ago; in the north the Armenian Republic was rising, aflame with President Wilson's Fourteen Points, and claiming the old boundaries of Caucasian Armenia in payment for services to the Allies during the war; and a handful of English policed the swarming populations, held Mesopotamia, Syria and Cilicia, and controlled the Bagdad railway which would take us across Turkey to Marash.

III

IN THE HEART OF ANATOLIA

LATE in April, 1919, a special train left the little station of Haidar Pasha on the shores of the Bosphorus, and began its journey toward Aleppo. This train was made up of ten boxcars, seven containing medical supplies. In the other three, with beds, blankets, trunks and food supplies, rode Dr. Lambert and I, accompanied by four American nurses.

This journey eastward across Turkey was as primitive in manner, and in its way as adventurous, as the journey of the American pioneers toward the West. Each morning we knew no more than they at what point we would arrive before darkness overtook us, and although the invisible power of the British protected the thin line of rails beneath us from the nomad tribes that prey on caravans, at every stop we had to be watchful that none of the boxcars of supplies were stolen by local Turkish railroad men.

A Turkish engineer in a fez was at the throttle of the little engine, a Turkish fireman worked beside him. The station-masters and the ragged porters were Turks. But at each station the British Empire was represented by one smartly-uniformed, lonely Englishman, who hailed us with pitiful delight in seeing again

white faces and hearing once more his own language. Simply by their air of being predestined rulers of all dark-skinned peoples, this thin string of Englishmen was holding the Bagdad railway, a cause and a prize of the Great War.

All one day we ran through beautifully wooded mountains, a country not unlike the Alleghanies. We picnicked on the floor of the boxcar, spreading cold food on a packing case and making tea over an alcohol stove. At night, making up our army cots, we slept, with the mountain air flowing through the half-open doors.

The forests were left behind next day, when we turned from the sea at Ismid and struck into the interior of Turkey. The mountains retreated to the very edge of the world. Around us spread the barren plains of Asia Minor, a land that looked as though it had been uninhabited since the creation of the earth. All the civilizations known to man from the beginning of memory to the fall of the Arabian Empire have flowed across these plains, and ebbed from them, leaving only bare earth under an empty sky.

The dominion of the Ottoman Turks, that nomad band of Mongolian warriors who overthrew the Arabian Empire, has not been civilization. It has built no roads, no irrigation systems; it has developed neither its peoples nor its natural resources. The Turks were a flying wedge of fighters that captured the capitals of the countries they invaded. For six hundred years they have held these capitals against the will of their subject populations, and against the attacks of Europe.

When, with the beginning of the machine age in the West, these attacks ceased to be military and became industrial and commercial, the Turk's defense against them was to close the doors of his empire against all Western development. Unskilled himself in industrial and commercial arts, unable—had he wished—to develop Turkey for the Turks, he knew very well that Europeans, if allowed to enter, would develop it for the Europeans. He preferred to keep it undeveloped. He preferred handwork to machinework, caravans to railroads, leisurely drinking of coffee in his cafés to the energetic, vigorous and exhausting life of the West. He rested content with the will of Allah.

Sitting in the door of the crawling boxcar, my feet dangling over the threshold and my eyes contemplating the barren land, I remembered the passionate words of a young Moslem, rebelling against that contentment. "We must not submit any longer to the will of Allah!" he had said. "Civilization is man's rebellion against God. What! should I go unclothed, because God caused me to be born naked? God made me naked, but I will not leave myself as God made me; I will clothe myself. That is rebellion against God; that is civilization. God makes the rivers and the mountains as they are, but man stands up and says that he does not like God's work. Man remakes the mountains, cuts them down, drives tunnels through them, digs minerals from them. God makes the rivers to run to the sea, but man stands up and says, 'I can make the rivers run better than God made them run. I can make them water my fields.' That is civiliza-

tion—rebellion against the ways of God. That is what my country needs."

He had expressed, I thought, both the Eastern idea of God, which is so alien to our conception of Him, and the ambition of Young Turkey, which had risen too late and been too feeble to save the Turk. Ambitious Young Turkey had appeared only after European Imperialism had used the discontent of the Christian peoples in the Turkish Empire as a tool with which to cut away the western edges of Turkey. After Greece had been freed, the Sultans had known no way to dispose of the danger of Christian populations in Turkey save by slaughtering them. This naïve and horrible policy had only been seized upon as another weapon of European Imperialism. The Sultan massacred the restless Bulgarians, and Europe freed Bulgaria. After Bulgaria, Herzogovina, Croatia and Bosnia had been cut from the Turkish Empire and set up as small dependencies of the Great Powers of Europe, the Young Turk had risen with this cry of "rebellion against Allah," this declaration that Turkey must civilize herself in order to save herself. But his effort came too late. Imperialist Germany wanted her expansion in the East—the Berlin-Bagdad railway; Tsarist Russia wanted Constantinople; the British Empire's very life was threatened by a cutting of the sea-route to India, and in this part of the world the Great War was the struggle of these Powers for the bones of Turkey.

That war had been fought, and now we were riding across Turkey in a boxcar on the Bagdad railway;

six Americans and seven boxcars of supplies, a small part of the American effort to save the helpless peoples of the world from the consequences of their governments' imperialistic policies. The war was over, and won. England held the Bagdad railway, and Syria, and Mesopotamia, and Cilicia; the Allies were in Constantinople. Europe had conquered, I thought—as we were all thinking in those days—and the six-century-old dominion of the barbarian Turk over this fertile yet desolate land was ended. British and French would develop the country, there would be railways, mines, oil-wells, factories, modern farms, automobiles, telephones; and these millions of dark-skinned peoples would be working for London and Paris.

The train stopped at a little station; Americans jumped from either side of it to keep the seven boxcars under their eyes. Scattered beside the track, Kurds and Turks and Chetas looked at us with enigmatic eyes under black eyebrows and swathed turbans; their broad, coloured sashes were arsenals of revolvers and knives; their garments, all of bright colours, fell about them in picturesque folds. There was something disturbing, something old and relentless and fierce and suave, in their gaze at us. It made me feel my professional sense of the necessity of dominating a situation that threatens to be difficult. It was nothing; it passed in a second, with the sound of a boyish English voice saying, "How do you do? I say, it's jolly good to see you!"

Poor lonely boy, carrying the dignity and weight of Empire on his slim shoulders, day and night, before all

those watching eyes! And certainly it was good to see him, to hear his clipped English words, and to feel that England was here—England bringing peace, and work, and safety at last for the Christian peoples of Turkey.

Always, at every station, the lone Britisher came hastening to us, to look at us with eyes hungry for the sight of white faces, to ask innumerable hurried questions, to offer everything that could be imagined to make us more comfortable, to clutch at the very last second of our time, and to stand saluting us as the train pulled out, leaving him on the platform surrounded by a few tumble-down mud huts and the barren plain.

On the third day we came to Eski Cherher, the city to which the Turkish government prepared to move when it expected the Allies to take the Dardanelles. It is a typical city of interior Turkey, a magnified village, where perhaps 40,000 people live in mud-walled houses hidden in courtyards. Water runs in gutters in the middle of the crooked, narrow streets, serving impartially as sewer, water-supply, wash-tub, and paddling place for ducks. Flocks of sheep clatter hoofs on the cobbles; here and there a milch goat is tied to the post of an open shop-front, where a Turk sits cross-legged, making the cigarettes or fezzes or wooden saddles that he sells. The streets of the bazaar are choked with jabbering, gesticulating crowds of men, dirty, ragged and picturesque; the few women are moving swathes of black cloth. One never sees a Moslem woman's face after leaving the sea-coast of Turkey.

Meerschaum is mined near Eski Cherher, and in the market place we saw quantities of it, worked into cigarette holders, pipe-bowls and ornaments.

Thence we were carried off to tea in the British officers' mess. We hesitated about going, fearing that our train would be sent on without us, but our four hosts laughed away the idea. "We're the masters here," said they. "Your train won't move until we say the word."

We were persuaded, and the crowds opened respectful lanes before the British uniforms. Yet there was something ominous even in their alacrity, and I thought —and laughed at the thought—of wild animals moving docilely to obey the orders of the trainer's whip.

Tea was perfectly served by native servants in the officers' quarters, with English cake and Damascus sweets, and at our every suggestion of leaving our hosts reiterated their assurance that the train would await their pleasure. When at length, regretfully, we tore ourselves away, two of the officers announced that urgent business called them down the line, and sent orders to have their car attached to our train. When we reached the station this had been done, and all the next day the atmosphere of our boxcar was that of a pleasant English week-end.

Five days from Constantinople, we arrived in Konia. Only this fragment of the name Iconium remains of the city that the Romans built on the old Roman-Arabian road—for nineteen hundred years ago Rome was fighting the same fight that Europe is waging today, for possession of trade-routes to the East. Konia

is now tumble-down, filthy, picturesque, crowded and disease-ridden, like all Turkish interior cities; it is renowned as the centre of the sects of dancing and whirling dervishes. Here we were surprised to find a large number of Italian soldiers; stationed there, no one knew why. At least, if the Italians knew the reason for their swift dispatch through Ismid to Konia, they had not communicated it to Americans or English. Some secret move on the diplomatic chessboard had flung them from Italy to this wretched spot, and here they stayed, until some months later they as mysteriously and unceremoniously departed. Italy had been checkmated, then, in her clutch at Asia Minor, and the Greek pawn had been moved into Smyrna.

In Konia we met Miss Cushman, that remarkable American woman who, all through the war, doggedly stayed in Konia, with all the Allied consulates left in her care, as well as the work of the Mission Boards and the management of the American Hospital. Here, too, appeared once more that magic of the American woman's home-making ability, surprisingly revealed by the war and the peace. American women are the only women in the world who, far from home, in primitive countries, without any familiar materials, set to work with whatever they can lay hand upon, and make a home. Somehow they curtain windows, create couches and tables and chairs from packing-cases, make leather cushions of sheeps' skins, table covers of peasant's petticoats; then they set a flowering almond branch in a pottery jar—and there, triumphantly, is an American living-room, tasteful, charming, comfortable.

In every language of Europe and Asia, men marvel at this.

Not the least remarkable among such American homes created by relief workers in strange countries is that of Miss Cushman of Konia, who made it while doing the work of six men in an enemy country during the war. Here we rested over night, with luxury of warm water in which to wash and a motionless bed in which to sleep, and a dinner such as we had not eaten since leaving America. Our imperishable memory of Konia is Miss Cushman's hot biscuits. We are still wondering how she got the baking-powder.

The next day I was sitting in the boxcar watching the interminable waves of sand go slowly by, when I happened to glance backward down the tracks, and saw a great lake stretching into the distance and lapping lazy curls of waves upon its shore. Five minutes earlier we had passed that way, and I had gazed on empty land, where now the lake lay ruffling and sparkling in the sun. For an hour it followed beside the track, while I watched its metallic flashes and blue reflections of the sky, and then its unreality was gone as mysteriously as it had come.

That night the setting sun turned the sand to gold and spread a wash of pure rose across the sky. On the edge of the golden sands three camels moved slowly, black silhouettes against the rosy light.

We woke in the Taurus mountains, to see mountain peaks towering above us and to hear the roar of water-

falls in gorges. The train crawled snake-like in and out of folds of mountain sides, and halted with clutching of brakes at the edge of chasms. There was a scent of pine and snow in the air. The black mouth of the Taurus tunnel waited a long time for us, and at length we plunged into its darkness.

This tunnel, the second longest in the world, had just been completed; our train was one of the first to go through it. Germany had begun it before the war; Turkey had finished it during the war, using English prisoners as directors and foremen. It was the new gate to Cilicia. Formerly, passengers had been obliged to leave the train and to climb on foot or on mules, over the Taurus Pass and through the Cilician gates, to descend to another train waiting on the other side. We could remain in our boxcar, blinded by the artificial night, and tantalized now and then by a glimpse of daylight and magnificent gorge and waterfall, seen so rapidly in the flashing-past of a stone archway that we did not so much see them as remember an impression left on optic nerves. Then in a moment the darkness had gone, the train had stopped, and there were English uniforms once more, and eager impatient voices saying, "Come along! Come along! We want to take you for a drive!"

Again we protested that we could not leave the train, again our protests fell baffled against the wall of British lordliness,—"Come along! My word, the train will wait until we tell it to go!"—and we were bundled into a seven-passenger car and whirled away on the most magnificent drive we had ever known, up through the

gigantic gorge of Taurus Pass. Waterfalls roared downward to join the roaring stream, cliffs towered overhead, and with every curve of the looping road, vista after vista opened before us. It was an hour of perfection, a summit of delight very rarely reached. Then the purring car brought us again to the train—which, true enough, had patiently waited—and our hosts deposited us once more in the boxcar.

The next stop was at Adana, where the train must be divided. Our engine could pull only five cars up the steep grade beyond the city, and Dr. Lambert left us here, taking on the first half of the train and leaving the second half in my charge, to bring on when the engine should return for it. At Adana there was a large camp of Hindoo soldiers, and our train had hardly stopped when a British officer was hailing it and asking if there were a doctor on board. "One of my best men is most frightfully ill, would you be so good as to look at him?"

With some concealed trepidation I walked through the camp, saluted by tall, grave Hindoos, and entered the tent in which the patient was lying. I anticipated objections to a woman doctor, but the big Hindoo was quite docile and dumbly grateful for help. He was prostrated in the exhaustion of malaria, one of the devastating scourges of these countries. I examined and prescribed for him, while his large eyes looked at me and at the officer with a pleading like the clutch of a frightened child's hand. The officer spoke to him in his own language, and outside the tent was almost un-

English in his expressions of gratitude, pressing upon us gifts of English jams and a side of bacon.

That evening, for our entertainment, he commanded his Arab orderly to dance for us. A bonfire was built beside the boxcar, and we sat in a row in the open door, while the Arab, playing a weird, stringed instrument, sang desert songs and danced the slow, graceful Arabian dances in the firelight until the late moon came over the mountain-tops.

Adana is the usual Turkish city, in a desolate miserable country of treeless, black mountains. Near East Relief work had begun there, and the American Mission schools that had lived through the war were reviving. In Adana we were as near to Marash as we would be in Aleppo, but there was no way of getting our supplies across the mountain ranges. So for three more days our train crawled onward through the mountains, and now that responsibility for the supplies rested on me, I got out at every stop to make sure that the five cars were still with us. So I must have descended at Islahai, the little station which is only seventy-five miles from Marash. But it made no impression on my mind, and I was far from suspecting that Islahai would one day mean the difference between life and death to me.

Near East Relief work was also started at Aleppo, which was crowded—as we then thought, little anticipating how much more crowded it would become—with Armenian refugees who had saved nothing but their lives from the war and deportations. They were pour-

ing back now, by the tens of thousands, to their former homes, and it was to help them live until they were settled and working again that we had come to Cilicia. After two days in Aleppo, checking our supplies and arranging for them to follow us, we began the last stage of our journey in an automobile; a hundred and fifty miles to Marash, in the heart of the Hittite country.

It was a beautiful spring day, the air still snow-cooled, and thousands of little flowers blossoming in the hollows. The road, many centuries old, wound around mountain sides and ran through green valleys and in and out of flat-roofed villages where innumerable dogs assailed our whirling wheels. All along the way the refugees were coming in, returning patiently on foot, with bundles on their backs, to their old homes in the villages and in Marash.

Late in the afternoon the city appeared before us, white and green amid blossoming trees, climbing a mountain side. Below it was spread its wide valley of ricefields, and from the midst of it rose the old citadel that has seen with the same indifference the sprouting and the harvest of so many centuries of rice and the rise and fall of so many empires.

Our car ran into the market place, beneath the covered Oriental bazaars of age-rotted wood and mouldering stone, where all goods and foods and colours are jumbled together in the darkness, and bargaining goes on in scores of languages while claw-like hands finger the heaps of merchandise. We ran into these bazaars, and could go no further, for the excited crowds came

surging down upon us, a sea of bright dark eyes and turbans and dangling, gilded coins and blue bead charms, and an outcry of voices. What new wonder was this? they cried, pushing and struggling to get a better view of us and our automobile, while bracelets and necklaces chimed together, and children screamed and women clutched veils tighter across their faces and shrieked shrill comments, and our chauffeur vainly honked the horn.

This was our welcome to Marash, where our arrival spread an excitement and wonder only equalled by the sensation at the entrance of the English, two weeks earlier.

IV

THE KINGDOM OF LITTLE ARMENIA

WE were in the heart of Cilicia, whose mountain peaks and fertile valleys have been a stronghold and a prize of war since the days when the Hittites reigned here. High on the crags of the Taurus range still stand the old castle forts built by many races of men, besieged and stormed and burned and rebuilt again through succeeding generations, and in the inaccessible recesses of wild gorges live fragments of all the peoples whose empires have risen and fallen since the centuries before history began. A debris of races, mixed together but never mingling, a clashing of innumerable prides and hatreds whose very origins are forgotten; scores of hands clutching, and obstinately clinging to the hope of regaining an old dominion over all the others. Not least among these dogged claims to a revival of former power was that of the Armenians, whose empire in Cilicia was ended only yesterday, as the mountains and these people count time.

The Empire of Great Armenia rose in prehistoric times at the foot of Mount Ararat in the Caucasus. The long story of its waxing and waning power, its conflicts with peoples whose names are lost, and with Assyrians, Babylonians, Medes, Persians and Mace-

donians, ended in the fourth century when Great Armenia crumbled and disappeared under combined attacks of the Byzantine Empire and the Persians. Only a few independent princes remained, in strongholds among the mountains, and the last of these were engulfed when the great wave of Mongolian peoples swept down upon Europe in the eleventh century. The Huns and Tartars, winning battle after battle against the Byzantine Greeks, occupied the whole of the Caucasus.

It was then that several Armenian princes fled from the Caucasian ranges southward, to attack the old castle forts on the defiant peaks of the Taurus ranges. Having captured several of these, they appealed to the Byzantine Empire for recognition, and the Greek emperors of Constantinople confirmed them in their new possessions. From these strongholds they successfully resisted the continued invasions of the Tartars, and established the royal dynasty of Little Armenia in Cilicia.

Here the first Crusaders from Europe found them installed, strongly fortified, and courageously beating back the persistent waves of the Mongolian advance. The mailed knights of France had hardly disembarked on the shores of Cilicia, when they were welcomed by Constantin, King of Little Armenia, who had hastened down from his mountain stronghold to offer hospitality to friendly warriors from unknown lands. His hardy mountaineers, assembled behind him, greeted with their rallying war-cries the ranks of fighting peasants from Europe, and the two forces camped together, while in

the tent of Constantin the Frankish knights, seated on royal rugs, were served with interminable courses of wild game and Armenian delicacies, washed down with floods of good Armenian wine.

Valiantly aided by their new allies, the Crusaders won battle after battle against the pagan Mongolians, and when winter brought a truce to fighting, and famine became the enemy, long trains of pack-donkeys wound down the trails of the Taurus ranges, bringing bread and meat and wine, gifts from the Armenians which saved the lives of the tottering, skeleton Crusaders. In gratitude, King Constantin was given the title of Baron of France, and until his death he fought ably by the side of the French chevaliers.

His title was inherited by his son, who confirmed the Armenian alliance with the Crusaders, now become kings of Palestine. Fighting unaided, the Armenians so disastrously defeated the Mongolians amid the gorges of the Taurus that Armenians still sing of the rivers which that day ran red with Turkish blood. After this victory, the Armenians hastened to the aid of the French of Antioch, who were desperately struggling against the Arabian Moslem invasion from Syria, and when this war had been won, both Armenians and French turned against the Byzantine Greek Empire.

But this established policy of alliance with the French, faithfully followed by successive kings who bore the title of King of Armenia and Baron of France, led at length to the eclipse of their kingdom. Victorious Byzantine armies so devastated Armenia that famine forced King Leon to surrender, and he was

taken to Constantinople where—as was usual when kings were captured—he died in a dungeon. The Byzantine Empire became master of Little Armenia.

But it remained master only until King Leon's son Theodore, who was held as a hostage in Constantinople, could grow to manhood. Then, in 1143, he escaped from the Byzantine court, and in the rags of a beggar made his way into the Taurus mountains, where safely in an Armenian village, he disclosed his identity. The Armenian mountaineers rose as one man to fight for him, and before the fury of their onslaught the Byzantine Empire was defeated; the Greeks fled from the mountains, and the kingdom of Little Armenia held them once more.

Constantinople, however, still held Cilicia's valleys and seaports, thus cutting off Armenia's communication with her allies, the French kings of Palestine. King after king of Armenia continued the war for seaports and valleys; thirty years of desperate fighting, of sallying from the safety of the mountains to battle on the plains, of defeats and undaunted fresh attacks, at last won for Little Armenia again the whole of Cilicia.

Peace with the Byzantine Greek Empire, and the accompanying free intercourse with the French, might have made in the Taurus another golden age of Armenia, had there not been an outbreak of religious wars. A difference of opinion as to the exact nature of Christ's divinity before His baptism by John the Baptist began afresh the murderous war between Armenian Gregorian Christian and Byzantine Greek Orthodox Christian, and in the midst of this war

Saladin, King of the Moslem Arabs, besieged and took Jerusalem.

Jerusalem had fallen, and Europe poured forth a new Crusade against the infidel, led this time by Frederick of Germany. Again the disembarking Crusaders were met by welcoming emissaries from the Armenian court, bearing gifts and asking for their master the royal crown of a vassal. Frederick granted the request, but King Leon had barely received the message that he was now King of Armenia, Baron of France, Baron of Germany, when it was followed by news that the Emperor Frederick had been drowned. Undiscouraged by this calamity, Leon hastened to send diplomats from his court to the courts of the Pope and of Henry the Fourth, asking confirmation of his new title. The enterprise succeeded, and Conrad, Archbishop of Mayence, travelled in person all the way to the court of Armenia to bestow upon Leon the royal crown.

Thus recognized, Leon was safe from Byzantine attack. The declining Byzantine Empire, besieged on all sides and crumbling beneath the blows of Moslems and pagans, dared not offend the Christian Powers of Europe. They were themselves formidable enemies of the harassed Byzantine empire, but at least they were enemies of its Moslem and pagan enemies. Constantinople therefore hastened to send to Leon another royal diadem, and to point out that allegiance to the Byzantine Empire was wiser than fidelity to European princes, who were farther away. Leon did not refuse to listen, nor to accept this second crown, and the envoys returned to Constantinople bearing princely

gifts, but not the slightest yielding of Armenia's independence.

The history of little states that rise when an empire falls, is always a kaleidoscope. Time turns it rapidly, and the pieces continually fall into new patterns. The Armenian kingdom was such a little state, created by a few Armenian princes who maintained their freedom after their own empire was destroyed. Now the Byzantine Empire was disintegrating, and all the nations of that time tried to seize bits of it. The Crusaders came to fight for Christ, and remained to fight for themselves. The French, who had been received as allies by the Armenians, grew strong enough to attack them, and did so. Year by year, as the kaleidoscope turns, Armenia appears defending herself against the French, against the Byzantine Greeks, against the Arabs, against the Mongolians.

Leon died, and his little daughter Isabel, sixteen years old, became Queen of Armenia. Immediately the French kings of Palestine attacked her, but her nobles fought so well that the French were defeated, and fell back upon diplomacy. Philip of Antioch married Isabel, but his plan of thus annexing Armenia was combated by the Armenian nobles, who threw him into prison, where he died.

An Armenian noble became Isabel's second husband, and under their reign Little Armenia reached the zenith of her glory. Her ports were important centres of commerce both from East and West, and her caravan routes ran far into Persia, India and Arabia.

The Armenian court was all that was elegant and

gallant, in the very latest Paris mode. Satins and silks and lace frills decked the courtiers, who doffed their plumed hats and managed their swords with all the grace of France. The language of the Franks replaced the sturdier accents of their own tongue, which was relegated to peasants, to mountaineers and to the servants in the courtyards of the castles. The royal decrees were based upon those of France, and even the Armenian clergy imported into their own Church many of the rites of French Christendom, while the graceful, if light, morals and manners of Christian-Arabian chivalry were the fashion of the day. Feudal institutions were established, and as the division between the nobles and their sturdy mountain tribesmen became more marked, the feudal law of Antioch was made the law of Little Armenia.

At the same time, Armenian literature and art revived from the decline into which it had fallen in the seventh century. Innumerable poets, historians and theological writers appeared in the monasteries. Many of them wrote in French, especially those who produced semi-historical tales, such as *The Marvellous History of the Great Khan*. This age in Armenian letters is second only to that of the Golden Age, which had ended six centuries earlier.

All these glories were brief. Little Armenia, isolated and obstinately independent as the Armenians have always been, could not overcome single-handed the fresh invasions of pagan Turks and Mongols who threw themselves upon her in 1244 A.D. The terrible warriors from the steppes of North-eastern Asia were

ravaging Persia and the Caucasus and irresistibly flooding south-westward.

Little Armenia chose the better part of valour, and made an alliance with the Mongols when they crossed the Euphrates to attack Moslem Syria. The Arabs were defeated, and Little Armenia was given as her share of the spoils a part of Syria. The King of Armenia was received with every honour at the court of the Great Khan of the Mongols, and with reciprocal courtesy the two monarchs discussed the relative merits of Christianity, the religion of Armenia, and polytheistic paganism, which was the religion of the Mongolians.

But this alliance, and its triumphant advance toward the shores of Egypt, roused the Egyptians to defense. They raided Armenia, and although they were defeated, they captured and made off with the king's son. This Prince-Royal was ransomed only by the yielding of a part of Syria to Egypt, and such was the king's grief at this loss and disgrace that he renounced his throne and retired to a monastery. The ransomed prince reigned in his stead, but from their foothold in Syria the Egyptians so successfully attacked him that, although the Great Khan sent reinforcements to aid him, the Armenians were driven back across the Euphrates.

History endlessly repeats itself. The Armenians had received the French as friends, had succoured and supported them, only to see them attack her in her moment of weakness. Now, while the victorious Egyptians were driving the French out of Asia, Armenia's Mon-

golian allies, who had been on the verge of becoming Christians, suddenly embraced the Moslem faith and allied themselves with the Egyptians against Armenia.

The remainder of Little Armenia's story is chapter after chapter of desperate intrigue and fighting to save herself from inevitable ruin. Attacked by both Mongols and Egyptians, the last kings made despairing efforts to save their country by appeals to Constantinople and to the Christian princes of Europe. Innumerable romances might be written of those times.

Leon, the last king, married Marie, a niece of the Byzantine Emperor. Attended by her ladies, this young princess came in a camel caravan all the way from Constantinople to the castle of Armenia's king, in the Taurus mountains. But the very festival of her marriage and coronation was interrupted by news that the Egyptians were disembarking troops in Cilicia. These forces were so overpowering that King Leon was obliged to buy peace from the Sultan with an enormous sum of gold. The Egyptians retreated, but the danger of a second attack was so threatening that Leon sent ambassadors to Europe to ask for help from the Christian princes.

Hearing that he had done this, the Sultan despatched a new army, which the Armenians fought desperately but unavailingly. The Egyptians occupied the whole of Armenia, and Leon fled into the heart of the mountains, leaving his queen in their castle-stronghold, with her two small children.

Years passed, and no word came from him. He was thought to be dead, when one day Prince Otto of

Brunswick appeared before the castle gates with a force of men-at-arms, come to rescue Armenia and incidentally to rule it. A marriage was arranged between him and Queen Marie, but on the eve of the wedding a band of Armenian mountaineers appeared, and at their head was Leon, king of Armenia, in the costume of a mountain chief.

This startling reappearance, of course, prevented the marriage, and Otto of Brunswick departed unwed and uncrowned. Immediately the castle was besieged by fresh Egyptian armies who had come to attack Otto and remained to besiege Leon. The siege continued, with daily battles, during nine months, and in the end Leon was forced to surrender the castle and the remnants of the garrison, who were dying more rapidly of hunger than of wounds.

Leon and Marie and their children were taken captive to Jerusalem, where the Queen and her daughter were immured in the Convent of St. Jacques. Their tombs may still be seen there. Leon and his son, the prince, were taken to Cairo and lay for six years in dungeons. The King of Castile at last effected their release, and Leon travelled to Spain to thank his protector, while the young Prince went to Venice, and completely disappeared. To this day no trace of him has ever been found. Leon remained at the court of Spain, until he had perhaps exhausted his welcome, when he went to Paris. The King of France granted him a pension suitable to his rank as Baron of France, and he lived in Paris until he died and was buried in Saint Denis.

Little Armenia had ceased to exist. Only the empty title of king remained, and the Armenian people. The title passed downward through generations of European noble families, changing from one to another as branches became extinct, until it became a possession of the House of Savoy, whose heir is still technically King of Little Armenia.

The people continued to live under the successive dominations of Egyptians, Arabs, and Turks, and they are still living in the mountain passes of the Taurus range.

It was a fragment of these people, the Armenian mountaineers of Zeitoun, in their impregnable, natural fortress near Marash, who in 1915 rose against their Turkish masters, and for three years fought such battles and resisted such sieges as their ancestors had known when King Leon reigned. The narrow mountain pass that they held against both Turks and Germans was another Thermopylæ, in the year 1917. Only German siege artillery defeated them at last, and even then they did not surrender, but, driven from the cliffs by the terrific shelling, five thousand of them fought their way out of the mountains and across Cilicia to the seacoast. There for ten days they held out against the Turks, while a Red Cross flag that they had made, appealed to the empty seas for help. A French warship saw them at last, and carried the survivors, numbering three thousand, to refugee camps in Egypt, while the Germans who had captured several of their leaders, solemnly executed them in Marash.

Such was the history, and such the people, of the

Armenia that centred around Marash when we went into it. These three thousand were part of the stream of refugees pouring back to their wrecked homes, under the protection of the Allied flags.

Hardy and courageous and ignorant as they were when Leon reigned, they still preserved, like Kurds and Assyrians and many other remnants of ancient empires hidden amid the mountains, the customs and manners and traditions of their long-past glorious days. Centuries had passed like years over their heads, leaving them unchanged, and still they thought of their kingdom as a reality, and of the future as promising them a revival of their old liberty and power.

V

HOSPITAL ROMANCE AND TRAGEDY

MY first duty in Marash was the taking over of the German missionary hospital. All German subjects in Turkey had been ordered to leave; the British had taken the hospital and given it to us.

It was painful to take it from the nurse who had put twenty-one years of her life into it. She was a plain, good woman, grown stout with middle-age, a smooth line of graying hair beneath her nurse's cap. Through the war she had stuck to her post, fighting increasing disease with her dwindling stock of drugs and supplies; the pitifully empty shelves of pharmacy and storeroom, the careful darns in sheets and towels, showed how hard she had struggled.

She had left Germany as a young woman; her whole life had gone into this medical missionary work among Kurds and Turks and Armenians, and her idea of Germany had been made by twenty years of remembering her girlhood there. Now she was told that Germany was defeated, that she must give up her hospital and leave Turkey. She could not believe the news. Germany, her country, defeated? Her hospital, the work of twenty years, her home, taken from her? She went about the corridors and wards in a daze, packed

CITY OF MARASH FROM THE HILLSIDE

1. Girls' School. 2. Near East Relief Offices. 3. Seminary. 4. German Mission, used as Orphanage.
5. Dr. Elliott's Hospital. 6. Bethshallum Orphanage.

her few personal belongings, and left, a figure of mute tragedy that was hard to forget.

The hospital was a three-story building of stone, standing in a large compound with a fountain and trees. In the higher part of Marash, it commanded from its windows a view of the flat roofs and fruit trees spreading down the slope below us, then the valley's bright, velvety green of ricefields, and the stupendous mountains.

The hospital was meticulously clean, though bare of supplies. I inherited a good Armenian staff, nurses, pharmacist and surgeon. When storerooms and pharmacy were filled with our goods, we set about enclosing the porches to make more wards, and opened a clinic. In a few weeks our minds had adjusted themselves to the strange colors of Marash, and life became the usual, always interesting, routine of medical work.

News of our clinic went like a wind through the mountains. Marash is the end of the one hundred and fifty-mile-long wagon road that goes to the railway; beyond Marash the mountain trails are often impassable even on horseback. Yet it was from these mountains that our patients came, and the clinic had not been open a week when in the early mornings we looked from our windows to see a mass of strange peoples besieging its door.

There were the Kurds, tall men and handsome women in strange high head-dresses, who, even when so ill that any American would have been unable to walk, carried themselves with the dignity and pride of royalty. There were the Armenians of Zeitoun, with

rifles on their backs and sashes bristling with more weapons than seven hands could use; these came from the mountain stronghold to which they had returned from Egypt. There were always numbers of Turkish women, covered with thick folds of black cloth.

As summer grew hotter my little Armenian interpreter, Aznive, always picked out these Turkish women and sent them in to me first. Until they were called they would sit in the terrific heat, smothering under the thick folds that covered their faces so that no breath of air could reach them. In my office, one eye peeped out to see that no man was there, then, with a great breath of relief, the heavy veil went back and the white face streaming with sweat appeared. Often I wondered that they did not faint in the streets.

Then, as they answered my questions, there appeared all the amazing medical barbarities committed on these helpless women by superstitious midwives and neighbours as ignorant as they—burnings, frightful operations, doses of urine, dances of the dying, driving out of the demons of delirium by pounding of pans in the sickroom. Even the slightest medical knowledge in Turkey would save every year millenniums of torture of women.

They were so pitifully grateful for help that often there were tears in my eyes, and a hundred times a day I felt myself unworthy to be receiving the thanks that really belonged to the women of America who had sent me to Marash. In a few weeks I knew by heart the Turkish phrases meaning, "I kiss your hands and your feet; I am well."

After the Turkish women came the women of the mountains. "Where do you come from?" I would ask, when a costume more rich in colour and stranger in line than usual appeared in the open door. Always they answered, "Nine hours." "Eleven hours." Never the name of their people or their village, always the distance in time. For so many hours, sometimes almost dying, they climbed up and down the mountain trails to reach the miracle of medical help. Often women were brought in clinging to the bent back of husband or brother, or carried in a blanket by two sons.

Adding to the colour of the hospital, there was the lower floor kept by the British. In it Captain Ainslee, the medical officer, had his wards of Hindoo and Sikh soldiers, the famous Hodson's Horse from India. Late at night when all the place was still, and only the night nurses were on duty in the darkened wards, the convalescents from this lower floor came out to bathe in the fountain, and their ghostly figures were seen in the moonlight, splashing with silent stealth in the round pool under the trees.

But human beings are infinitely adaptable; long before the summer heat had reached its greatest these things were commonplaces, and living went on in Marash as everywhere, with little personal attachments and antagonisms, teatable gossip, horseback rides in the evenings. There was a constant sniping at the British soldiers and occasionally one was brought in wounded; now and then the marketplace was surrounded and raided for Turkish arms, or in the night

detachments went from house to house, searching for concealed weapons, "cleaning up the quarter." But these became commonplace, too. As the ricefields grew greener, blossoms gave way to fruit on the trees, and the sunlight burned more fiercely on flat roofs and scorching cobbles, the event of our days became afternoon tea on our cool, upper porch.

The British officers came, and the Americans of the Near East Relief and the Mission Board. There were the three nurses, Miss Shultz, Miss Morgan, Mrs. Power, Dr. and Mrs. Wilson, Miss Dougherty, Mr. Kerr and Mr. Snyder of the Near East Relief; Miss Blakely and Miss Leid of the Mission Board, which was maintaining in Marash an orphanage and a Rescue Home for Armenian girls. Sometime during the summer Dr. Crathern of the Y.M.C.A. arrived. So many of our own people, with the Armenians who soon became our friends, made up a little group which, with the pouring of tea and exchange of news and mirth, gave almost an illusion of home.

On days when we had no guests, there was always Dr. Artine, and many and animated were our discussions across the teacups. Dr. Artine, the Armenian surgeon of our hospital, had quickly won our respect and friendship. Trained in the American medical school in Beirut, with post-graduate work in Germany, he was a surgeon whose skill touched genius; he was also a cultured and gentle man, intelligent, widely read, humorous. His house in Marash, kept by his two sisters, was not only a beautiful home, but a

veritable museum of rare and marvellous things, for he was a connoisseur of rugs, Eastern paintings, and porcelains.

The one thing on which we could not agree at all was the Armenian question.

"No. No, I cannot believe that this is the end," he would say. "The real things that are happening one can't see. There is something going on—" I can see him yet, sitting there, thoughtfully stirring his tea. "We should be armed."

That was absurd, I thought. I said gently, "But the British are disarming the Turks."

"Yes. Yes. But—" He would set down the cup and become passionate in his earnestness. "Remember our history. You aren't an Armenian, how can you understand? It has been the same thing for fifteen hundred years, the same thing, repeated again and again. We were caught between the Parthian Empire and the Roman. We were between them; we could not make an alliance with either without being attacked by the other. The Persians massacred us, trampling thousands to death with elephants. The Romans made us pay tribute, and when we defeated Herod, we had to make peace with a stronger Roman governor. The Armenian Empire was crushed and divided between Persia and Rome, and we have been a subject-people ever since. We would have vanished from the earth a thousand years ago, had it not been for our Church.

"That is why I belong to our Gregorian Church. As an educated man, a modern man, of course, I know that our Church has its faults. But the Church is

Armenia, Armenia is the Church. I have no sympathy with Armenians who leave it. As Armenians, it is our duty to stay in our Church, to give it all we have of modern knowledge, to keep it a living and growing thing, the heart of our nation. But this is a digression.

"What I am saying is, that the history of the Armenian people is a history of being caught between stronger nations and killed in their conflicts. That was what happened to Great Armenia, that was what destroyed the Little Armenian kingdom, here in these mountains. Even when we were no longer free, we were still used as weapons by foreign imperialists. For half a century we have been pretexts, used by the politicians of Europe and Russia as weapons against Turkey.

"Russia did not want to save the Christians in Turkey; she wanted Constantinople. That was the Tsar's reason for claiming the right to protect Turkey's Christian subjects. Austria, Germany, France, England—do you think they freed the Balkan States, one by one, because they loved the Christian populations, or because they were fighting each other for the route to the East? Serbia was a Christian nation, and Serbia freed herself from the Turk. But what started the Great War? The struggle between Christian Austria and Christian Russia for possession of Christian Serbia; because Serbia was another step on that road toward the East that all Europe was contending for.

"You keep asking me to rely on the promises of the Allies. But we Armenians—all the Christian subjects

of Turkey—have relied on too many promises in the past. What happened to us a hundred years ago? When the Russian armies moved southward to Kars and Erzeroum, the Armenians welcomed them with tears of joy, as brothers and deliverers. The Armenians fought with the Russians against Turkey. Then Russia signed a treaty of peace with Turkey, the Peace of Adrianople; the Russian armies retreated to their new lines, and the Armenians of Van and Kars and Erzeroum who did not escape were massacred by the Turks.

"You keep telling me that now we are safe, that now we are under the protection of the Christian Powers of Europe. But Russia was a Christian Power; Russia made the Sultans acknowledge her right to protect Armenians in Turkey. Still, she did not protect Armenians in Russia. She despoiled our Church, impoverished our people, denied them civil rights, refused them education, and when they struggled for religious liberty it was Christian Russia that organized the Tartar massacres of Armenians in Russia. Russia used us as a tool, to help her penetrate further into Turkey, toward Constantinople. It was the only use she had for us.

"Still, we do keep relying on the Christian Powers, we do continue to believe their promises. In 1914, when Russia moved southward again, all the northern Turkish provinces, full of Armenians, welcomed the Russian armies. All over Turkey, wherever they could get arms, the Armenians rose to fight for the Allies—as they did in Van—as they did here in Zeitoun. Our

payment for that was the deportations, and the massacres—all that abominable and hideous suffering—

"The Turks are cruel, they are barbarians. They have always oppressed and robbed us. But they did not begin to massacre us until they were driven into a panic by fear of Europe. Europe encourages us, teaches us to hope for freedom, arms us to fight for it —and for Europe—and it is on us that the Turks take their revenge. And still we believe, we hope, we walk into the trap—"

I used to become impatient with him. All these things were in the past, I said. Why could he not forget the past, and look forward into the future? The war was won; the Allies were in Turkey. Armenia had been promised freedom and a national home, and the Allies kept their promises. The time had come to forget old sufferings and to begin to build.

"The Sultan has signed the treaty of Sèvres, but the Turks in Angora haven't," he replied gently.

There was an afternoon when I quite lost all patience, and said, "Nonsense! Can't you realize that the British Army is here? Look at it, look at the flags. Can't you understand that all you have been talking about is ended, finished, past? The Allies have won the war, Turkey is beaten. There are the British guns themselves, before your eyes. There are the British soldiers, riding in the streets. There is the machine-gun trained on the Vali's house. How can a Turk lift a finger? There is nothing to fear. All those old nightmares are ended. Do try to realize that it is really true."

It seemed to me that he had been so long accustomed to bloodshed and terror among his people that he could not free his mind from their shadows—he could not realize that they were no longer realities. I sincerely regretted this, for he was a man of exceptional character and ability, a leader among the Armenian people, and my friend. When he could free himself from these forebodings and throw himself wholly into constructive work in the new Armenia, he would be a tremendous power.

There were afternoons when we talked only of his hope that Cilicia would be decided upon as the national home of Armenia. There was, of course, no doubt in my mind that they would be given some territory of their own; it had been promised to them. Dr. Artine, himself a native of Cilicia, naturally hoped that Cilicia would be chosen, and when he gave his mind wholly to the dream of what could be made of these mountains and fertile valleys as a home for free Armenia his dark eyes kindled, his short enthusiastic sentences showed his extraordinary grasp of commercial and industrial facts, and his whole being radiated energy and happiness.

The whole Armenian populations of Marash, Harpoot, Aintab and their tributary villages had been driven away and scattered and killed, during the deportations. Those who lived had wandered through Mesopotamia, Arabia, Palestine, even into Egypt. Many thousands of them had lived in refugee camps on the banks of the Suez Canal. Only when the Brit-

ish armies went into Turkey did they dare to return to their abandoned and wrecked homes.

About twenty-five thousand of them had returned to Marash before the end of the summer. Americans were feeding them, clothing them, fighting the epidemics among them, helping them to establish order again in their lives. They were a most thrifty, patient, industrious people; the rapidity with which they established themselves and became able to exist without accepting charity was remarkable. As I grew to know them better, going into their homes and receiving them in mine, I found many friends among them.

There was Mrs. Solakion, the wife of the Armenian Protestant pastor, a charming young woman who spoke English as well as we did. She and her husband were both graduates of American missionary schools. They were a happy young couple, devoted to each other, and their two little children, with pretty manners and sturdy young bodies dressed in the dainty clothes she made for them, reminded us of American youngsters at home. Mrs. Solakion was expecting the birth of a third child, and all summer long she was singing at her work of making over the older babies' clothes for the new one. Often in the evenings she and her husband went for a walk, and stopped for a moment to call on us. I can see them yet, coming across the compound under the trees, her dark hair combed back from her fine forehead and curling about her ears, and her young husband in his ministerial coat and collar, so proud of her and so careful of her.

Then there was the family of Varton, our buyer. Varton was a serious, industrious man, tall and dignified in middle age, a prudent business man, devoted to his family. The German hospital had saved them from the deportations; for twenty-five years he had been buyer of local supplies for the hospital, earning a modest salary. He lived in a comfortable house on our street, where his wife sewed and mended under the trees in the courtyard, and in the evenings he worked a bit in the garden. Thriftily they had saved, during these twenty-five years, enough capital to buy the house, and later a small amount toward the purchase of a farm, to which they wished to retire for a peaceful, old age. Their children were grown, two daughters married, a son established in business, only one daughter left at home. Varton and his wife had decided that, by selling the house, they could buy the farm, and they used to drive out into the country to look at this piece or that, offered for sale, and to weigh carefully the various advantages of each.

By spring, Varton told me, they would have decided, and bought; we must look for another buyer. He would be sorry to leave the hospital, he said, looking at it with the affection that comes from working so long in one place. "But a man earns his right to a comfortable old age, Dr. Elliott, and my wife and I, we're getting along in years now. If ever we are going to enjoy that farm, we had better begin soon. Twenty-six years we have thought about having the farm, now I think we are going to have it. I always liked a farm. So if you decide who will take my

place here, I can have him with me awhile, and show him the work, before I go."

Within the walls of the hospital, too, we made many friends, none the less really friends because of the necessary formality between doctor and nurse, employer and employed. I became as fond of Aznive, my interpreter, as of a younger sister. She was a quaint, little person, not pretty, but charming, and devoted to us and to her work. Her brother, Luther, was our assistant pharmacist, and it was pretty to see her affection for him, "the man of the family," she said proudly, all her other brothers and their father having been killed in the deportations. Their mother, who lived in the town, used to come to see them, and then Aznive had little airs of modern efficiency, and became, for the admiring eyes of her mother, quite a different person from the timid little one who was always so eager to run errands and to anticipate wishes.

A characteristic of the Armenians which to me was always beautiful, was their affection and reverence for their mothers. Often one of my girls, as clever and pretty and smartly dressed as any American girl, would ask me to visit her home. She would like me to meet her mother, she would say. With the tenderest of pride, she would take me into some primitive, Armenian house and present me to an old, toothless woman wearing Armenian veils and bracelets and a charm against the evil eye, and sitting on the floor by the ashes of a fire. The girl would say, "My

mother," as though she were a princess speaking of a queen. I often thought that, in similar positions, few American girls can be so unconsciously fine.

Always in a hospital there are little human dramas of relationships between the nurses. My twelve Armenian girls were as many strong characters, merry or morose, impulsive or reserved; they had but one common characteristic—devotion to their work. They had been trained in American mission schools, and they were a group of nurses as conscientious as one could find in an American hospital.

Between two of them there was a curious friendship. Both were named Mary, and to distinguish them they were called Big Mary and Little Mary.

Big Mary was a hearty, energetic, outspoken girl, large-handed and heavy-footed, and stout in her uniform. Wherever she went good humour followed—a trail of quick retorts and blunt jokes. Her face was lighted by a broad grin, and one came upon her unexpectedly to find her cap over one ear and a practical joke on the point of exploding. She was like a sturdy advance guard, for a long time protecting Little Mary from our observation.

There was something so fragile and elusive about Little Mary that one had the feeling of never quite grasping her. Slender, light-footed, silent, she went about the wards and slipped up and down the stairs without a sound; we would hardly have known of her being there had her work not been done swiftly and perfectly. Cornered, she looked out from a delicately pointed face through dark eyes so large that they were

startling, and then dropped long-lashed white lids over them. She said, "Yes, Dr. Elliott," "No, Dr. Elliott," and her white apron stirred to rapid breathing. Released, she was gone instantly.

But one saw her, when she thought herself unobserved, talking to Big Mary. Then she was laughing, animated, with gestures of slender hands, flashing of eyes, a flush on the delicately modelled cheeks. Not another girl in the hospital could win from Little Mary any more response than we, but to Big Mary she was another person. For a long time we wondered at this strange attachment between the two girls, one so obviously from a much higher social station than the other.

Then one day I stepped to my office door, and saw a tableau which vanished so quickly that I almost doubted my eyes. A Turk, the husband of a patient whose baby had been born that morning, was approaching the office. Around the turn in the corridor, walking toward him, came Little Mary with a tray. His glance fell on her, and Big Mary stepped between them, catching the edge of the tray. My nerves had felt a distinct, unreasoning shock; but there before my eyes was the scene, entirely commonplace. I stepped back into the office, and noticed that the Turk glanced back over his shoulder as he came in.

The incident might have meant nothing at all. But at the next opportunity I asked Big Mary about it, and she poured out the story. At the time of the deportations, Little Mary had been living with her people in the city. This Turk had seen her, and had

given orders that when the deportations started she was to be brought to his house. In some way that I forget, Big Mary heard of this, and sent a warning to the other girl. Not only a warning, for Big Mary had also sent word that if Little Mary could manage to escape and reach the hospital, she would take her in, and hide her under the protection of the German missionaries.

Little Mary had stained her face and hands, smeared her face with dirt, dressed herself in rags, and walking bent over a cane like an old woman, she had evaded the Turkish soldier set to watch the line of departing women and to bring her back. Big Mary had been watching for her all night, and just before morning Little Mary reached the hospital gates and Big Mary let her in. Ever since that time she had been living in the hospital, unknown to the Turks.

"He asked me, after he left you," said Big Mary, "if that wasn't Little Mary he had seen in the corridor? I told him of course it wasn't; Little Mary had been deported. He said it was a mystery what had become of her; his man had followed the Armenians for miles and looked at every one, and swore that she was not among them after they left Marash. He said that even now he would pay a great deal to find her."

Having told so much, Big Mary further confided that a certain young Armenian of good family was very much in love with the girl. He had seen her several times when he had called at the hospital to see Dr. Artine. He desired to marry her, but his parents would

not allow him to take for a wife a dowerless girl who worked in a hospital. They had chosen another girl for him, but he refused to marry any one but Little Mary.

I inquired as to what Little Mary thought of this. Big Mary replied that she did not say, though she had been seen looking at the young man in a way which could not be called discouraging. Still, no girl would be willing to marry into a family that did not want her. If the parents could be brought to ask for her, Big Mary thought that she would not refuse them. Perhaps they might, some day, send to ask me for her. Meantime, until the Turk's wife left the hospital, could Little Mary be assigned to duties that would prevent the danger of their meeting?

In view of the girl's natural feeling, it was a reasonable request, and the change was made. Furthering the romance did not seem part of our duties, however, and from occasional news of it volunteered by Big Mary, it appeared that it was not progressing. The young man's parents were obstinate, and marriage was, of course, impossible if they would not ask for her. Often, when I saw Little Mary flitting noiselessly down the stairs or through a ward, I wondered at the adventure and romance concealed beneath her prim uniform. None of her family had ever come back from the deportations, she was quite alone save for Big Mary, and I would have liked to befriend her. But Big Mary was all she wanted.

The summer went past. It is not necessary to say

that we all worked as hard as human beings can; the crowded daily clinics, the wards, the operating room, and all the details of their management, filled the days and interrupted the nights. The good executive, in medical work as in any other, should have little more to do than the engineer in an electric plant who merely sits listening to the humming of the smoothly running dynamos. Only emergencies should require that he work. But work in Marash was almost entirely emergencies.

There was, for instance, the constant problem of transportation. Our supplies were coming over one-hundred and fifty miles of mountain roads. For a time the British thought of opening the road to Islahai, the railroad station only seventy-five miles away, and prices in Marash dropped sixty-six per cent merely because of the rumour. But the road to Islahai was impossible. We must continue to haul from Aleppo, through Aintab.

Half-way between Aintab and Marash a little, British military camp guarded the bridge over the Oxu River. This bridge was so light that a heavy truck was not allowed to go over it. Our goods came by truck from Aleppo to the British camp, where they were unloaded; then from Marash a little truck constantly ran back and forth, bringing them across the bridge and on to us. Working as hard as it might—and Mr. Snyder drove it sometimes night and day—this little truck could do little more than keep the Americans of the Near East Relief supplied with the goods used up in the work. Winter was coming, when we

would be snowed in for months, unable to communicate at all with the outside world, and we could not get into the warehouses the reserve stores we would need.

This problem worried us for months. We tried every expedient to hasten the transport, and made many improvements, but that bridge remained an apparently immovable obstacle until one night, lying awake, I thought of camels. A good transport camel can carry half a ton. The problem was solved—save for the getting together of our caravan, bargaining with camel-drivers and guarding the packs while in transit—and by the first of August the huge, vicious camels, bedizened with velvet and chenille and blue bead necklaces and chiming carefully tuned bells, were travelling to and fro under the American flag, and kneeling with grunts to be unloaded beside our warehouse doors. We would have our goods in before the passes were choked with snow.

The days went by. Babies were born in the maternity ward. The sick recovered, were convalescent, were discharged, and their places filled by that constant river of misery which flows from the everyday world into a hospital.

There was the shock and grief of terrible news one morning. Two Americans had been killed on the road from Aleppo. We had not known them; they were Mr. Perry and Mr. Johnson, young men from America coming to help Dr. Crathern start a Y.M.C.A. centre. We, in Marash, had been expecting them, welcome newcomers just from home, and they were bringing

ONE OF THE CAMEL CARAVANS

By August the huge, vicious animals, bedizened with velvet and chiming carefully tuned bells, were travelling to and fro under the American flag.

DOCTOR ELLIOTT AND EMACIATED PATIENT

The medical work at first was such work as may be done on a battlefield. Every orphanage was a hospital, every child a patient. (See Page 177.)

in a moving picture outfit. We felt about that expectation of moving pictures as the adult feels about the toys he buys for the children at Christmas time. Of course the pictures were for the people of Marash, but it had been a year since we had been able to see a moving picture, and we would not pass the opportunity with the indifference we had once shown toward it. These two young men and the moving pictures were expected to arrive one evening; their rooms had been prepared for them and extra plates set on the dinner table. They would perhaps bring mail, too. At least, fresh news of America, which was so far away.

Instead, word came that their bodies had been found riddled with bullets, in the wreck of their car with the dead chauffeur. The moving picture outfit had been torn to pieces and scattered for half a mile along the road. Their boxes had been broken open, their clothes taken. There was nothing else to tell the story of what had happened to them, as they came driving up the curving mountain road toward Marash.

No one knew who had committed this murder. It may have been done by Turkish brigands, for the sake of the few garments that were stolen. It may have been done in a burst of hate against British officers, by Turks who saw no difference between the British flag and the American. We knew only the fact which struck cold on our hearts, that these two Americans had come to Marash in the spirit of Christ, to give what they had to the dark peoples, and that they had been killed by men who did not know who they were.

The little light they brought had been extinguished

by the darkness of Turkey. Somewhere in the mountains their murderers were dividing their garments, and still asking each other, no doubt, what kind of weapon that moving picture machine could have been. They had killed two of us, as they had torn that machine to pieces, without understanding what they had destroyed.

VI

PEACE THAT IS NO PEACE

THE days went by. Dr. Artine operated in the mornings, and in the afternoons still wavered between hope and doubt for the promised new Armenia. Aznive's charming gentle ways grew daily dearer to us. Little Mary went about with a demure air added to her shyness; it was noticeable that the young man of whom Big Mary had told us was calling more and more frequently at the hospital, under various pretexts. Mrs. Solakion was splendidly well, and showed us the layette, completed. Varton and his wife had chosen their farm, and were concluding the long bargaining of its purchase and the sale of their house.

In September, Miss Morgan and I went on a two weeks' leave. Returning, we were met in Aleppo with news that the British were withdrawing from Cilicia. Captain Ainslee, also returning from leave, had received a message to wait in Aleppo; his personal belongings were being brought out with the troops who would reach Aleppo next day.

This was a thunderclap. Two weeks earlier the British in Marash had been building stables and preparing quarters for the winter. The British occupation had seemed to every one to be as permanent as

the mountains. Now, without notice, they were leaving. Cilicia had been given to France by treaty with England, early in the Great War; now the French were to hold it. But how, in less than two weeks, could the transfer have safely been made? And why were the British withdrawing so suddenly, without notice, without time for the French to establish themselves and take command of the situation?

Rumours flew in Aleppo as wildly as leaves before a storm. Charges and countercharges were made; it was said the French accused the British of attempting to hold Cilicia permanently, regardless of the treaty; it was said that the British, forced to relinquish it, were intentionally doing so in such a manner that the French could not hold it. It was said that the French had sold arms to Angora; it was said that the British were arming the Turks in Marash. Everything was said that could be said or imagined. Nobody, of course, knew the truth. Probably only a very few diplomats, safe in Paris and London, do know the truth. The one hard fact was that the British were withdrawing.

The advice of both Americans and English in Aleppo was unanimous: "Don't go back to Marash. Don't leave the railroad." A British officer who was my friend went so far as to say that if I were his sister he would keep me out of Marash by force. He said this while the automobile waited, for naturally there could be no question of our abandoning the hospital.

Once more Miss Morgan and I set out on the long road to Marash. It was autumn now; a hint of ap-

proaching winter in the air seemed to reflect the colour of our thoughts. At Aintab we met the British troops, coming out. The long line, smart in uniform and the gleam of groomed horses, came down the road. On a low hill Colonel Rowecroft was standing, reviewing his troops as they passed. He asked us to join him, and we stood watching our friends of that long summer leaving us, each erect in his saddle, eyes forward, hand stiff in salute as he passed his colonel. If there were no tears in our eyes, there were in our hearts, and Colonel Rowecroft, saying, "It's hard for them to leave this way," sent word down the column, "Kiss your hands to the ladies."

So all the rest, as they came past, broke salute to wave their hands to us, and turned in their saddles to wave, and wave again. The last of them went down the road, followed by the long line of artillery and the pack trains of transport camels. We said "Good-bye" to Colonel Rowecroft, and went on toward whatever might be happening in the mountains.

That night there was a spatter of rifle fire just outside the hospital gates, and two wounded Turks and two bodies were brought in to us. There had been an encounter between the Turks and the newly-arrived French. I think no French were wounded that night; later, when they were, they were always taken to the French hospital in barracks. After that time, no night passed without an outbreak of rifle fire in Marash.

Week by week as these little encounters increased, it was apparent that the Turks were steadily growing

bolder. Even in the streets their manner changed; they still stepped aside for the European uniform, but their manner of doing so had insolence in it. The same Turks who had meekly given up their arms in the marketplace and allowed the English to search their houses, now showed resistance and fired on French soldiers who were doing the same thing. The one question of the teatables was, "Where do the Turks get their arms?"

The French openly said that the English had armed the Turks before leaving Marash, or, at least, the English had either purposely refrained from thoroughly disarming the Turks, or that, after disarming them and receiving orders to leave, they had left the collected rifles and ammunition in places where the Turks could find them. To our indignant protests against such a charge, the French retorted, "Then where are the Turks getting their arms?"

We were left to choose between two theories. Either this monstrous accusation was true, or the British, during eight months of martial law in Marash, had been unable to disarm the Turks. For the Turks were certainly amply supplied with rifles and ammunition; fine German rifles, which must have been in the country since the war.

I have only one thing to say about this question. The English officers in Marash were gentlemen, and our friends; the French officers were gentlemen, and our friends. I cannot believe anything unworthy or dishonourable about either of them. But this I do know; the responsibility for what has occurred in

Turkey since that time rests on those men who were meeting in diplomatic conferences in Europe. The details do not matter. The fact remains that a united Christian Europe might have shown, in the muddle of old hatreds which is the Near East, a spirit of co-operation and honesty before which any effort of the Turk would have fallen defeated. Instead, Europe brought nothing new to Turkey. The game played by the European Powers was the old game of hatreds and greeds with which the Near East has been familiar since Nineveh worshipped Baal. France, England, Italy and Greece behaved like thieves quarrelling over their spoils, and their quarrelling was the Turks' opportunity.

Is this dishonourable greed inseparable from the foreign policies of Empires? Would America have shown it, too, if she had not withdrawn from the game and gone home? Would it have been possible for America to have taken an active part in this involved and desperate struggle of the Peace, without losing her ideals in the necessity for expediency? I do not know. In the temptations and passions of the situation, she, too, might have failed. Officially, America was in the Near East only as an onlooker.

But the American people were there, working through organizations as powerful as those of many European states, and the American people were the one voice in the Near East that was speaking for Christianity. The American people were working, not for Mesopotamia's oil-fields, not for the Bagdad railway and a trade-route to the East, not for Cilicia's

mines and farms, not for Syria's cotton and dates, but for humanity.

It is nineteen hundred years since Christ said, "A new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, that ye have love one to another." And after nineteen hundred years, there comes out of the West—from the youngest of the nations that have risen beyond the rim of the world since Christ spoke—one voice that echoes His words, one force that acts upon them.

It came to this; that in Marash, in Adana, Aleppo, Konia, Beirut, in scores of cities dotting the map from the Mediterranean to the Black Sea and the Caspian, there were groups of Americans in hospitals, caring for the sick of all the peoples; groups of us in schools, teaching the children of all the races; groups of us feeding and clothing the hungry and the naked. This was America's part in the Near East; the people of one Christian nation following Christ's commandment.

This is a beginning; this is a new thing on earth. Christ spoke to individuals, in an individualistic world. We have made the machine-age, the age of organizations. But we have not lost the spirit of Christ's words. To the land where the travelling Samaritan got down from his horse to bind up the wounds of one dying by the roadside, America sends fleets of freighters bringing thousands of tons of corn, thousands of tons of clothing, hundreds of tons of medicines and modern hospital equipment. The individual

is lost in the organization; the spirit is unchanged, but its work is widened. Once steam lifted a kettle lid; now it turns the wheels of ten thousand cities.

So I say that I am not discouraged, even by the great failure of the Christian Powers of Europe in the Peace, even by the sufferings and greeds and cruelties that seem to be overwhelming the world. For this new thing, this spirit of Christ working in the modern world, will not be lost. Every bit of unselfish giving, every conquest of our own, small greeds and pettinesses, contributes to its growth. One day it will conquer the world.

Americans at home will think it strange that in the midst of all these excitements in Marash, our lives went on quite as usual. A murder on your doorstep, a crackle of rifle fire at midnight in our peaceful sleeping town, would leave nerves unstrung and minds feverish for a long time. In the Near East these things quickly become commonplace, even to Americans. For a few nights you leap from your bed when the rifles speak; then you waken, listen, go to sleep again. A morning comes when some one says, "Did you hear the shooting last night?" and you reply, while pouring the coffee, "No, I must have been asleep. Why, was it serious?"

Our clinic was crowded as always in the mornings; in the wards babies were born, fevers were bathed; Dr. Artine in sterilized surgeon's garb saved lives as usual in the operating room. The tea hour profited by the last cooling rays of the sun on our upper porch,

and we were still trying to soothe Dr. Artine's apprehensions.

He had become so outspoken that the French authorities had sent for him and ordered him to keep his anxieties to himself. The Armenians of Marash were gathering around his leadership, a leadership undesired on his part, which had grown naturally from his ability and character. They were asking, begging, for arms.

"But you, yourself, can see that it is impossible," I said, trying to soften the French refusal. "The French cannot arm the Armenians; it would mean riots immediately."

"Yes—perhaps—a few small outbreaks, here and there—" There were new lines in his face, in a few weeks he looked years older. "But a few sporadic riots would not be as bad as what is coming. Can't you realize—can't you realize that we will be helpless, unable to protect our women and our children, when it comes? Helpless as we have always been. I tell you, we have walked into the same trap once more, and now we watch it closing on us."

We thought him too pessimistic. The situation appeared serious, but not desperate. The French troops were there; Turkey was, after all, a conquered country and a weak one, confronted by the whole armed power of Europe. French and English in their personal encounters might be temperamentally antagonistic; there might be quarrelling over shares of conquered territory. But it was incredible that France and England would not hold the united front of Christendom against Mos-

lem Turks, Germany's defeated allies. Dr. Artine's forebodings were not so engrossing to us just then as the flowering of Little Mary's romance.

One morning Mr. Solakion had called on me in my office. Mrs. Solakion was quite well, he said; we had long before made the arrangements for receiving her in the hospital. He had not come to see me about that, but to make an extraordinary request. It was one which, after long thought and prayer, he felt it proper to make. The young man who loved Mary had long ago asked him to help persuade his parents to permit the marriage. The young man was a sincere Christian, honourable and kind, and he deeply loved Little Mary. Mr. Solakion had done his best, for several months, to persuade the parents. He had failed. Nothing would induce them to ask the hand of Little Mary for their son. On the other hand, the son had sworn, in the presence of his parents and Mr. Solakion, never to marry any other woman. He had begged Mr. Solakion to ask me for her.

Mr. Solakion said that, of course, only the most extraordinary circumstances would lead him to suggest such a defiance of parental authority. But he believed that the marriage would have God's approval and blessing. (He was very much the radical in social and religious questions, was Mr. Solakion.) He assured me that the young man would make a good husband and father. Would I consent to give him Little Mary?

I said that if he advised it, and Little Mary wished it, I could have no objection to the marriage. I would send for Little Mary and ask her.

She came in, and stood before my desk in her uniform and cap, looking down at her clasped hands, while I explained to her Mr. Solakion's errand, and my attitude. Then she looked at me with those startlingly large eyes, and said, "I do not want to marry him."

I could not believe my ears. I asked her gently if she were quite sure? She replied steadily that she was sure, that she did not wish to marry any one, and least of all that young man. I heard her with amazement and incredulity. Could it be possible that Little Mary had been merely amusing herself at his expense?

There was nothing to do but accept her refusal, and we did so. Mr. Solakion's astonishment equalled mine; he murmured that certainly he had been given to understand . . . He interrupted himself to inquire, how could he break this news to the young man? He left, having received no answer to the question.

Nothing more would have been heard of the matter, had not a distressing change come over Little Mary. Her face had always been delicately modelled, but in two days it became gaunt. Instead of flitting in and out, she was seen dragging herself piteously about, like some small, wounded animal. Her eyes became abnormally large, with a look of fever in them. She was obviously ill. I urged her with all the sympathy I felt to tell me what was making her so. She replied that she was quite happy, and quite well. I could only let her go, and appeal to Big Mary.

"She loves that young man," Big Mary said promptly. "She cries all night and does not eat. She will die if she can't marry him."

"But she can marry him! I told her myself that she need only say 'Yes.' "

"She is a good girl," said Big Mary. "How can she say that she is willing to marry a man whose parents don't want her?"

The situation evidently called for decisive parental action from me. It had been an error to deal with an Armenian romance as with an American one. I called Little Mary into my office again, and firmly told her that I had decided she was to marry the young man; the engagement date was set. Little Mary flung her arms around me and soaked the front of my uniform with joyful tears. Between her sobs she said that she was the happiest girl on earth, and that she would love me all her life.

She was radiant. She did not slip down the stairs any more, she seemed literally to fly down them. She was everywhere, like the fluttering of a bird, and now and then she was astonishingly heard singing as spontaneously as one. She openly hugged all the girls, she loved them every one, she loved the patients, she loved the whole world. Preparations for the wedding went on apace, bits of precious lawn came from our trunks, Armenian lace was contributed on every hand. The young man, of course, decorously stayed away from the hospital, Little Mary had not seen him again, but on Tuesday afternoon the betrothal was to be celebrated. Mary's dress was ready, spread on the bed in

Mrs. Power's room, guests had been invited, an American cake had been made and splendidly set forth in our dining room, where the feast was to be held.

At two o'clock, in Mrs. Power's room, we were dressing Mary. I had slipped carefully over her head the white dress, and Mrs. Power was fastening it down the back, when a shot was fired outside our gate, and like an echo of it the whole of Marash answered with rifles. We had time only to look at each other's whitening faces, when machine-gun fire began to ripple through the crackling of the rifles.

For a few minutes events came so fast that I have no consecutive memory of them. Against some protest from us, the French had placed a machine gun on our upper floor soon after their arrival in Marash. The gunners were firing this gun. I reached that floor to find bullets whistling through it. Miss Salamund, an English missionary, seventy years old, in bed with a broken hip, was calling for me. Dr. Wilson was coming up the stairs. I said, "We had better take Miss Salamund down." A bullet just missed me and went through her door, and I said, "We must take her down."

We picked her up, on her mattress, and carried her into the hall. One of the machine gunners staggered out to us with a bullet through his lung. We took Miss Salamund down the stairs, and came back to look after him. One of our French sentinels was lying dead in our open gate. The man next door had stepped

out into the street to bring in his cow, and he too was lying killed.

I went out on our tea porch to speak to the other French sentinel, telling him to move the dead men and close our gates, and a storm of fire came at me. Apparently the Turks had taken me for a soldier; I could not believe that they would have fired on me, knowing who I was. Too many sick Turkish women were even then in my care.

All this time the firing roared and crackled; all Marash seemed to be exploding like an enormous mass of giant fire-crackers. We brought most of the patients into downstairs rooms where they would be protected by the compound walls; the others we laid on mattresses on the floor, where they would be out of range of the windows. Bullets were singing like mosquitoes around us; it seemed a miracle that none of us were wounded.

Hours went on, and the steady continuance of the firing became incredible. It had begun so suddenly that every instant we expected it to cease with the same abruptness. We waited tensely for at least a lull in it, an opportunity to catch our breath and somehow arrange to bear it.

Dr. Artine was in the town, and had not come back. Indeed, it was impossible for any one to move in the streets; the whole population of Marash stayed where it had been caught by the abrupt storm of battle. When sunset and darkness brought no slackening of the firing, we brought our mattresses downstairs and

spread them on the floor of the room in which we had given Miss Salamund the bed. The battle, we thought, might continue all night.

About nine o'clock, a visitor came dropping over our rear compound wall—Lieutenant Counarai, a young French officer. He brought very little news of what was occurring, except that trouble had begun the night before on the road to Aleppo. He had been riding out with Mr. Snyder, on the way to demobilization in France, when they were fired upon. A bullet had struck the steering wheel, and another had grazed Mr. Snyder's forehead. They had turned and come back at full speed around the curves of the mountain road, and they had been fired upon for half a mile. This indicated that the outbreak was in the mountains as well as in Marash, and that the French might have some hard fighting to put it down. But young Lieutenant Counarai was delighted not to have missed the scrap, and one could see his delight in the adventure of it as he bade us "Good night" and scaled our back wall again, leaving us to what rest we could get on our mattresses.

When I made the last rounds for the night, I passed Little Mary, again in her uniform. She was carrying a tray with bowls of water and sponges—going to bathe a fever patient, she said.

The second morning brought us realization of the situation. Until then, we had been much too busy and too excited to think of ourselves. But the steady sound of rifles and machine guns, still continuing after thirty-

six hours, had settled into a grimness more terrifying than its violent outbreak. When we sat up on our mattresses that morning Mrs. Power and I looked at each other, with the same unspoken thought. It was quite possible that we would not live to leave Marash.

Death is one of the unimaginable things—like infinity. No one ever believes that he will die, however well we all know we shall. I thought of my own people, in America, and was troubled about their worry and the impossibility of sending them a message. When I had made my rounds that morning I laid paper and pencil on my desk, determined to make a record of these events for them, and from time to time during the days that followed, whenever I had a spare moment, I wrote. The scribbled sheets give the picture, I think, more clearly than any remembered descriptions.

VII

DIARY OF SIEGE OF MARASH

JANUARY 22, 1920.—This is Thursday, and the trouble began here Tuesday. Since then it has not been safe to leave the protection of our walls. Lieutenant Counarai was sent out from barracks last night to bring in wounded. He did not find any, but tried to return with eight marooned Algerians. When he reached the hospital with them only three were left; the other five had been killed. He says the streets are full of dead. Miss Blakely and Miss Leid were in town when the firing began; they have got back as far as the house across the street from us. They were seen at the window once, yesterday. There is a steady storm of bullets down the street between us.

It was a mistake to put up the machine gun here, for naturally the Turks have the hospital covered. We asked to have it removed, and it was taken away over the back wall the first night, but the Turks do not know that. Last night French headquarters sent to us for dressings for their wounded. We had to go into the operating room with a light to get them, and there was a shower of bullets until we got out. I am sure the Turks thought we were the machine gunners.

The French are using all their machine guns and cannon; a constant fusillade. Bullets never cease their

whining, and the cannon shots rattle our windows. The Turks have two or three machine guns but no cannon, I understand.

The Turks first tried to get over the mountains. We saw them through our glasses, soldiers advancing in regular formation. They were driven back by French shelling. Now it is the Turks already in Marash who are fighting. They are entrenched in houses all over the city, and it is very difficult for the French to dislodge them.

All day long the French have been shelling the hills. It is terrible and beautiful to see the flash of fire and roll of black smoke against the white mountains. The Turks cannot advance by daylight against such fire, and at night the French have patrols out. The difficulty is in this fighting everywhere in a city of walled courtyards.

We have one hundred and seventy-five persons in our household; patients, employés and visitors who were here when the battle began, with stray ones who have managed to reach us since. The people in the next house made a hole in the compound wall and got through it to us. One poor Armenian came in last night. He and his wife and children lived in a little adobe hut beside the house from which the Turks are firing on us. The Turks broke down his door and shot him. They thought they had killed him and went away. He crawled out through the Turkish cemetery to us.

All these people have some one they love, outside. My poor women patients, worrying about their families

—Aznive's mother and little sister are in the city, if they are still alive. Luther, her brother, is here. A boy of sixteen, who looks twenty-one now. He is in our pharmacy, and was here when the fighting began. Aznive is brave as can be, without a thought for herself, but Luther stays in the basement.

Our telephone wires were cut at the beginning of the outbreak and the French have no wireless, so Marash is completely cut off from the rest of the world. Perhaps you have had no news of this, and are not worrying at all, but going about happily as usual; I hope so. America is such a happy place.

January 24.—Last night was incredible. This morning we looked out at the hills and mountains, amazed that they are still there, unchanged. Such a roaring and splintering all night through. The firing gets worse steadily.

There are five big fires now—homes of influential Turks. These fires must have their effect, for they are impressive to see. But one cannot account for the Turks. The second morning of this, two of them came to the French barracks under a white flag, and said the Turks wanted to stop fighting. The French heartily agreed, and the bugles blew "Cease firing." Then the Turks didn't cease.

The French could only begin firing again. I think there is no one in authority who can stop the Turks, now that they have begun to fight. The trouble began when the French arrested five leading Turks here. This morning two of them asked to be released, saying that they could stop the battle. The French let

them go, and they went out into the town. No word has come back from them.*

Sunday morning, Jan. 25.—The French torches have started many more fires in Turkish houses, and a battery shelled the house from which the Turks have been firing on us. Our front yard was so full of smoke that we could not see the compound gate. The shells passed directly over us with a terrific noise. Two shells went through the roof of the Turkish house and one through the wall.

Just after supper last night, Mr. Kerr and Mr. Snyder got through to us, with an Algerian soldier. They had come to rescue Miss Blakely and Miss Leid from the house across the street, and to take back to Dr. Wilson supplies for the wounded. He is in the Children's Hospital and it is filled with wounded French. That hospital and French headquarters are in the same compound, and directly across the street is the college, all protected by high walls. So all those Americans can communicate with each other so nicely. Poor Miss Buckley is quite alone in Bethshallum orphanage, far away at the other end of the city. No news has got through from her.

It seemed years before the two men got back with Miss Blakely and Miss Leid. They had to go a long way around, under cover as much as possible. We worked all the time, packing supplies for Dr. Wilson. When they got back Mr. Kerr was very discouraging, saying that a general massacre of Armenians is expected. Mrs. Power and I have talked it over, and

* They were never heard of again.

decided that those two men are mere infants, trying to make things seem as bad as possible.

All night long the skies are red-lighted in every direction by the raging fires, and the cannons roar and the heavens shake. Around our hospital at the other end of Marash everything must be completely burned away. The whole city is overhung with clouds of smoke.

The French are hoping for reinforcements to-day, over the Islahai road. Yesterday they sent out two Armenians disguised as Turks to meet the troops and guide them in.

Monday, January 26.—Every hour produces a new big fire. One by one the French are picking out the Turkish houses and burning them. It fills us with amazement to see the precision with which the French place torch after torch all over the city. This morning we saw scores of Armenians loaded with bedding and household things, running through Turkish fire into one of our orphanages—in a few minutes a large Turkish house was a mass of flames, right among the adobe houses the Armenians had left.

A soldier has just come with a note from Varton, our buyer. He has a number of refugees and soldiers in his house. He sent word that all is well there, and that he is anxious about us; if we need anything we are to send to him.

January 27.—Who would have thought this could continue so long! Last evening we were quite cheered by a visit from Captain Arlabose, the French doctor. The French have cut through walls and made a pas-

sage way to us. He came through that. After he had gone he sent back a present of two huge Senegalese guards and an orderly.

We were just settled for the night when there was a knocking at our gate. I went out to order it opened, and found an Armenian, badly wounded. He reported massacres in his part of the city. While I was dressing his wounds, Mr. Snyder came with a letter from Dr. Wilson; it confirmed the massacres, but tried to be encouraging. The French have sent our Armenians dressed as Turkish gendarmes to Islahai with telegrams to Adana for reinforcements and to Beirut for airplanes. We pray God they may be successful in getting them.

All night, Armenians kept coming in with stories of massacre. To-day the guns are silent, except for scattering shots, and I find myself longing for the sound of the artillery. It would keep the Turks from their devil's work.

Mrs. Power is a trump, and my one comfort here. If she were the dependent kind I don't think I could stand it. I feel that when I get out of this, if I ever do, I shall never take responsibility again.

I have ordered a tree cut down. We have hardly any wood left. Cooking only two meals a day, for patients and all.

January 28.—How our spirits go up and down! To-day we are all so happy. News came from one of the big churches; there are nearly two thousand Armenians there, safe so far. And I feel they will be. Dr. Artine is with them. There are two big churches, and the

Armenians have dug an underground passage between the two, and the French have given them arms, so they have been able to defend themselves. We are all so glad. Their houses have all been burned, but nobody cares about that, with this wonderful news that their dearest are alive.

There is no news yet from Little Mary's fiancé.

Later: We are getting stragglers from the massacres. It is very terrible. There has been another big massacre at the other side of the city, and we can only pray that some of the men have been able to escape into Miss Buckley's orphanage.

I wrote that, without thinking what I was saying. At home one thinks of women and children first. That is because we Americans are so blessedly safe all our lives. I did not understand until now the stories of Armenian men saving themselves in massacres and leaving their women behind. We used to think it cowardly. It isn't; it is an instinct of race-preservation. The Turks always try to kill the men and boys; the women have a chance of living—then their children will be Turks—but the men have none at all. The first thing Armenian women think of is to save the men and boys.

I was wrong to blame Aznive's brother, to think that he was cowardly. He is not. Aznive told me to-day, "Every time I have a minute I run down to tell him, 'Luther, remember your mother. Take care of yourself.'" He is the only man left alive in their family, he *is* the family. He must not take any risks with his life. Aznive runs about everywhere, but she keeps

telling him that he must stay in the basement where it is safe.

We have news to-day of Mr. Solakion. He was just at our gate, coming to betroth Little Mary, when the shooting began. The guards tried to persuade him to come in, but he said he must get back to his family. I don't know details, but evidently he was caught in the thick of the fighting and had to take refuge in a near-by house. Night before last, Mrs. Solakion came crawling into the Children's hospital with five stab wounds and three bullet wounds; her two children were stabbed to death. She fell in a ditch and lay in the water for a long time. She was to have another child, and they operated and took the baby. She will probably die. Yesterday some one learned where Pastor Solakion was, and last night Mr. Kerr and Mr. Snyder went to get him. They say he will perhaps lose his mind.

Captain Arlabose came again yesterday morning, and also last night. He is a comfort. He sent more men last night to help guard the houses next us. They are full of refugees—their basements, of course. No one dares go upstairs because of the bullets. These people are added to my family and come to me for everything. A soldier came just now to ask if he might fire on the Turkish house from which the Turks are firing on us. It is fortunate that I am a soldier's daughter.

January 29.—No change in the situation, and the massacres continue. But last night brought the happiness of news that reinforcements are near; cannon at

a distance have been heard by many different persons. The Turks are bolder all the time. Surely it is because they realize that this is the end for them, and are desperate!

We get horrible stories from Armenians who are escaping the massacres. I try to keep them from being repeated, but the basement and compound is full of people, and of course they will talk.

The wife of the photographer who has done all my kodak printing since I have been here came in with one child, the oldest, a little girl about seven. She sits all day, staring. We have given her work to do, but she cannot do it. She had to leave all her other children, one a nursing baby, and come with this one. The Turks had surrounded the quarter, and were to begin the massacre next morning. The Armenians had no weapons. They talked it over, and decided to try to escape. To do it, they had to crawl, one by one, between two Turkish guards, so close that the Turks could have touched them. One of the old Armenian men took control, and chose the ones to go. Only the men, and the women and children who could control themselves and keep quiet, were allowed to go. If one of them made the slightest noise, they would all be lost. So this woman had to choose between dying with her little children, or escaping with just this one and leaving the others. One might say she had better stay and die. But then she could not have saved this one. Her husband was not there, but she had word that he is safe in the church. She will have to face him and tell him what she did.

Fifty-eight Armenians got out; they were crawling out all night, creeping without a sound past the Turkish guards in the dark.

January 30.—We have no further news of anything. The French are only trying to hold out until reinforcements come. They know that they can never subdue the Turks here without help. In the meantime they are burning the city bit by bit. A thousand Armenians are in the American college compound now. They are being fed one meal a day from our supplies. A message has just come asking if I can furnish salt? For a thousand? No.

A poor old woman came in this morning, crawled to our gate. She had two bullet wounds, and every bit of skin was worn from her knees, where she had crawled on them to get to us.

We are straining our ears for the sound of an airplane or big guns on the plain. Will they come? Have the telegrams got through? What does the outside world know about us? Oh, one can't stop and think.

January 31.—And things much the same. We are a little more crowded by the Turks. I had a distressed note from Varton; they are hard-pressed.

Mrs. Solakion has died. My photographer has been killed.

Last night was the coldest we have had this winter —a biting wind, and everything frozen. To-day is a little warmer and I do hope it will stay so, for the suffering is tenfold in the bitter weather. From now on, there will be many dying of starvation, for this is the tenth day.

Last night our squadron of nine men was keyed up almost to breaking point. Our back door neighbours were doing something, we did not know what. One of our men was killed, a black. To think that he was born in Africa, to die here in a French uniform, protecting us! To-day, we learn that many more Turks got into the clump of houses behind us.

February 1.—Just as day was breaking, one of the night nurses came to say that Varton's house was on fire. The next thing was that Varton was wounded. We took in more than a hundred refugees from Varton's house. His wound is not dangerous, a shot in the thigh. We operated; had to lay the flesh open from hip to knee, but he will be all right after a few weeks in bed.

Yesterday two Zeitoun men came through the trench from the French barracks, both with flesh wounds. They are magnificent men, mountaineers, tall, strong and very proud. They told me, while I dressed their wounds, that the men of Zeitoun are fighting again, have been fighting since the Turks attacked the French here. They had no more ammunition, and these two men have come in to get some from the French. They came through the Turkish lines in the night, and were wounded, but got away. They want to go back to-night. Zeitoun can hold out for ever, they say, if only they can have ammunition.

An Armenian woman just came to me, so indignant because she knows some one in the neighbourhood who has a large stock of food and is keeping it. I said, "Do they want us to buy it?"

"Buy it!" she said. "Why should you buy it? Take it by force. Is this a time to buy and sell?" She is feeding fifty people in her house next door.

A time like this brings out characteristics that are usually hidden—selfishness, nobleness, greed, self-restraint, courage. Sometimes, I hate the whole world when I see some one, in all this strain and danger, doing a mean, petty thing; but always, a little later, some one does something so big and fine that I feel it is worth while to be here. If it is the finish, it is the finish, that's all. One of the girls said something big last night. Something made her think that Mrs. Power and I were leaving, abandoning them all. Mrs. Power said, "We wouldn't do that, Margaret," and she answered so sweetly, "Even a mother leaves her children at a time like this."

A note just came from Dr. Wilson asking if we have a man on the place whom we could send out to Aintab as a messenger with an appeal to Admiral Bristol?

February 2.—Yesterday Dr. Wilson sent his message out by the Zeitoun men who came in day before yesterday. The French sent out another call for help by them, too. We are not told whether they will get the ammunition they came to get for Zeitoun.

The woman who had to abandon her children heard to-day that her husband is dead, killed in fighting. She is alone now, with the one child, but he never knew what she had done.

February 4.—An unusually quiet night. The church is still safe, and the twenty-five hundred Armenians there have food. A messenger got through from them

again to-day. We have been unable to get any communication with Miss Buckley in Bethshallum orphanage.

Two weeks this afternoon since this started. The French are gradually gaining ground again, even without reinforcements. If they are able to win before help comes, it will have a more crushing effect on the Turks all over Turkey.

We have a French boy here, very ill with pneumonia, and we feel that we cannot bear it if he dies. He looked at me so pathetically the first night and said, "Me, I have been counting the days until I could get back to beautiful France, and now I will die here." He will go back to France if care and will power can save him.

February 5.—Very good news yesterday. Captain Fontaine is in the lower part of the city, back from Islahai, and Captain Hervier is back with his airmen from Aintab. Both have wounded men, but none lost.

February 6.—An airplane has appeared overhead. It flew around and dropped messages. We don't know whether the French found them or not. There is nothing so wonderful as an airplane. The Turks fired on it. We thank God that they have no aircraft guns. It went away, and then a second one came, and the French fired two rockets to indicate their position.

February 7.—More good news. Aznive heard from her mother. A man from the Latin Church (Lieutenant Van Coppanole's fort) got through with a message from her. The Latin Church is not five minutes'

walk from here, but this is the first word they have been able to get to us, in three weeks.

My poor pneumonia French boy died yesterday afternoon. How hard we fought to save him. In the morning, he took out some postcards from France and was crying over them. Oh, it is terrible, terrible, to send these poor boys over here.

I did want the United States to take the mandate for Armenia, but I am glad, glad! now that we did not do it. I could not endure being safe at home and knowing that our American boys were over here in this earthly hell, dying as this poor boy died, crying for home.

After the airplanes yesterday, two letters came from the Turks, one addressed to the French and one to the Americans. We do not know what the French one contained, but the one to us said that this is not a local movement, but a national one, and that the Turks of Marash could not stop it if they would. In other words, it is Mustapha Kemal's movement.

February 8.—Mrs. Power and I had a laugh over Luther yesterday. He has really proved himself a splendid fellow; I do not know what we should have done without him. He was a pharmacist in the Turkish army, and they kept him in the front lines much of the time, so he thoroughly knows the Turks and their manner of fighting. Yesterday he went out in the compound and called to the house from which the Turks were firing on us—called until the owner came out, mind you, and then said to him, "You are not to fire on the hospital. You know it is not permitted to

fire on a hospital. The Director Doctor Madame is very angry about it, and will hold you responsible. The Director says you are to stop firing at once."

Would you believe that the Turk stood there and swore up and down by all the prophets that they never had fired on the hospital and never would fire on it—and the hospital there before his eyes, looking like a colander from their shots!

We were busy until four o'clock this morning; the First Protestant Church was burning. We thought there were hundreds of Armenians in it. We heard later, however, that they had all got over to another safe church.

Then came the great news that reinforcements have reached us at last. Soon we began to hear them. All night the shelling was heavier than ever before. Then there were two more enormous fires, which burned a whole quarter of the city. We doubled our guards around the compound walls and had everything filled with water.

We must be doubly vigilant from now on, for it appears that the Turks will not surrender, but will keep on fighting and doing whatever damage they can.

The reinforcements seem to be working their way up through the city, contrary to the expectations of Captain Arlabose, who thought they would come around the barracks.

He amused us very much last night. He went to French headquarters and was in bad humour when he came back. He said anybody would be a neurasthenic who stayed there long—there were too many officers

and no two of them could agree. It was too depressing, he could not stay there. So I said, "You must come here, where we are all so calm and happy."

"Bien sur, ici c'est beaucoup plus heureuse," he answered seriously.

We have taken in fifteen men with frozen feet tonight, and more are coming. The weather is bad.

Our precious airplane has just come and gone again. If only we could reach it with a message. But anyway, it seems a connecting link with the outside world.

February 9.—French reinforcements consist of three battalions, nearly three thousand men, and eight cannon. There is fierce fighting on all sides of us this morning, and we are having the worst snowstorm of the winter. Snow lies thick on everything and fills the air so that nothing can be seen.

News came to me yesterday that Miss Buckley was killed on the first day. We knew that all the Armenian girls in the Rescue Home were killed as soon as the fighting began, but we had not heard this before. I do not believe it; I could not bear to believe it. I have said nothing to Mrs. Power about it.

One of our nurses learned last night that her two little children are killed, and another nurse's mother was killed with them. The commandant of the machine-gun company has been killed, the only French officer lost so far.

Little Mary's fiancé has been killed.

Beyond the second house from us is a narrow alley, and the next house is all stone and Turkish. The people in it, however, have been quiet and peaceful.

Last night they threw a paper over the wall and it fell in the alleyway. Of course, no one dared go out to pick it up. They came to ask me what to do about it. I told them to call over the wall and tell the person from whom the letter came to write another one. So later two new letters came. One was from a Turk who, we hoped, had protected some Christians. It said that he had had thirty-five women and five men in his house, but that the other Turks had forced him to give them up and had killed them all in the street outside his house. Little Mary's fiancé was among them. We think he had been trying to get to her here.

The other letter was addressed to Mr. Lyman, a missionary, and asked the Americans to plead with the French for the lives of Turkish women and children.

February 10.—To-day started as usual until Captain Arlabose came. We both saw that he was much distressed. Nothing we could do would cheer him. He went to headquarters and came back looking more miserable than before. He has been trying to eat luncheon with us. He has just told us that the French are going to retreat.

VIII

FLIGHT THROUGH WINTER SNOWS

IT was many minutes before we could believe that this was true. But Captain Arlabose's face convinced us more than his words.

In the hospital no one but ourselves knew the news, and the French were insistent that no one else should know. Mrs. Power and I went immediately to see what the other Americans were going to do. Our heads were swimming. Of course so far as going or staying was concerned, each must decide for himself. Some must stay, and some must go, so that none of the Armenians would be left without the little help we could give them.

The way was more difficult and dangerous if we left, but more horrible, we thought, if we stayed.

The Armenians at headquarters had heard the news before we had, and they were sobbing and screaming. Thousands of them, screaming! They had relied on us, on the promises of the great, powerful Allies. They had come back to Marash, to their wrecked homes and lives, under our protection. Now they were being left to the Turks.

How many times I had said, "Don't be silly! Can't you realize that the Allies are here, the Allies have won the war? Haven't you been told, and told, and

told again, that you are safe now? Why do you foolishly imagine things to frighten yourselves? The Allies are here." It was so hard to think.

Captain Arlabose looked actually happy when I told him that Mrs. Power and I were going with the refugees, and Miss Shultz had decided, too. The rest had not decided. Miss Buckley, if she were still alive, was in Bethshallum and could not be reached. Dr. Artine, with the twenty-five hundred Armenians, was still in the churches. I prayed that the news might reach them, so that they could fight their way out before it was too late. A note came to me from the hospital. They had heard the news; what should they do?

I think that all the rest of my days I shall suddenly hear from time to time that sentence quietly said, sometimes almost in a whisper, "What shall we do now, doctor?" I have stood and stared dumbly for minutes at a time, in absolute despair as to what to say.

When they saw us preparing to leave, the question of many was settled, for they simply picked up their packs and left. In the meantime, hundreds of people were piling in. The compound was a mass of frantic Armenians. Parents came into the wards, picked up their almost dying children, and carried them away. In the midst of this Captain Arlabose was getting all the wounded soldiers out of the place.

He said he would stay with us all night. Mr. Kerr came down, thinking that we were leaving that night and ready to guard the hospital. He brought word that all the Armenians who were leaving should go that

night, as the French thought of issuing an order forbidding any one to go with them. So I bundled up our poor nurses, giving them everything nice and warm, and with many assurances and promises that we would overtake them on the road, we started them out into the night. Little Mary was like a sleepwalker; I do not think she saw or heard anything. Big Mary helped her away with an arm around her. Poor little Aznive cried so quietly, and said, "Oh, doctor, I thought I would not mind dying so much, if I could only have died near you."

We had no sleep that night. Dawn came on an almost empty hospital. Varton was one of the last to go. I had got a donkey for him, had blankets and food packed on it, and sent him off riding, accompanied by all his family; it was impossible for him to walk, with the wound in his thigh. Then we fixed our rolls.

A woman who could not have lived long, a tubercular case, had got up out of bed in the night, taken off her clothing, and sat by the open window. We found her sitting stark upright, frozen stiff. The ground was too solidly frozen; we could not dig a hole in which to bury her.

Captain Arlabose had given us instructions to come to the caserne at six. Miss Dougherty and Dr. Crathern in the meantime had decided to come with us. As soon as it was dark, we four women went creeping through the trenches from the college to the caserne, and were welcomed into a warm, filthy room, the walls of which shut out some of the screams of the Ar-

menians. No one had any news of Miss Buckley, and there was still doubt as to whether messengers would be able to reach her or Dr. Artine.

We sat waiting for Lieutenant Van Coppanolle to come; we waited for hours, and he had not yet got through when the order came to start. Captain Arlabose would stay to remove the guards from the empty hospitals after Lieutenant Van Coppanolle got back from the Latin Church. With trembling hearts we stumbled out into the darkness. This was at 10.30 P.M., February 10.

It was difficult going as soon as we left the buildings behind us, for the darkness blinded us and we did not follow the road, but went across rough fields, guided by hundreds of other marchers as lost as we were. We were not taking the long road to Aleppo, but were to strike out over the mountains in an attempt to reach Islahai.

We had stumbled along silently up hills and down into valleys for perhaps two hours, when we ran into Lieutenant Van Coppanolle, gay as ever. He had taken a shorter way and his company was ahead. A young Armenian girl was with him, from the Latin Church, and he immediately put her under my wing and took charge of us both. The moon was rising, and by its light we struck straight for the big camp, reaching it in a few minutes.

Such a night! A turquoise sky flooded with moonlight over a white world, and across the snow, stretching as far as the eye could see, a line of camp fires, horses, wagons, camp fires, soldiers, refugees, camp

fires, camels, donkeys, carts, all a mixture and confusion of sound and sight. We sat down to rest by a fire of straw, and got colder and colder. The poor soldiers kept coming with their frozen, wet feet to get a taste of the fire, which was hardly warmer than candlelight. One brought the great relief of news that Miss Buckley was alive, and staying in Marash. We had rested less than three-quarters of an hour when the order came to march. We did not stop again until late the next morning, and by that time we had begun to pass children and some women, dropping in the snow, unable to go on.

It is indescribable, the memory of such things. We stopped, of course, when we came to the fallen, and if there were any hope La Petite (the young Armenian girl) and I worked over them and tried to save them. One little girl I especially remember, one of the most sweetly pretty little girls I have ever seen. She was about four years old. We picked her up and got her on a horse. But I have no hope that any of those who had fallen so soon ever got through.

Just at dawn, who should I recognize but Varton, walking! In the confusion of the night, he said, the donkey had got away from them, carrying all their food and bedding. He insisted that he was all right, but his wife and children were hungry. And there in that desolation of grey dawn on bleak mountains, as he dragged the wounded leg through the snow, he looked at me and said, "The Turks burned my house. If we had got the farm, they could not have burned that, could they? I always wanted a farm."

A few hours later we sat down in a place somewhat sheltered from the wind. It was very cold. Lieutenant Van Coppanolle gave us food, and I could have eaten with relish, though the chicken and bread were so frozen that bits of ice crackled between our teeth when we bit them. But there were three people dying within a few feet of us, and one was a mother with a little boy not more than seven years old, who kept trying to arouse her. He was so weak himself that he could not make much of a sound, but he whispered, "Mamma! Mamma!" tearing her dress open and beating at her breast with his hands. She kept making an effort, half rising and trying to smile at him, and then falling back, while he whispered, "Mamma! Mamma!" frantically. The Lieutenant insisted that I eat, but I could not swallow, and when he was not looking I gave some of the food away and put the rest in my pocket for Varton's family. Two pieces of chicken and a little bread—and hundreds all about us with nothing.

Our line was wholly demoralized; some stopping to rest, others trudging on. As they passed, I kept asking for Dr. Artine. No one had heard of him. This, I thought, is the way Armenian families are broken up. This is the way they tramp the roads of Turkey, asking for news of each other. I am a refugee. This is what it means. If I had been born in Marash instead of in America, all that I know, all that I am, would not keep me now from this; hunger and cold and heartache, refugee camps and lines of refugees, bread lines, dirt, disease. Why should I wish and pray that

Dr. Artine escape alive? It would be easier for him to be killed by the Turks.

We rested for half an hour, then on again, with no pause and no more food until we reached El Oghly at three o'clock that afternoon. All the way Lieutenant Van Coppanolle urged me to ride; I could have had a horse or a place in a wagon. But I was not so tired as the soldiers, and very much more fit than any of the thousands of Armenian women and children.

We slept in a mud house that night, after eating a good meal of beef from a cow that the soldiers had picked up on the way. At five in the morning we were on the march again. The weather was warmer, and our spirits lighter. If the weather would be kind for only two days more, we could all reach Islahai safely.

All that day we went forward, in good spirits. From the top of a mountain the sight of that column was one never to be forgotten. Four battalions with their guns, provisions, pack-mules and a train of three hundred camels, and behind that, a stream of refugees going up and down the hills into the far, blue distance. All seemed to be moving in good order; no more were falling by the road. The clear sky was like God's visible blessing.

That night we camped at Bel Puvar. There was a good supper, a roasting fire, and we dropped to sleep with the comforting thought, "Only one more day to Islahai." At five o'clock, in the darkness, Lieutenant Van Coppanolle waked me and said we must start at once; there was a blizzard.

The swirling snow was so thick that we could see only a few feet, and that with difficulty. Four thousand men were trying to get into line, more than five thousand refugees were struggling in the confusion and terror. Screams of horses, shrieks of women who could not find their children, wails of children wallowing in the snow alone, creaking of gun-carriages, shouts of officers and men, sudden looming up of camels that grunted and bit, all coming out of a swirling whiteness. I thought of my nurses, of Varton and his family, of my patients from the hospital, women with new-born babies, struggling in that madness. Impossible to find any one, to do anything. We got somehow into the frantic line and started on the long tramp. It lasted fourteen hours.

We had been obliged to start without even a cup of coffee, but both La Petite and I were well wrapped up, and our good comrade was always beside us, caring for us with such tenderness. I knew what heroism is, seeing Lieutenant Van Coppanolle and La Petite trudging bravely, without complaint. In a very few hours, we were passing the dying all along the way.

The column was quite quiet. There was hardly a sound for hours, except the scream of some one falling. Always, just when endurance broke, they screamed once as they fell. The column went on silently, leaving them there.

Armenian women have a way of carrying their children on their backs, holding the two hands clutched against the mother's breast and the child's weight on the bent back. When children are carried in this way,

almost always one sees their little bare feet, side by side. Working with refugees, I see this perhaps a hundred times a day, and never without remembering the road to Islahai. Even now I cannot bear to see children's feet; I cover them up whenever I have time and can reach them.

That morning we passed hundreds of mothers, carrying their children in this way. First a vague darkness in the swirling snow, then the mother's bent body, and the child's little bare feet. I would reach out and tuck them up in a corner of shawl or blanket as I went by. I do not know how many hours we had been walking, when I found the first dead child on its mother's back. I walked beside her, examining it; she trudged on, bent under the weight, doggedly lifting one foot and then the other through the snow, blind and deaf to everything. The child was certainly dead, and she did not know it. I spoke to her, touched her, finally shook her arm violently to arouse her. When she looked up I pointed to the child and said, "Finish." The mother seemed not to understand at first, trudged onward for a few steps, and then let go the child's hands. The body fell, and the mother went on, blind and deaf as before, all her life in that lifting of one foot after the other through the snow.

This was the first one. There were perhaps fifty more after that, always the same. No complaint, no protest, a little time to understand what had happened, and then a dumb letting go of the hands and the weight. Strength was so exhausted in these women who had carried their children so far, that there was

no emotion left, simply the last shreds of animal endurance. If I had not spoken to them, they would have carried the dead until they dropped and died in the snow.

In time I, too, was a blind machine moving forward, tucking in no more feet, examining no more children. We had been walking ten hours, and I was probably one of the most fortunate of the thousands of women who followed the French out of Marash. I had more reserve strength on which to draw. Still, there was little of it left in the end. I thought of nothing, cared for nothing, simply struggled onward and tried to keep my balance. It seemed to me that we three were walking on a very narrow ledge between two precipices, and that if I lost my balance and fell we would all go down thousands of feet.

Just in front of us was a cart; one of the women in it had died and the body, caught by the feet, dragged in the snow. I saw it dragging in front of us, for miles; I looked at it dully, and avoided stepping on it. No one thought any more about it than that. If it had been taken out of the cart, there would have been room for some living person, but no one thought of that. Then the cart was not there. I do not know what became of it. We may have gone around it. Nothing existed but that narrow bit of solidity in the white whirl, the solidity on which we tried to keep our balance. Often and often it turned to broken ice and water; we had come to a river, and I was picked up and carried across.

I had felt hands plucking at my shoulder, stiffly

fumbling at me and sliding and fumbling; it seemed to me that I had felt them for a long time, when I heard a voice saying, "Doctor! Doctor, what shall I do?" I turned then, and there was Margaret, one of our nurses, just behind me. She stood there holding out her hands, stiff like dead claws with the cold, and looked at me with wild eyes. Her clothes, wet in the rivers, had frozen, the shawl on her head had blown back and stood out in stiff icy folds. "Doctor, what shall I do? I'm dying. I can't go on."

"Nonsense!" I said. "Of course you can go on. Come now, I won't hear another word! March!"

We went on, repeating this, I walking carefully on the narrow ledge and she fumbling, trying to get hold of my shoulder. "No, doctor, I can't. Oh, doctor, I'm dying. Oh, doctor, what shall I do?"

"March. You can. You must."

"Oh, doctor . . ."

After a long time her hands slid down my arm and I stopped to try to pick her up. Lieutenant Van Coppanolle said, "Who is she?"

"One of our nurses."

"Here, get that girl on her feet and bring her through," he said to his orderly. "Give her this to eat." He gave the orderly a piece of chocolate. Then we went on, hearing little querulous complaining behind us. The orderly had got her on her feet, but they could not walk. He had not the strength to hold her up. He could not break the chocolate, and she could not bite it. "I have a piece in her mouth, my lieutenant," he said, "but she can't swallow."

"Get her through, get her through. She's one of the doctor's nurses."

Perhaps I dwell too long upon these personal experiences. Personal experience is the only window through which we see the world, and if I share the window with others, it is to show the same view beyond. The things I felt and saw, multiplied by thousands, made up the experiences of the column that crawled from Bel Puvar toward Islahai when the French evacuated Marash. This was something, a very tiny fractional part, of the price the Armenians of Turkey paid, and are still paying, for the mistakes and quarrels of the Allies since 1918. Statistics are mathematics, and political discussion is an academic thing. But the men and women and children who lived through the massacres at Marash and walked to Islahai are flesh and blood. And what they saw and suffered then they are still seeing and suffering, in other forms, in other places.

It was late in the afternoon of February 13, 1920, that the men and women in this column, silently using their last strength to fight through the blizzard over the mountains, found that they were lost, that they were not on the road to Islahai and did not know where it was.

What were the statesmen of England and France doing at that hour? Comfortable men, men who had eaten, men who had roofs under which to sleep, men whose wives and children were safe and warm—they sat playing the great game of international politics on

the chessboard of the world, while the world bled lives and sweated anguish at every move.

It is simple enough to blame the Turk for the sufferings of Armenians. Seeing what the Turk does, one hates him. But what is the Turk? A man who thinks first of his own profit, a nation that fights for its own interests as it sees them. Yes; the Turk *is* a barbarian; he still does crudely with bayonets and massacres what the civilized nations have learned to do with secret agreements and treaties signed at council tables. The Turk is a barbarian; in seven hundred years he has learned nothing from the civilization of Christian Europe. But what are the lessons that Christian Europe has set him to learn?

Seven hundred years ago the Crusaders took Jerusalem in the name of Christ, and looted it of gold and silver and rugs and women, while their horses' legs were drenched to the knees in blood. After seven centuries, General Allenby re-takes Jerusalem. All that the Allies do it to cut up living Turkey on a map, and then to quarrel over loot of oil-wells, and railway routes, and new territory until the Turk rises and drenches Asia Minor with the blood of their soldiers and their helpless tools and dupes, the Armenians. There may have been blood-stains on the rugs the Christian knights carried home to France and England. To-day, the blood is on the Turks' bayonet; blood-stains are invisible on the signed pieces of paper, safe and clean in Downing Street or on the Quai d'Orsay.

We were lost, and now the silence began to be broken by low murmurs of talk—the French officers consulting as to what we should do. The column still staggered on, blindly. After thirteen hours of marching without food or rest, eyes baffled by the whirling snow, feet weighted with the fallen snow, there was nothing left in us but mechanical endurance. We continued to move, as a dead snake moves, because there was still a little life in our muscles that would not let go. The cries of the falling were weaker now, and more huddled bodies lay in the snow to be stumbled over. The officers were talking, in a group beside the column. Lieutenant Van Coppanolle stopped; all our little group stopped. I could still stand alone, La Petite holding to my arm but trying not to lean her weight on it. My nurse went down, and the orderly reeled, leaning over, slapping her, shaking her, helping her in her struggles to get up.

Then Lieutenant Van Coppanolle laughed. The other officers had said there was nothing to do but camp for the night; we were lost, and in the darkness it was impossible to find the road. It was then that the Lieutenant laughed, gaily, as at a delightful joke. We were all right, he said; we might be a little way off the road, but we'd find it again. Allons!

There is no miracle like a brave man's laughter in the midst of death. Our hearts had stopped at that suggestion of camping in the snow. It meant, of course, that thousands of us would lie down and never get up again. But the temptation of it! Just to lie down, and let the snow cover us, and give up all effort

for ever. Then Lieutenant Van Coppanolle laughed, not defiantly, not even encouragingly, but with the simple mirth of a gay and serene spirit laughing away an amusing suggestion. Allons!

It was the one thing that could have kept us going. We went on. It was quite dark now, so dark that we could no longer see the snow, could only feel it brushing our faces and weighting our feet. It was so dark that we stepped on the dying, unable to see them.

We had been going on thus blindly in the darkness for perhaps an hour longer, when the Lieutenant himself suggested that we stop. He spoke of it not too seriously, not as though it meant what we all knew it did mean. But he was speaking of it, when we heard a high, long whistle. The whole column—thousands of throats—answered it with a terrible sob. A train whistle! Islahai!

There were some who began trying to run toward it. In the darkness there were screams, groans, calls of those suddenly separated in the mob. The last half-mile was nightmare confusion added to nightmare exhaustion, and in that last half-mile, I think, more people dropped and died than in any of the miles we had toiled over. We came to buildings and lights, a sobbing frantic crowd. Some one found us in it, and said that our company was to go to the barracks on the hill. We came upon a kitchen wagon and greedily drank cups of cold, icy coffee. No warmth yet, but how grateful we were for water and the stimulant of coffee.

Hundreds of the refugees died in Islahai. What it

must have been to them, the thousands who poured down on the little station to find no shelter and to be helped by no last heroic efforts of exhausted men, I do not want to try to imagine. We, with the barracks waiting for us, would have died on the hill that led to them, if Lieutenant Van Coppanolle had not been unconquerable. La Petite and I could go no farther. It was a hill to climb, in waist-deep snow.

A riderless, lost horse came out of the darkness, and the Lieutenant and his orderly got us on it. The orderly kept falling, and the Lieutenant could get him up again only with kicks and curses. La Petite and I swayed on the horse's back; all my last strength went in holding on and in encouraging her to do so. Finally she could keep her balance no longer, and in that last extremity the poor, brave, little thing let go, rather than drag me off with her. These are things you do not forget, when people speak scornfully of the Armenians.

A second later, the orderly, the horse and I went down, rolling in the snow. Lieutenant Van Coppanolle got us the rest of the way by himself, dragging us through the snow, beating the orderly with his fists, falling himself and struggling onward on his knees. So we got to the barracks at last.

I lay on a bunk in the officer's mess, soldiers rubbing my feet and hands, an officer feeding me hot toddy with a spoon, and saw the French officers coming in. One had gone mad and was raving—fighting, when they carried him away. One fell on his face and lay there until he was picked up. All of them were crip-

pled, with frozen and frost-bitten feet, and in the last stages of exhaustion.

Five thousand Armenians had left Marash, and perhaps a third of them lived to reach Islahai. That was in February, 1920. To understand the lives of these Armenians, remember that the evacuation of Marash was not an isolated calamity interrupting comfort and peace, like the San Francisco fire or the Galveston flood. These people had lived through the massacres and deportations in Turkey during the war; for six years they had been suffering and dying as they suffered and died on the road to Islahai. It was those few months of anxious peace in Marash that was the novelty to them; those few months of patiently beginning again to rebuild ruined houses and broken lives. And the evacuation of Marash was the beginning of the old story again—the beginning of the wanderings and sufferings which are not ended yet. For those who lived to reach Islahai went on to Smyrna, and Ismid, and the villages of Anatolia that were held by the Greeks, and the power of new Turkey was rising behind them like a hurricane.

IX

THE AMERICAN LINE RE-FORMS

MUSTAPHA KEMAL held Marash. It was the first battle in the new war between Turkish nationalism and European imperialism, and the Turks had won it.

It was also a temporary defeat on another battle-line—the invisible and wavering line where good meets evil, in the eternal warfare which to some of us seems more important than the rising and falling of empires. For a time, the work that Americans were doing in Marash was ended.

We who represent the spirit of Christian America in the Near East often fail to represent it perfectly. We are only human beings, with our own spiritual battles to fight; life often confuses and perplexes us, and always we fail to reach the ideal of living and working which we try to attain. For ourselves, it can only be said that we do the best we can, and that the odds against us are very great. But the spirit that sent us here, the unselfishness of millions of Americans, the miracle of their caring for the sick and miserable of the whole world, is a pure and beautiful and strong thing. In the confusions and perplexities of their own lives, they, too, are only struggling human beings. But their giving, their caring to give, their wanting to share

their riches and their goodness with the multitudes of the world, is a bit of Christ in their lives. Twenty millions of Americans, for a moment rising above boundaries of races, of nations, even of creeds, to reach the ideal of unselfish love for all the world, have created the great organization that is fighting in the Near East for these oppressed and miserable peoples.

That organization had now to retreat, re-form its line, make a new stand. The work in Marash was ended, for a time. But there was this in our defeat which is not in the defeat of empires; it was a temporary and negligible thing. Hatred and greed and all the passions of men may seem for a time to be gaining, but they will never conquer that spirit in the world which, because we have no finer word for it, we call love. This is a warfare of the ages, in which the work of a lifetime is only one gesture among multitudes, and the history of an empire is no more than a day. We who do the best we can, living only a little while and being soon forgotten, are fighting on the winning side.

I was only four days in Islahai. Being able to walk the second day, I found all our nurses from Marash, and got them off on the train to Adana, where they went to work in the Near East Relief there. I had put them on the train and was leaving the little station when I met Dr. Artine.

The change in him, even after the experiences he had undergone since I last saw him, was so appalling that my relief in finding him alive was still-born. We shook hands almost silently, and he walked beside me through

the snow toward the refugee camp. I hesitated to ask him questions, and he had no wish to talk. The little he told me was in explanation of his situation.

The twenty-five hundred Armenians who had been with him in the two churches had received no warning of the French evacuation. They had been fighting valiantly, and thought that the Turks were being defeated. They had accomplished terrific feats, organizing, getting the tunnels through from church to church, digging trenches, rationing their food, and fighting with the skill of military experts. On the night before the evacuation, while the French were deciding to retreat, these Armenians had defeated the Turks in a hard fight and had got through to Bethshallum, the American orphanage. Their careful plan of strategy was to fight through, from these two points, to a connection with the French forces. Their ammunition was running low, but they reckoned that, by making every shot count, they had enough to drive the Turks back and reach the French supplies. They planned to do this in twenty-four hours, and believed that when their lines touched the French, they could together defeat the Turks of Marash.

Marash was the crucial point. It was Mustapha Kemal's first defiance of the Allies. The Turkish troops had been unable to reach the city, against the French artillery. The two thousand fighting Armenians in the churches believed that if the Turkish citizens in Marash were thoroughly defeated, the city could be held until the arrival of French reinforce-

ments able to defeat the Turkish army outside it. Victory seemed to them only a question of holding out and fighting, and they were doing both with success.

It was a happy night. After their battle, the Armenians were more encouraged, more hopeful than they had been since the fighting began. They put out guards and held a short service of thanks to God, after which the men went to sleep on their rifles, and Dr. Artine performed an operation.

He said that he had not been so happy for months. The danger he had so long feared was actually upon them, and they were confronting it and defeating it. Bethshallum had medical supplies; he would now be able to take care of the wounded. The operation was a leg amputation. Two days earlier the man's leg bone had been splintered by bullets, and he had been helplessly suffering all that time. The operation was successful, and at five o'clock in the morning Dr. Artine lay down to sleep.

The sentries woke him at dawn. The Turkish flag was flying over French headquarters. The French had left Marash at ten o'clock the night before.

The twenty-five hundred Armenians in the church held a meeting to consider how they should die. They could fight one day more, or they could try to make a dash for escape. If they fought, not one would live; if they made a quick dash some of them might get through. It was the desperate pleas of their women that decided them. They broke their guns, threw their ammunition into the well. There was a little while in

which they all said "Good-bye" to each other. Then they massed behind the gates, and at a signal threw them open, and ran.

Their only way out of Marash led past trenches now filled with Turkish troops. The Turks began firing as soon as the Armenians appeared, and poured a steady stream of bullets upon them. Two hundred of the twenty-five hundred that started from the churches got past the trenches alive. One hundred and fifty reached Islahai.

Dr. Artine's two sisters had been with him in the church. Before they left, he had divided all the money he had with him, and given them each half of it. They both fell in front of the Turkish trenches. Dr. Artine was in Islahai, the only one of his family left. Everything he had had in the world was gone, his family, his friends, his beautiful house, his surgical equipment, his practise, the place he had made for himself in the world. He was living on charity. He asked me if I could help him to get work. "Any kind of work, of course; anything that will earn food and shelter. I don't ask to keep on in my profession; I don't expect to be able to do that, now. There is no work except with the Americans, and you have your own doctors. But I would be most grateful if you could perhaps get me a job as a porter, or cleaning the offices."

We were able to give him work as an interpreter, in the Near East Relief hospital in Adana. Within a few months he had shown such ability that he was given the management of the hospital. Wherever he is, he will always be a gallant, gentle, intelligent man. But

his personal life, his career, and his hopes were killed in Marash.

Little Mary was for a long time a weight on my mind and my heart. She was so frail and so exhausted that she could not work in Adana; there were few jobs for all the thousands that clamoured for them, and the places in the hospital must be filled by those most able to do the work. I left her in the refugee camp in Adana; there was nothing else I could do.

Thousands of Armenians were pouring down from the mountains, in front of the Turkish advance. They were gathered at Adana in the fields, an enormous camp of homeless families, some living in tents, others in shelters they contrived of scraps of wood and flattened Standard Oil cans. With one of these families I left Little Mary, and for a long time I remembered her, standing in the flap of the tent and looking after me.

She had given me a letter to her brother, who lived in Boston. I mailed it, registered, from Beirut, and set in motion the Near East Relief machinery for transmission of money and handling of passports. The endless complications of such work, and the waiting for an opening in the over-crowded immigration quotas, take a long time. It was six months before I heard of Little Mary again; a cable from her brother said that she had safely reached Boston.

Big Mary is in Constantinople, taking a special course in nursing. I see her now and then, when my work takes me to that sprawling, swarming Oriental

village on the shores of the Bosphorus. Her fate is still dependent, as so many millions of obscure lives are dependent, on the quarrelling imperialisms that meet in Lausanne or Geneva. If there are no massacres in Constantinople, and she can finish her course, there will be work for her among her own people, under the wing of America.

My dear Aznive travelled with me all the way to Beirut. For Luther we found work in Aleppo, with the Americans. Aznive, I was sending to a friend of my own in Detroit. She had never been out of Marash; she had never seen a railroad, or the sea; she had never worn a hat. In Beirut she saw the sea, and we bought her a hat; I do not know which experience most deeply shook her.

Beirut was a whirlpool of excitement; Feisal was crowned king of the Arabs, and all the multi-coloured peoples of the East jostled each other in the narrow streets, and all their hopes and fears and intrigues simmered underneath. Freedom and a new kingdom of their own had been promised to the Arabs, as they were promised to the Armenians; the Arabian peoples were still believing that their services in fighting Turkey during the war were to be rewarded with possession of Arabian Syria. But Syria had also been promised to the French by one of those secret treaties among the Great Allied Powers which were so numerous in the early days of the war that I forget which one it was. King Feisal's reign in Syria was short; the French dethroned him, and the English took him

to Mesopotamia and set up his puppet kingdom there —where the oil-fields are.

I left Aznive on the wharf in Beirut. She was to take a later steamer that went straight to New York. Her ticket was bought and in her pocket; her passport visas were obtained; friends would put her on the boat, friends would meet her in New York, and she was going to my friends in Detroit. But every few minutes a terror shook her, and everything but terror ebbed from her face.

She went with me to my boat, clinging to me dumbly. At the gangplank I was obliged to unclasp her straining fingers from my arm, laughing at her a little, coaxing her to be happy. "See, you have the ticket, you have the passport, it is all arranged. You *are* going to America. Come now, aren't you glad? Laugh, then; it isn't the time to cry, my dear."

"But nothing good has ever really happened," she said. "Nothing ever really happens but— How can I believe that I am going to America?" She began to sob. "I can't even believe that America is really there."

I stood on deck, looking down at her on the dock, and she tried to smile up at me. But when the boat cast off its mooring and began to move away, suddenly she stretched her arms after it and screamed, terrible, hysterical screams. All that she had lived through must have come rising from the depths of her when she found herself abandoned on that wharf, and her self-control had gone to rags and tatters. My gentle, quiet, patient little Aznive fought the friendly

hands that tried to quiet her, and raised her hands to the sky and shrieked till passengers on the deck covered their ears. So I sailed away and left her there, screaming like a lost thing caught by the unendurable pain of the world.

And I heard of her next in Detroit. She had arrived safely, my friends loved her as I had known they would; she was so happy that tears splashed the letter she wrote me. "I did not know there could be on earth a place like America," she wrote. "Often I think that I have died and gone to heaven. Nobody is afraid of anything here. Quite grown-up people smile like children, and even strangers are kind to each other, and tell each other where to find places on the streets. It does not matter what your religion is, they do not even ask you, but are kind to you without knowing."

From my friends I heard that she was studying hard, taking a nurse's training course. She was popular everywhere, and young Armenians clustered around her. More than one had asked her to marry him, but she said that she did not want to marry; she wanted to work, like American women.

Then I had a shy little letter from her, saying that she was engaged. "Many men have asked me to marry them, and I did not wish to marry, but when I saw Paul I changed my mind."

He was a young Armenian, a machinist; a fine young man, my friends wrote. They were married, and are now living in a modern apartment in Detroit; three of them now, for there is a baby. Paul works

in the Ford shops, and has had a raise in salary, Aznive writes; the baby has three teeth, and is more intelligent than any baby ever was before. She does not say this because the baby is her own; every one says so. I should see them going walking on Sunday, the baby is so cute in its carriage, and Aznive has a new hat, and they go to the moving pictures. Every week they put money in the bank for the baby's education. "My own country is so far away, it is like a bad dream after you wake up and know it was only a dream. We are Americans now."

But the Near East is not a bad dream. From the safety of America it must seem so. But it is real; it is the cancer that threatens the life of the whole of the Western world.

The attempt to bring cleanliness and peace into Cilicia had failed. From the victory of Marash the Turks swept forward, driving before them the French and the last of the Armenians. Eight hundred years ago the Armenian kingdom of Cilicia had welcomed the French Crusaders, fought beside them, fed them, saved their lives and helped to make them powerful. The Mongolians had overpowered Armenia, while the Egyptians drove the French back to Europe, but the Armenian people had continued to live in Cilicia, under the Mongolian conquerors. Now once more the French had landed on Cilicia's shores, once more the Armenians had welcomed them, trusted them, exerted their puny strength to fight beside them. The conquering

Turk of to-day was not so merciful as his cousins the Tartars of eight centuries ago; this time the defeat of Europe was the death of the Armenians.

How shall one disentangle the snarl, how divide praise and blame? None of our standards apply here, in this world unchanged since the tribes of Israel came into it from Egypt. We, who were born in America, are the children of another age, living in another world. Here in the Near East greed for possessions and power is the only motive; getting possessions and power is the only glory. Europe encouraged the Armenians to dream of regaining the old freedom, never forgotten through eight hundred years; thus Europe could use the Armenians as a weapon against the Turks. Turkey was fighting for her life against the greed of Europe, and when Europe failed to protect her little allies, the Armenians, the Turks called them traitors and killed them.

This was the end of that group of the Armenian people who made the Kingdom of Little Armenia. In all Cilicia to-day there is hardly a living Armenian. Marash is a desolate city, burned and depopulated. The Armenian villages are deserted ruins.

The Turks had Cilicia, but Europe continued the fight in Syria and in Anatolia. Italy had been checkmated in her attempt to get Smyrna; the Greeks were sent there. The Greeks, too, dreamed of regaining an ancient power. Theirs had been the Byzantine Empire, the Rome of the East. The Greek peoples, too, had been living here in Asia Minor centuries before the Mongolians came, and still were living here.

Greece, given Smyrna to keep the Italians out, felt her hopes rekindling as the hopes of the Armenians had done. The Greek lines pushed farther into Turkey, ran from Smyrna to Eski Cherher, to Brussa, to Ismid.

Behind these lines accumulated the mass of disease and misery which is refugees. Those Armenians who had lived to escape from Cilicia, those Armenians who had been peacefully living in the interior villages of Anatolia, poured down to the sea-coast cities. On one side of them was the sea; on the other, the Greek lines that pushed further and still further into Turkey.

Into this mass of misery and disease went the Americans. In the winter after the ruin of Marash I was opening a hospital in Ismid.

X

THE NEW FRONT AT ISMID

WE were in Ismid in December, 1920. This very old city (known in ancient times as Nicomedia) on the coast of Anatolia was then like all the other western coast cities of Turkey—a grey-white fringe of the sea spread around the harbour. Its history began when men first lived on this coast, and ventured out on the waters in ships to find peoples living on the islands of the Ægean and old civilizations flourishing in Egypt. The Greeks came to it when first they began to be a maritime people, and doubtless they knew this harbour when they were fighting the war with Troy. Ismid was a city coloured by all the races of the Near East, but the core of its life was Greek; the shop-owners, the workmen, the merchants who handled the trade of the port, were Greek in blood, though they had lived here a thousand years, and often did not speak the Greek language.

British warships lay in the harbour, slim islands of grey steel as steady as rock, seeming to protect by their presence, not only the grey-white curve of houses and shops, but also the Greek cruisers that lay beside them, and the trading ships that came and went. Italian and French destroyers came, dropped anchor,

TRANSPORT DIFFICULTIES AT ISMID

Doctor Elliott's Ford is compelled to halt in a too-narrow street in the Armenian quarter of the old city.

DOCTOR ELLIOTT IN NATIVE YALI

The author frequently used the native araba or yali, a picturesque and comfortable vehicle employed throughout the interior of Anatolia.

lay for a week or two, and went again. American destroyers, those peaceful, watchful ships that are gathered in these waters to be a refuge for American lives when refuge is necessary, were always in the offing, ready. Beyond the city the low, bare hills curved round like the palm of a sheltering hand, keeping the life of Ismid from the rising winds that were blowing in Turkey.

The life of the city went on, under the protection of the guns, under the shelter of the hills, held firm by martial law. The Eleventh Greek division, commanded by General Gagaledes of Macedonian fame, was in the city, waiting. The battleships were in the harbour, waiting. Beyond the hills were the troops of the Turkish Nationalist army, waiting. They were all waiting for the decision of the London Conference. Meantime, the little shopkeepers of the bazaars displayed their goods, drank their Turkish coffee, bargained; bare-footed women-servants, veiled, going to and fro on errands, stopped to gossip on the corners; in the walled courtyards the women embroidered and talked the endless, monotonous talk of sheltered women interested only in the minute events of their days. And disease came invisibly into the city from its breeding places on battlefields and refugee camps, and reaped its silent harvest.

Refugees were pouring into Ismid from the interior of Turkey, scurrying before the rumour of Turkish advance like leaves blown by a rising storm. There were six thousand Armenians and nearly as many Greeks overflowing refugee camps and spreading through the

crowded bazaars; almost naked children with thieving fingers clutching at crusts or bones or anything left unguarded, haggard women begging on doorsteps, and men who could do nothing but sit on curbs, since there was nothing else to do.

The Near East Relief orphanage was crowded; the refugee-relief workers toiled at an ever-increasing task. There were bread-lines, soup-kitchens, delousing plants, temporary hospitals unable to cope with the multiplying disease. And every day the question: What will be done with us, at the conference in London?

General Gagaledes received me cordially, sitting behind a table in his bare, soldierly office. Certainly he would give me a building for a hospital; had I chosen the one I wanted? From the window I showed it to him, a large empty building on the hill. He smiled. Nothing would be easier than to give me that; it was within a few yards of the front-line trenches. But did I think it healthy for patients to be under fire?

We laughed. The building I really wanted, I said, was on this side of the city, but it was occupied by Greek troops and I thought it useless to ask for it. General Gagaledes touched a bell, and told the aide who answered it to go with me and order that I should immediately be given possession of any building in Ismid that I chose.

So the hospital was started. The building had been a Turkish hospital; Greek troops had been living in it and destroying it as soldiers always do. Within twenty-four hours they had moved out, and on their

heels came an army of refugee-workers with scrubbing brushes, whitewash pails, panes of glass, papers of putty, cans of paint.

The ingenuity of these Armenian and Greek refugees, their skill in contrivance, was remarkable. It encouraged me to the enterprise of installing hot and cold water. Lead pipe was found, copper coils were made. I knew nothing of plumbing; neither did these workers. But by sheer intelligence the pipes were connected, the heater was made, the joints were soldered and left uncovered, anxiously to be observed lest they leak; the plumbing system became reality, and worked. We dreamed then of a bathroom. Tiles were found, abandoned in an old German factory wrecked during the war. We confiscated these, made the bathroom and tiled the floors.

In five weeks there was the hospital, a beautiful place, as sanitary, as modern in every way, as one could wish. A hundred beds were in the wards, filled with patients. A clinic was opened. Across the gulf, in Badizag, we opened headquarters for the war against epidemics.

Three months had gone by, and we had built from the bottom upward the completed machinery of an organization. From the first it had been running; now it was ready to slip into low gear and really pull the whole load. Then the London conference ended.

The British had declared that they would give Eastern Thrace to Turkey. The Greeks, first sent into Asia Minor to keep the Italians out, then encouraged

and cheered on and supported by the British in further invasions, and now abandoned, cried out in fury that they would not again open the doors of Europe to the Turk. They would fight, before they would yield Thrace.

The British warships steamed out of the gulf of Ismid, leaving the Greeks to hold it; in June the Greeks decided that they could not hold it. It was a question of re-forming the battle-front which ran all the way to Smyrna. The line was too long to hold; military necessity dictated that Ismid be evacuated, and the Eleventh Division withdrawn to make the left wing, resting on Brussa. This explanation was quite true and reasonable, but there was another reason for the weakening of the Greek army. King Constantine had come back to Athens; the seasoned revolutionary fighters who had commanded the army were withdrawn and their places filled by royalist officers. General Gagaledes was gone; General Kladis commanded the Eleventh Division. He had been in exile with the king throughout the war, seeing none of the fighting. He was not a popular hero, like General Gagaledes. All through the Greek army one saw enthusiasm waning, morale weakening, dissatisfaction growing.

The news of the evacuation was to Ismid what a stick is to an ant-hill. All normal activities were lost in feverish excitement. Refugees came piling into the heart of the city and swarming down to the water-front, where across the stretch of blue water the Greek cruisers still lay. They were to remain in the gulf,

and two thousand Greek soldiers were to be left in the city; this garrison, under the guns of the boats, was thought sufficient to protect the refugees.

The Eleventh Division marched down to the wharves, through a silent city. Company by company, it was swallowed by the ships that took it across the gulf. It was to march to Brussa by land. All one day the soldiers were embarking; by night the last of them was landed on the opposite shore. At sunset a rippling crackle of rifle-fire ran around the edge of the city. The Turks had come.

Once more bullets were zipping across our compound and striking into the plaster of the walls. Again we put patients on the floor, out of range of the windows. There was fighting in our cherry orchard. In half an hour the first wounded Greek soldier was brought in through our front door; ten minutes later the first wounded Turk crawled to our back door and hearing him beating on it, we opened it and took him in. After that they came continuously, both Greeks and Turks. At midnight a roar and a boom shook our windows; the cruisers in the harbour were bombarding.

All the next day the battle continued, crackling of rifles and the booming of the cruiser's guns, and that night the searchlights signalled across the harbour an appeal to General Kladis to return; the Turks were taking Ismid.

The troops came back across the gulf, and the rifle-fire died down and stopped. The deserted streets were peopled again, and crowds clustered around placards

hastily slapped on walls by Greek soldiers. By order of General Kladis, all who wished to leave Ismid must do so within forty-eight hours; on the third day the Greek troops would withdraw.

There were now about fifteen thousand Armenian and Greek refugees in the city; the Greeks had fled from their interior villages, and the Armenians had been driven here and there across Turkey, for five years, before they came to this edge of it where the sea stopped them. In addition to these, there was the entire Christian population of Ismid. All these men and women, more than thirty-four thousand of them, with their children and such goods as they could carry, swarmed down to the water-front, frantic as crowds caught in a theatre fire. There were so many of them, there were so few boats; every gangplank seemed to each of them a last chance for life.

These crowds were controlled, in masses, by close ranks of Greek soldiers with bayonets. The Greek government sent boats. As each one came alongside the wharf and lowered its gangplanks, a shiver went over the crowd, which moved like a wheat-field in a heavy wind. Then down lanes of soldiers the multitudes poured into the ship, filling it to overflowing, crowding the decks to the limit of standing-room, even pushing upward and clinging to the masts. There was a struggle on shore; the soldiers stopping the streams with their bodies and bayonets, and then there would be an outcry of screams and pleadings from the mass that had been silent. Shrieks of separated families, cries of trampled children. The gangplanks were

lifted, the ship loaded down under the weight of its human freight, moved slowly away toward Thrace. Another one took its place.

In the hospital, we were thinking of our Armenian nurses. All of them volunteered to stay with us. But our waiting-room was crowded with their parents, pleading with them to go. On the morning of the second day I called the mothers together, and spoke to them. I said that I would not insist that the girls stay with us, but that if their mothers would leave them in my care I would promise to keep them under American protection, to stay with them, and not to leave Ismid unless every one of them went with me. There was a moment of silence after I had said this, and then one mother looked up at me and said, "I lost my girl during the deportations. For three years I did not see her. Now that I have found her again, can I go away—I do not know where—and leave her behind me?"

It was settled that the nurses should go, all except three who were orphans. All the servants had gone; cooks, laundresses, scrubwomen. The nurses stayed in the hospital and worked, day and night, caring for the crowded wards, until they must go down to the last boat, which left at five o'clock in the morning of the third day. The troops had embarked again; the harbour was empty; the last cruiser went out with the five o'clock boat. Only an American destroyer lay off-shore, sending a little gleam of light to us through the darkness.

The city was silent, save that now and then a dog

barked. From the window of the room where I was working I saw houses burning, red flame mixed with thick black smoke in the darkness. I had a maternity case, and no one to help me. My American nurses were so exhausted that I had sent them to bed. There seemed to be nothing in the world but silence, the light of the burning houses, and the agony of my patient who was giving birth to another life. Another Armenian coming into the world! Born of innumerable agonies and despairs, child of thirty centuries of glory and fighting and suffering and stubborn hope, before morning this child would be living in the city just emptied of his people. What would his life be, what could it be? What did it all mean—life, the endless blind struggle? It was the cold weak hour of the morning, when the realities of daylight melt into intangible things, and it seems perhaps that everything is a dream. But the only thing to do was to work, for there was the task to be done.

The child was born, and dawn was making the window-panes grey, when a strange noise came up from the courtyard through the open windows: a bellowing, bleating, whinnying, clattering wave of sound. I leaned from the window, and looked down on the backs of scores of cows, horses, donkeys, oxen, a solid mass of backs under a confusion of horns and ears and tossed noses. Somewhere beneath it were sheep and goats, bleating uncomfortably.

During the night the last refugees had turned into our compound the animals they must leave. Why they

did it I do not know. Perhaps it was in a desire to give them to us, or perhaps it was an unreasoning feeling that there was safety under the American flag for the herds and flocks that were the only wealth. At any rate, there they were, and there they must not stay; we had no water for them, and no food.

I had hastily bathed, slipped into a fresh uniform, and was going downstairs to order our new Turkish gateman to drive out the animals, when I met him coming to say that a Turkish officer was there. The officer with several men was in the courtyard picking out the horses.

He greeted me with beautiful courtesy, speaking the French of a Parisian with the manner of one. He was enchanted to meet me, he said, quite as though there were nothing extraordinary in my meeting him in my own courtyard, taking horses from it. He was happy to have the opportunity to express the respect and gratitude felt by all Turks for our work, to assure me that they appreciated our kindness to their soldiers. He begged that if we desired anything that it was possible to obtain, we must believe that the Turkish officers were most gratefully our servants. And with a wave of his hand to his men, he said in Turkish, "Drive out that bay horse, I will take him for myself."

"But you can't take that horse; he's mine," I expostulated. He was in fact my own horse, on which I rode about my work outside the hospital, and went for rides in the evenings.

The officer yielded immediately and gracefully. He urged me to take, not only that horse, but any others

that I chose. His air was that of a princely bestower of gifts, and I am convinced that he did not for a moment believe that the bay was really my horse.

The reign of the Turks began in Ismid. It was the first step forward in the second move of the Turkish Nationalists. Beginning at Marash, they had driven the French from Cilicia. Beginning at Ismid, they were now advancing to drive the Greeks from Anatolia. Ismid was the beginning of the campaign that was to end with the burning of Smyrna.

The battle-front had moved over us, and we were on the Turkish side. Off-shore lay an American destroyer, guarding us; the American flag was over our hospital and orphanage and relief stations. As well as we could, under the circumstances, we kept on working.

Immediately there began in the city an only partly-suppressed riot of looting. The Turkish families living near us sent anxiously to beg that we let them know if we decided to leave, so that they could go at the same time. The streets were not safe, and precise orders were sent by the Turkish commandant; we were allowed to leave the hospital only by certain routes, and in daylight. No Armenian patient or employé was to leave the hospital grounds. We had to obtain a special military permit for our Armenian chauffeur, in order that he could drive our truck.

The reason for this looting is to be found in the custom of warfare in Asia Minor. The rules of it may be found in the orders given to the children of Israel when they went out to take the cities of the Promised

Land. Troops are not paid; their recompense for fighting is the looting of conquered territory. Had Ismid been captured in battle, Greeks and Armenians would have been the victims of the customary three days and nights allowed for despoiling the enemy. Ismid was evacuated; only Turks were left in it when the Turkish army entered. Many of these Turkish citizens had taken possession of the shops, houses and goods that had been abandoned. The ragged, footsore and hungry troops were thus cheated of the pay they had expected for fighting, but they looted anyway.

Almost at once we learned another thing; Ismid was not only like a city without police, it was like a city in a general strike. We could not get bread for the hospital; the bakers were Armenians and Greeks, therefore there were no more bakers in Ismid. The bathroom plumbing began to leak, and there was not a workman in Ismid who could fix it; Turks are not plumbers. Meat became unobtainable; Turks do not keep butcher shops. We could not get a cook or a laundress to replace those who had fled; Turks are not servants.

There was no commissary with the Turkish army; when the soldiers were hungry they foraged, killed their own meat, cooked it over their camp fires. There was no doctor with the Turkish army; behind the Turkish lines I was the only physician for scores of miles.

I remained in Ismid, in charge of the hospital, for three months after the Turks took the city. Nothing

but that experience could have made me understand the conditions spreading over Asia Minor behind the victorious Turkish advance.

It is not a question of blaming the Turk, who is what his blood and history and religion have made him; it is a question of facts. The Turkish Nationalists have risen with the cry, "Turkey for the Turks." In their fight against European imperialism they have, I believe, definitely and firmly determined upon a policy of having no more Christian minorities in Turkey. As long as there is a Christian minority inside the Ottoman state, it will be a danger to that state, both because the Christian peoples want their freedom, and because their desire to be free is used as a tool by European politicians. Half a century ago, realizing this fact, the Red Sultan began the wholesale killing of the Christian populations. To-day, the Turkish Nationalists have in view the same end—to clear this country their ancestors conquered of the last of its original Christian inhabitants. Those that they cannot kill they will drive out.

But the Turk has never learned to do the work that, until now, the subject Christian populations have done. The Turk came into Asia Minor as a conqueror, a flying band of Mongolian warriors from the steppes of Northern Asia. The chiefs of his tribes became sultans and favourites of sultans, enriched by the loot of captured provinces. They have had no more need to learn to work than the courtiers of France in the seventeenth century. Like those courtiers, these rich Turkish leaders have developed, with centuries of infusion of

white blood, the most charming manners, the most cultivated tastes, the most delightful personalities, and the same ideas of honour and the same capacity for ruthless cruelty that distinguished the European courts of the Middle Ages.

Meantime, their humble Turkish followers have to some extent settled on the soil. They have learned to sow and cultivate and harvest. Their little houses, bare of furniture, are spotlessly clean inside, though their courtyards are piled with garbage. They are personally clean, for the laws of the Koran in regard to personal cleanliness are as strict as the laws of Moses. They are industrious in their little fields, though the Turkish peasant women do much of the work, as peasant women do everywhere in Europe and Asia. They do not read or write, or care about the world outside their village; they have their food, their roof under which to sleep. The rest they leave to the will of Allah, and now and then it is the will of Allah that a leader shall take them out to war against the infidel and give them the loot that belongs to victors.

These two classes make the Turkish state. But within this state there have been, until the Peace of Versailles, the remnants of the conquered peoples, Arabs, Kurds, Assyrians, Jews, Armenians, Greeks. The Arabs and Kurds are still nomadic peoples. The Assyrians were mountaineers and shepherds. The Jews were traders and philosophers. The Armenians and Greeks developed the crafts and occupations of civilization. The Armenians and Greeks were the bakers, carpenters, masons, tinsmiths, bookkeepers,

merchants, bankers, exporters and importers, the builders.

In getting rid of them, in order to save herself politically, the new Turkish state has swept away the whole of the small structure of modern civilization that she had. Nothing is left but warriors, politicians, and a few agriculturists whose sons are in the army.

The former comfortable citizens of Ismid, who had made Ismid a city, were now sitting penniless, with empty hands, in the enforced idleness of refugee-camps in Eastern Thrace. Ismid was left to disorganization, famine, and militarism.

Against so wide a background, our own struggles to keep our work alive may seem so small as to appear comic. But they seemed to me typical of the general conditions. We tried to keep the hospital running—we shut off the water in the bathroom—and we succeeded, limpingly. The Turkish gateman suggested that his wife and sister come to do our cooking and laundry work. They came, shapeless bundles of black cloth from which one eye peeped, and all day long they sat in our kitchen, sat in our laundry, or came out to sit together in our courtyard. I think they meant to do the work; but they simply did not know how. They knew nothing of cookstoves and washtubs. Ya Allah! what were they to do with them?

We opened a dispensary in the city, for disease was spreading among the Turkish people. An American flag was over the door, a Turk guarded the place. One night he was not there, and the dispensary was raided,

all cloth stolen from it, and the drugs scattered among spilled medicines on the floor. We had the place cleaned and put in order again, and the Turkish commandant detailed four soldiers to watch it night and day. Two weeks later it was raided again. We closed the dispensary.

The Turkish commandant came to beg me to reopen it. "We do appreciate what you are doing," he said. "Believe me, we are sincerely grateful. Anything that we can do, I promise you will be done. Only open the dispensary again, and I will give you guards for it."

"But you did give me guards. They do not guard," I replied. "We cannot afford the waste of supplies, they are too precious, and they are sent to us to use. No, we cannot risk such a loss again."

The famine became serious; Turks were dying of starvation in the streets. Yet the cause must have been lack of organization; the soldiers running like locusts over the fertile country, the peasants hoarding their food instead of sending it to Ismid. The Near East Relief opened feeding stations for five thousand civilians of Ismid, and our truck ran every day, helping to carry supplies.

One day a resplendent Turkish officer called at my office and informed me with apparently sincere expressions of regret that the tires had been stolen from our truck in our garage. "I assure you, madame," he protested, "that I offer you in the name of the government, our deepest apologies. Please, I beg you to allow me to pay you in full for the tires."

"But the money is of no use to us," I said. "We

need the tires. Our truck cannot run without them. This is a most serious calamity, because we need the truck every day in our work. Can't you find the thieves and bring back the tires?"

"I should be so glad to do so, madame," he replied, "but unfortunately the tires are on my car, and I am this moment starting for Angora. I have not an instant to spare. There is no time to take them off." He again reiterated his regrets, and his assurance that this unfortunate situation should never have arisen had he only known of it in time. Then he got into his machine, an army truck, and drove away on the tires.

He spoke French perfectly; I had understood every word he said. But why he said them, what was in his mind, I shall never understand.

Trains were running to Constantinople, but we were not allowed to leave Ismid without a permit. This, under the circumstances, was a matter of course. But the permit could not be issued by any one in Ismid; it was necessary to send to Angora for it. And no American mind could fathom the motives of Angora. Sometimes the permit came, sometimes it was refused, sometimes the request for it was lost and never heard of again. Sometimes the permit arrived, and was not honoured at the station.

Miss MacLaren, one of the American nurses, had an ulcerated tooth. The dentists in Ismid had been Armenian and Greek; it was now necessary to go to Constantinople to reach a dentist's office. A request for a permit was sent to Angora with all possible urgency; after three weeks of waiting, it arrived. I took

her to the station, where the train stood waiting. The station guards refused to let her get on the train.

It would, in any other country than Turkey, have meant another delay, another permit. But I simply put her in my car, and before the eyes of the guards and the trainmen drove out on the road that followed the railway, to the next station, in the neutral zone. When the train overtook us there, she got on it and went to Constantinople.

Battling against such conditions as these, in a wholly demoralized town, we somehow continued to work. Now and then the rioting became serious; once the American destroyer sent a landing party ashore to guard the hospital overnight. Always, day and night, we kept in order the signals that would call for help if it were needed.

In September I left Ismid for Constantinople, to cross the Black Sea and Georgia, on my way to Caucasian Armenia. The hospital at Ismid continued its work for ten months longer, and then was obliged to close because the difficulties of running a modern institution under Turkish rule had become impossibilities.

XI

INTO SOVIET ARMENIA

I WENT to the Caucasus because the medical work there was increasing. Medical work in war-time is largely emergency work. When wars end, the hard medical fight begins. The harvest of war is disease, and epidemics kill thousands where bullets have killed hundreds.

When the Maxim Gorki stops in Alexandropol, and an American eye sees for the first time this city which was formerly the largest in Russian Armenia, the sensation is one of distinct shock. Apparently nothing remains of the city but ruins. The effect is much as though some prosperous small city of the American Middle West had been destroyed by a stroke of a gigantic hand.

The carriage drives past rows of two-story stone buildings, roofless, windowless, with one wall or two fallen and the others crumbling. Here and there these skeletons of buildings have been used as support and protection for haystacks, or for equally tall piles of dried dung cakes, stored for winter fuel. Shoulder high along many walls are plastered other dung cakes, drying. Here and there an attempt has been made, with piled stones or flattened Standard Oil cans, to make a corner livable. But the general effect is ruin

and desolation, not relieved by the rolling plain, treeless and uninhabited, which runs fifty miles south-east to the gigantic base of Mount Algoz.

Alexandropol is the youngest city in Armenia, being only eighty-seven years old, yet its little history tells all the story of Russian Armenia, as the life of a germ on a microscope slide reveals the history of a disease.

When our grandfathers were young, Alexandropol was a little Armenian village named Gumri, on the banks of Barley River (the Arpa Chai). Armenians had lived here, probably, long before the days when the Assyrian Empire rose on the plains of Asia Minor. All recorded history had washed over this village; the Empire of the Medes and Persians, the glorious centuries of the Armenian Empire, the invasions of Alexander the Great, the Roman Empire, and the Byzantine. But the little village of Gumri had no history. Its people lived as their ancestors had lived, and as Armenian villagers live to-day, in little, stone huts half-buried in the earth to protect them from summer's heat and winter's cold. They had a few ox-carts, they scratched a little soil with wooden ploughs and harvested a little grain to be threshed by the feet of the oxen and ground in mortars. They had a few sheep, and spun and wove the wool. Birth and marriage and death, spring and summer and winter, and the rise and fall of empires, passed over this village and left it the same.

In the year 1800, it belonged to the kingdom of Georgia, and the people probably heard, from some chance traveller stopping for the night, that the King

of Georgia had gone on a journey beyond the reach of any villager's imagination—a journey to see the Tsar of the Russias. But the village of Gumri could not have known, a year later, that it was now annexed to Russia, for Georgia itself did not know that it had been annexed.

The story of that annexation of half the Caucasus, hardly more than a century ago, is amazing to any American. We have forgotten the days when politics were so simple and so personal. It happened in this way: The king of Georgia, troubled by the ceaseless wars between the many tribes in his kingdom, and unable to suppress them, decided to ask the help of the Tsar. He gave orders to his goldbeaters and silversmiths, to weavers of rugs and writers on parchment, and when a number of suitable gifts were prepared and the parchment scroll setting forth his difficulties was ready, he ordered out the sumptuous, royal caravan of camels and set out with his nobles to visit the Tsar.

A year later he reached the court of St. Petersburg, and the Tsar received him with every courtesy and honour. Apartments in the Winter Palace were set aside for the Georgian king and his nobles. Gifts and entertainments were showered upon them. Unfortunately, soon after their arrival, the king of Georgia mysteriously died. But the nobles were not so grieved as they might have been, for they were dazzled by the splendours and luxuries of the court. On their wild mountains and in their rude castles above gorges roaring with waterfalls they had not dreamed of a city like St. Petersburg, of palaces like the Tsar's, of bewilder-

ing ladies in costumes from Paris. The Georgians are perhaps the most handsome men on earth, and their picturesque costumes are the most suited to display masculine beauty. The Georgian princes were the rage of the season at the Imperial court, and they enjoyed it immensely. Georgians are not only handsome and brave, they are also reckless, extravagant, hot-headed and childlike. The princes lost money at gambling tables with a prodigality that challenged even that of the Russians; they quickly learned to be hosts at parties that would have made Cleopatra worry about the bills. When they had no more money, the generous Tsar refilled their purses, asking in exchange only the distant, half-forgotten castles and lands in the Georgian mountains. Meanwhile, the parchment brought by the king of Georgia had somehow been lost by the keeper of the Imperial archives, and Russian state documents began casually to refer to "our province of Georgia." Georgia had been annexed.

Georgia went on living as always, unaware of the transfer, and having its own engrossing little wars between tribes, until the Russian armies came down to suppress them. Then there was much brave fighting; mediæval castle after castle held out to the last against the Russians, and when it fell its defenders learned with astonishment that they were to be hanged as rebels against their Emperor, the Tsar.

Gumri was on the plain, and had no part in the many battles. Eventually, however, a regiment of Cossacks appeared and made camp on the banks of the Arpa Chai; a military outpost to protect the new Rus-

sian frontier. Troops massed there to drive the frontier even farther southward. From Gumri they marched to attack the Persians at Erivan, and when Erivan fell and peace was signed with Persia in February, 1828, Marshal Paskevich concentrated at Gumri the forces which attacked Turkey three months later.

The Tsar was moving down toward Constantinople. But the Armenians of Turkey saw in the Russian armies the Christian power that would release them from bondage to the Moslem Turk. They rose to fight beside the Russians; together they took Kars and Erzeroum and a great slice of Turkish territory. If Russia had held these conquests, Gumri would have remained the simple village it had always been. But there was a Peace Conference; Russia returned Kars and Erzeroum to Turkey by the Peace of Adrianople. The unfortunate Armenians who had welcomed the Russians fled northward in a flood of refugees behind the Russian retreat, to dig themselves a shelter in the plains of the Arpa Chai. Gumri became the advance military base of the Russian armies.

For a time the Russian movement toward Constantinople stopped, to consolidate its winnings, and to face England, who was ready to fight rather than let Russia cut the British route to India. Emperor Nicholas the First came down through the Caucasus in person and inspected Gumri, which was already being made into an important fortress. He approved the plans, named the place Alexandropol, signed a few orders on the Imperial treasury, and went back to St. Petersburg. Fif-

teen years later Gumri had become Alexandropol, the largest city in Russian Armenia.

The Russians are good builders, and Armenians have been renowned for masonry work since men first began to build stone houses. Not far from Alexandropol there are limitless quantities of a black volcanic rock which cuts like sandstone. Three enormous military posts, for infantry, cavalry and artillery, were beautifully built of this stone and roofed with red tiles. These posts were Alexandropol's reason for being and only means of support. Around them grew up a city of thirty thousand Armenians, living and working in buildings of the same black stone. Three churches and a cathedral for the Gregorian Armenians, one Armenian Catholic church, and a chapel for the few hundred Greek refugees from Erzeroum, were added to the city. Armenian education was restricted by the Russian government; Alexandropol was allowed only two small primary schools, and a Russian school which taught badly less than a hundred pupils.

Nothing more happened in Russian Armenia until the Russian government confiscated the Armenian Church treasure in 1905. Then an outbreak of revolution swept through Armenia, so violent that the Cossacks could not put it down. The Tsar's secret police were more powerful; they armed the Tartars, and incited them to massacre the Armenians. Thereafter there was constant war between the Armenian and Tartar villages, until Germany marched on Belgium in 1914. Simultaneously, the Russian armies marched down from Alexandropol into Turkey.

These were the armies whose arrival was prayed for by the Armenians of Van, entrenched in their quarter and fighting the Turks, while the girls I met in the Rescue Home in Scutari were being driven back and forth across Turkey, through massacre into slavery.

The Russians came in time to help the Armenians take Van. As they moved forward, again Armenians hailed them as deliverers, again Armenian companies joined the Russian army, while their women and children poured northward into Russian Armenia. The Russian armies again took Kars and Erzeroum, advancing always farther into Turkey.

There was no fighting in Russian Armenia—except between the Armenian and Tartar villagers—until the Russian revolution worked its way down through the Caucasus to the front lines. Then, in 1918, the armies went to pieces, the soldiers shot their officers and went home, and the Turks followed on their heels, clean across the whole of Russian Armenia.

The whole Armenian population of Northern Turkey, which had welcomed the Russians, broke loose and stampeded northward, fleeing from Turkish vengeance. With it went the whole population of Russian Armenia, northward into the mountains of Georgia, pursued by the Turks. Then came the Armistice, and the Turks retreated.

Out of the chaos they left behind them rose the Armenian Republic. For half a century the few universities of Tsarist Russia had been hotbeds of revolution. The few Armenians that could get into universities inevitably became revolutionists, working un-

derground, hunted by the Russian police. Most of them were members of the Socialist revolutionary parties. But there was another Armenian group, the Armenian Nationalists. They were not anarchists, socialists or communists; they were revolutionists in the sense that George Washington was. These Nationalists gathered together the Armenian soldiers who had been armed by Russia, declared their independence, and asked recognition and help from the Allies.

The waves of refugees were coming southward again. They found their villages destroyed—not by the Turks, but by other wandering bands of refugees who had torn down roof-beams and the timbers that supported walls, to feed their camp fires. There was no harvest, for the Turks had taken it, and had also eaten the cattle and sheep. Alexandropol had no bread, and its debris-choked streets were filled with dead and dying.

Then the Americans appeared. They took the wrecked barracks, repaired them and filled them with orphans. They cleaned the streets, carried out and buried wagon-loads of dead, distributed food and clothing and medicines. But it was like trying to rebuild between two earthquake shocks; the earth still trembled beneath their feet. All the old hatreds had been fanned by the war; the Tartars were attacking Armenians and Molokans, the Armenians were fighting Turks and Georgians; the English army had gone northward from Persia to the Baku oil-fields; the Red armies were pushing south the chaos of revolution.

In 1920 the Turks came through this turmoil like a knife through butter. Kars, permeated with Bolshevik

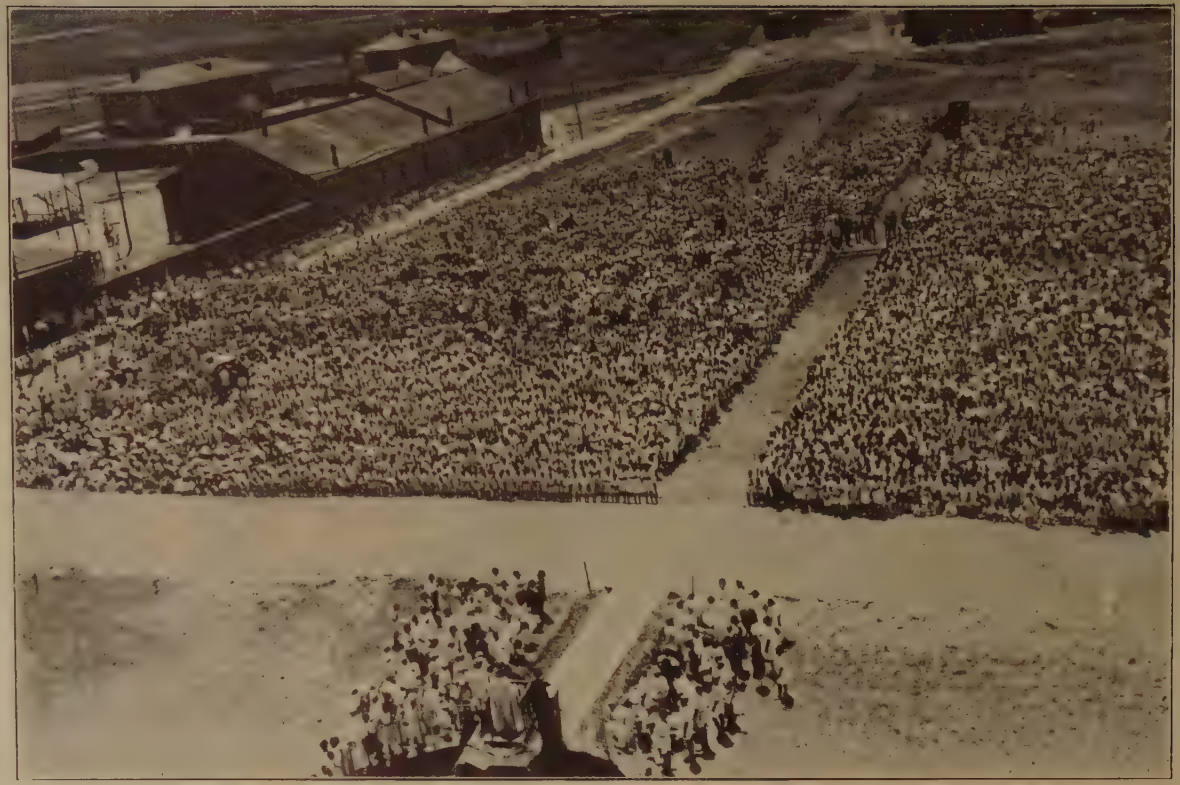
propaganda, fell without a struggle. Again the stampede of refugees started northward. Again the Turks came into Alexandropol. The Armenian Nationalist government was defeated and dispersed, and this time a new Armenian group came to the top. It was the Armenian branch of the Communist party. Under the wing of the Turkish military occupation, it proclaimed in Alexandropol the creation of the Armenian Soviet Republic.

The last act of the Armenian Nationalist government was desperately to sign a treaty of peace with Turkey, which moved the Turkish frontier northward to the banks of the Araxes River. The Turks retreated, but before the Nationalist government could recover, the Russian armies had joined the Armenian Soviet government. The Armenian Nationalist government, the hope of an independent Armenian state, was irrevocably lost.

The exiled Nationalist President, Khatissian, has since lived in Geneva, Switzerland, where he has attempted to continue his service to his beloved country by keeping before the world the needs of Armenia and a knowledge of the unfulfilled promises of the Allied Powers.

When we came into Alexandropol in 1921, Erivan was the capital of Soviet Armenia, and Alexandropol was the largest orphanage in the world.

Five minutes of driving past ruined buildings brings one to the still-living core of the city—half-abandoned rows of shops, showing reviving commerce by dingy



LARGEST ORPHANAGE IN THE WORLD

Church service for children at Alexandropol. There can be no other sight like it in the world. More than 25,000 orphaned Armenian children were under Dr. Elliott's care in the three posts at Alexandropol.

windows piled with fruit or cigarettes, displaying a few lambskins and lambskin caps, or racks of American old clothes. A high-wheeled cart drawn by two large, white camels and driven by a Bolshevik soldier in peaked, red-starred cap rattles down the street, disturbing a knot of men gathered around a sheep. Its owner holds it by the horns, while prospective buyers run their hands through the wool to feel muscle and fat. A few two- and three-storied buildings display the rayed star and red flag of government offices; a white statue of Marx, newly erected, stands above a pile of debris.

The road leaves these signs of activity behind, passes again between rows of crumbling buildings, and curls around a little hill, bare and wind-swept. Beyond it appear the many solid, long buildings of Kazachy Post, headquarters of the Near East Relief in Armenia.

In mid-morning, these buildings have the populous and yet deserted look of factories. One story high, built of the black volcanic rock relieved with trim of red brick and red-tiled roofs, they cover a long swell of the prairie with their utilitarian military arrangement. There are a dozen or more of them, end to end, along the railroad track; others stand in groups of four and six, roughly enclosing several acres of drill-ground. In this bare space rise the right-angled and circular walls of an Armenian church. The dusty roads that run between the buildings are deserted save for a carriage or two accompanied by dust-clouds, and reduced to miniature by the distances. Here and there one sees a child bound on an errand, a solitary white

speck moving across the field of vision. But a low hum rises from all the buildings, like the murmuring from beehives.

This is the usual aspect of Kazachy Post in summer, and of the other barrack-groups, Seversky Post and Polygon. In winter, the savagery of nature overwhelms it all. The great bulk of Mount Algoz is a white mound on the horizon, and all the world at its foot is smothered in snow. Snow buries the red roofs and piles against the buildings till the black stones seem to be cracks in the sides of snow-drifts, and the wagon-roads are trenches deep-cut in snow, and the wind that blows across the interminable plains is scented with snow and edged with ice.

Yet it is only with an effort that one recalls either of these aspects. To one who has seen Alexandropol the sound of its name brings another picture—the amazing, stupendous spectacle of summer noon or evening, when the children pour from the buildings to cover the landscape.

There can be no other sight like it in the world. The earth becomes alive with little white figures, as an anthill is alive with ants. Long lines of them cross and criss-cross, linking the buildings together. Thousands of them scatter between the lines, each following his own direction over the rolling plain, a little individual lost in the mass-effect of tumultuous motion. From them all rises a sound, too widespread to be called a clamour, too light to be called a roar, too sharp to be a murmur—thousands upon thousands of children's voices, laughing, crying, singing, talking,

shouting, calling. The monitors of each line have whistles which they blow at any excuse or with none; somewhere in the mass Boy Scout bands are tuning instruments or playing marches; at the dining rooms the beat of gongs marshals the ranks, and the kitchens sound like factories with rattle of spoons. But unless you are close to one of these noises, you hear none of them. All are submerged and lost in the sound of children's voices.

There were more than twenty-five thousand orphaned Armenian children in the three posts at Alexandropol, and each of them has a human story of terror and flight, of murder and death from exhaustion on refugee-marches, of being lost and cold and hungry and sick. Each of them, not too young to remember, had memories of long journeys on bare feet across plains and over mountains, fleeing northward to escape the Turks, southward to escape the Georgians, westward to escape the Tartars. Some had walked from the Black Sea to Mesopotamia, from Mesopotamia to Persia, from Persia to Baku, from Baku into the steppes of Russia and the Ural Mountains, and southward again, past the Sea of Azov, over the Caucasian ranges, across Georgia and back once more to this Turkish border, on the banks of the Arpa Chai.

"Where do you come from?" one asked them, and they replied. "From Van." "From Trebizond." "From Baku."

"Have you a father, a mother?"

"They took my father away, and my mother was

killed in Syria." Or, "They killed my father and I don't know where my mother is. I lost her and the baby on the desert in Azerbaijan. I met a woman in Russia who said she saw my mother in Georgia, but I don't know where she is now."

"Do you know where any of your relatives are?"

"Yes, I have a brother. He is in the American orphanage in Erivan."

But these twenty-five thousand stories were lost in the mass of them. The child became a unit in handled hundreds. Only by organization could the thousands be fed and clothed, schooled and doctored. Often it seemed that the big fantastic spectacle was this adventure of American organization in the immemorial chaos of the Caucasus. It was a bit of modern America inserted between two chapters of the Old Testament—the wandering refugees led by Moses, the wars between Israelites and Philistines, the Lost Tribes in their dispersion, coming suddenly upon a gigantic American business organization which handled food and shelter and education and hospital care.

"Soviet Armenia," we said. And it was true that Armenian Communists filled all political offices. But Communism is an economic theory, and in Armenia it remained merely a theory. Economically, Americans were governing the country. American activities were felt in every village; the American organization was the business organization of Armenia. The peasants sold it wood, cotton, vegetables, cheese, hay, meat, wool, butter, eggs, fruit, and received in exchange the

American old clothes which were far more valuable than money. For the same priceless wages men and women and ox-teams worked for the Americans, who were the only large employers of labour in the Caucasus. Great blocks of buildings were filled with the shops that manufactured cloth, clothing, shoes, furniture, pottery, window-frames, doors, stoves, ploughs, horseshoes, wagons, for the orphanages and the orphanage farms. All the children strong enough to do so worked part-time in these shops, which taught them trades while supplying them cheaply with necessities, but they worked under the direction of skilled Armenians. Armenian teachers found employment in the schools. The numbers of peasants and ox-teams that worked on the twenty-two thousand, seven hundred acres of the American farms ran into the hundreds. All these activities grew from the necessity of providing for the forty thousand orphans in our care in Armenia, but, in addition, there was the adult relief programme, which was giving food and clothes in exchange for labour on roads, bridges, irrigation canals and electric plants.

The weight of this enormous American organization had broken down the communistic system of distribution even while the new Soviet government was trying to set it up. The Americans were there when the Turks invaded the Nationalist Armenian Republic in 1920; when the Bolsheviks took over the country the only thing in it which was not disorganized was the American machinery for taking care of the orphans. That continued to work, and neither laws nor protests

could keep it from working; to stop it by force meant to starve the next generation of Armenians.

The Soviet government decreed that all farm-products and labour must be handled by Soviet officials, but the decree was waste paper while orphans were hungry and cold, and Soviet officials had neither food nor wood. The peasants had these things, and the Americans had old clothes; nothing could have stopped the stream of trade between them.

As a Communist, every government official hated the Americans; as a man and an Armenian, he was grateful to them for saving the life of the Armenian people. Every American who was working overtime to do this hated Communism, but could forty thousand helpless children, whose lives had just been saved by desperate efforts, be abandoned again to disease and starvation?

Ordinarily, medical work among these children would have meant merely establishing hospitals to take care of those who fell ill—in normally conducted institutions, a very small per cent. But in Armenia, we found the medical relief of forty thousand children on our hands. I mean this literally. There was not one healthy child among them.

The orphanage buildings were not yet finished. When it is necessary to cut down the tree to saw into lumber to give the carpenters to make into a window-frame to set in a wall that must be built from a heap of stones, buildings that will shelter forty thousand children cannot be finished in a year. Four walls with a roof above them were a heaven of shelter to the

children, and more than one building was crowded before the roof was finished. Beds were still being made; in the meantime the children slept on the floors. The beds that came pouring from the shops were made in two and three layers, like bunks in a steamer cabin, and at least two children, sometimes four, slept in every bunk. This crowded condition was horrible from any standpoint of health, but a hundred times more horrible were the steps of the buildings, covered with filthy heaps of children who were dying because there was no room for them inside.

The medical work at first was such work as may be done on a battlefield under fire. Diseases that at home would have hospital care were here the normal standard of health. As fast as the children could be taken in, they were undressed by nurses with rolled-up sleeves and handy basins of antiseptics; the rags that were taken off were put with tongs into a fire; the child was bathed, its head was shaved, and it went into the hands of the nurse who dressed its sores. Contagious diseases were isolated as much as possible, but all the children had the contagious diseases of favus and tracoma.

As rapidly as possible they were sorted out, and the orphanages were graded by scale of diseases. Fourteen hospitals were opened. But every orphanage was also a hospital, every child was a patient, and medical treatment was as much a part of the orphanage routine as mealtime. Every morning in Alexandropol the inside of the eyelids of eighteen thousand children was rubbed with a copper pencil—treatment for tracoma, the eye-

disease that blinds—and every child had his own copper pencil numbered and filed in a box.

Of the many other diseases I will not speak. These are, after all, technical subjects. And the Americans who sent us to Armenia, the safe and clean Americans for whom I am writing, will be sickened even by reading of the things these children lived with every day.

But I wish to say this: Every American who went to the Caucasus was a hero. Of myself I do not speak, nor of the other doctors who were working there before me, who remained to work with me, and who are there yet doing the last of the work among the recovering healthy children; our profession is work among the sick. But the relief workers, the orphanage managers, the construction men and supply men, all the men and women who directed the work, left the cleanliness and health of America and went to the Caucasus to live every day in invisible danger of blindness and horrible death. What Father Damien did among the lepers, what Florence Nightingale did in the pest-hole of Scutari, these men and women did in the Caucasus. And America sent so many of them that the list of their names is too long to record here. Nor do I think they wish to have their names recorded. What they did they did, because they are Americans, because they represent the spirit of America.

XII

MISS MACKAYE'S BLUE BABIES

SEVERSKY POST was over the hills from Alexandropol. The tracoma orphanage (six thousand of the worst cases) and the tent-hospitals for tubercular children were there. But the attraction of Seversky was that its isolation made it seem so much more vividly in Armenia. Three minutes from it were the banks of the Arpa Chai, where the river enters a narrow valley between hills. The higher hills to the south were now in Turkey, and the blue mountains beyond them hid Trebizond and Van.

In the late afternoons the children cover the little plain between Seversky and the river, dancing Armenian dances in little, white eddies around a leader. Their voices are like the shrill, sweet chattering of birds. Among the boulders on the river's edge dozens of little ermine play in and out with flicker of swift tails and bright eyes. Beyond the bridge are the soldiers' camps, and on the road there is always a passing of army carts, large-wheeled, rickety affairs that look absurdly small behind the huge white camels that draw them.

Down this road, too, come Armenian women bent under packs and walking on bare, or rag-bound feet. They linger at the roadside to watch the dancing chil-

dren, and when the children have gone trooping in to supper and to bed you will always find a woman or two slipping furtively about the buildings. If, meeting one, you question her, she says, "God be with you. I come from the province of Van. My husband is killed and my children dead. I go to find my brother, who was in Tiflis before the war." If you question her further, too closely, she will ask God to bless you, and shuffle off down the road to the north.

But if you do not drive her away by questions you will see her lingering there, sometimes for days. She watches the children. She walks around the tent-hospitals. From time to time, when she finds a child alone, she will ask questions. "Have you seen a little girl named Morning Star, from the province of Van? She should be seven years old now."

From the window of an office you see her questioning, and turning away. Or sometimes waiting on that spot for hours, until the organization's routine brings toward her a little girl who will break away from the others, shrieking, "Mother! My mother!" Then the woman embraces her, carefully, because of the white clothes and her own dirty rags. She holds her away and looks at her, looks at the clean skin and clean hair, touches the cheeks that are filling out, and fingers the coarse dress of sheeting. You see them minutes later, the woman kneeling with the child before her, each gazing into the other's eyes as though finding nourishment there to feed a long hunger.

You turn back to your work. That child is not an orphan; she has found her mother. You should go

down and question them; you should refer the case to the family-finding department, which is discharging children as fast as possible. It would give the little girl a blanket and an outfit of whole garments and an order for half-rations, and there would be one less in the dormitories where the beds hold three. But you do not do it.

You glance from the window once more. Morning Star is with the others, in the long lines filing into the dining-room, and her mother is trudging out of sight over the hill.

The end of that story is in the future. The ends of other stories like it are found in the offices, where every day five or six women appear to ask for their children.

"I lost them on the road, after the Turks took Kars," one said. "They were in a cart and I was walking. I fell down by the road. In the morning a woman gave me some water and bread and I went on to Erivan. Nobody there had heard of my children. I worked for the Americans, scrubbing in the hospital. My children were not in the orphanages. I heard that my brother was in Djalal-Oghly, and I walked there. My brother was sick and had no work. That was last spring. My children were not in Djalal-Oghly, but I saw my cousin's son in the orphanage there. He said my children were here. I walked here, and saw my son in Polygon Post; he said the baby was here in the hospital, and I waited nine days outside the hospital but did not see my baby. Then I walked back to Djalal-Oghly. My brother has a house now, and a

job, and I come to get my baby. Is my baby alive? If she is alive, she is four years old now. Her name is Purity, and when she laughs she has a dimple in her chin. I want my baby now. My brother has a cart, and he is buying an ox. When he has the ox, then I will come again for my son. He can drive the ox-cart, and we will have bread for us all."

It is from glimpses like that that one gets the picture of the human lives that make Russian Armenia. This is the story of the million and a half of its Armenian population—a nomad, refugee life for five years, during which villages and homes were destroyed and families scattered, and now a settling down and a reintegration of the primitive social structure. "I want my baby now," and "My brother is buying an ox," expresses it all.

Interested in this woman, we inquired next day whether her baby had been found among the six thousand in Seversky Post. Yes, Purity was one of Miss MacKaye's Blue Babies. Impossible, then, not to go with the mother and the office-girl across the drill-fields to the home of the Blue Babies, where one could watch the meeting.

Miss MacKaye's Blue Babies are the point in Seversky Post where emotion breaks through routine. The debate between organization and emotion in charitable work is an endless one, and painful to those involved in it. A child needs love, a warm hand to hold, and a listening sympathy, perhaps even more than food and shelter. Food and shelter save the body, love saves the heart and soul. But when forty thousand children

are dying in ditches and fields, how can one decide to give love and time to a thousand and let the others die? The orphans of Russian Armenia were given bare life, at the cost of incredible effort. A handful of Americans in a devastated country saved them—got them bathed in rooms that had to be built on ground from which bodies and debris of fallen buildings must first be cleared, got them sheltered from cold under roofs that were laid above their heads, and beside stoves that were made from old oil cans in blacksmith shops that must first be built and equipped, got their nakedness covered with clothes that must be shipped and followed and fought for, all the way from New York to Constantinople and over the Black Sea and through the war in Georgia and across chaotic Armenia. This was done by organization; nothing else could have done it. But the child was lost in the mass, as a grain of wheat vanishes in the floor pouring into a grain-elevator. The children were handled in blocks of thousands, they became symbols in card-index systems—so many thousands of receptacles into which so many hundreds of pounds of corn-grits and fats must be put in so many hours. There was no time to think of them as immature human beings.

Two years had not been time enough in which to do all that must be done. Deaths from cold and starvation had been stopped, the fight against disease was under way and gaining ground, schools had been provided, workshops were running. There was time, then, to catch the breath and say that something must be done to equip the children for living. There was some

opposition to spending funds—which were running short—for luxuries like Boy Scout bands and Y.M.C.A. work in boy's camps. Armenia had not known such things in the past; it was rather like giving cake to the starving. But neither had Armenians ever before been caught by the huge impersonality of organization—that impersonality so destructive to the human spirit that, wherever it appears, social service work follows as its antidote. The debate was warm, in the councils of the Near East Relief. Meanwhile, quietly, and because she is the kind of person who does things when she can no longer bear their not being done, Janet MacKaye had created the Blue Babies.

There were sixty or seventy of them, all less than eight years old, and they were called the Blue Babies because, partly by dogged persistence, and partly by her own generosity, Miss MacKaye had got them every one dressed as cunningly as any American mother dresses her own babies. They wore little dresses and baby-boy suits of blue chambray, with white collars or bits of embroidery on pockets. They lived in a house where there was a playroom with pictures on the walls, toys in play-pens for the very littlest babies, and a few rag dolls and little carts for the older ones. There was even a baby phonograph that scratchily sang. These were all gifts from Miss MacKaye's personal friends.

But it was not these riches of possessions and garments that really distinguished the Blue Babies; it was the confidence with which they slid a hand into

yours and skipped beside you. Everywhere in all the posts the wistful little girls would wave their hands and call "Good night!" to the passing American; a hundred times a day a child timidly touched your skirt and searched your face with eyes hungry for a smile that would be all her own. But the Blue Babies did not ask for your interest and affection; they took them, happily, expecting them from you because they had always had them from Miss MacKaye.

It was one of these Blue Babies that the mother from Van was going to take away. We found them playing Ring-around-a-Rosy, in a whirling blue circle, singing out of tune with all the strength of healthy lungs. The mother stopped at sight of them and stood rolling and unrolling her hands in the ends of her black headkerchief. There was nothing bright or gay about her stooped figure, clothed in salvage from some old-clothes bundle—a navy blue serge waist, a worn black petticoat, some man's old shoes, broken at the sides. Her face was wrinkled and brown as leather, her teeth were decaying, and between the bright dark eyes was the blue tattoo mark of the Turkish-Armenian woman who has known slavery to the Arabs.

We waited, while one of the children ran to call Miss MacKaye from her office. The office-girl and I glanced at our wrist-watches. The Blue Babies stopped playing and gathered around us, all who could get fingerhold on our arms clinging to them, and the others making shift with a handful of skirt. They clung to us silently, free forefinger in their mouths,

looking at the woman, and she looked at them with sombre eyes. She did not know which of them was hers.

Then Miss MacKaye appeared, sunshine on her golden head, and we were deserted. Out of the blue mass that ran to her like chickens to their mother, Miss MacKaye picked little Purity from Van and brought her to us. She was not a pretty child—few of the children born on this side of the world during the Great War are pretty children. But when she found herself in Miss MacKaye's arms she smiled, and there was a dimple in her chin. The mother recognized her then, but made no move to take her. Each was awkward, shy of the other, and when the baby understood that she was to go away with this woman she clung to Miss MacKaye's neck in silent desperation. No tenderness, coaxing, explanations, could move her; her arms were unwound by force, and she was taken away to the offices, stumbling and clinging to the office-girl's hand, looking now and then with startled eyes at the mother trudging stolidly beside her.

In a few days, no doubt, she would pick up the life that had been interrupted when the mother fell, exhausted, from the refugee lines. She would be again an Armenian child in an Armenian home, with nothing left of her two years with the Americans but the little clothes she would soon outgrow and the capital of health she had accumulated. She was only four years old. It will be a generation before one can know the effect on Armenian life of returning to it the forty thousand children who have spent their most impres-

sionable years in being rescued from refugeeism by an American organization.

The tiny gap which her going left among the Blue Babies was filled before Miss MacKaye could return to her office. As she went away the mother from Van passed another woman coming in, leading by the hand another four-year-old. She wanted to leave the child with the Americans. The child, she said, was her cousin's daughter; father and mother dead. If eyes and voice have ever betrayed untruth, she was lying. But she was lying desperately, as people lie for food when they are starving. The little girl was covered with dirt, with lice, with scabies and favus; her frightened eyes looked at us from a face blue-white with hunger. The woman who held her hand said that she could not take care of her; her husband was dead, her village was in Turkey, she lived in the fields. In any case, she said, the child was not hers and she would not be bothered with it.

Now there are strict rules in the Caucasus organization that no more children be taken in. Instead, they are being sent out to relatives as fast as relatives can be found. But Miss MacKaye, with fire in her blue, Scotch eyes, gave orders to take this one. "She will die if we don't, and I'm not here to condemn sick babies to death. Take her to the hospital and register her."

The child, finding herself carried away, suddenly began to fight. Once she cried, "Mother!", and then she screamed like a little, wild animal in a trap. The woman who had turned away, stopped, whirled, ran

after her, stopped again, turned, could not make herself go, and stood with her back to the screams that grew fainter and were suddenly cut off by the closed door of the hospital.

She was taken to the offices to report, for the files, what she knew of the child. She gave the child's name and age, refused to tell anything about herself. "She isn't mine. She is my cousin's child," she said. "My cousin is dead, and his wife is dead; all the family is dead. She is an orphan. She is nothing to me, I do not want her. Why do you want my name? No, I have no children. They are all dead. No, I do not want to take her back. She is an orphan. I do not care what becomes of her."

It is such incidents that made many Americans think that Armenians do not care for their children. The callous attitude of this childless aunt, recorded as she expressed it, is horrifying. And the mother of little Purity, leaving her children for a year in the orphanages, knowing where they were and making no effort to see them! Hundreds, thousands, of incidents like these pile up, wherever Americans work among the Armenians. But I think that if I had a child of my own as hungry and sick and ragged as Armenian children are, and saw from outside the gates Miss MacKaye's Blue Babies playing "Ring-around-a-Rosy," I would disown the child, too, in order to leave her there.

In Ismid there was an American nurse who adopted an ugly, sick, little Armenian baby. The mother, who had other children, gave this one away as soon as the

MISS MACKAYE'S BLUE BABIES

So-called because they wore dresses of blue chambray and lived in a house where there were pictures on the walls and toys and rag dolls. This was the point where emotion broke through orphanage routine.

suggestion was made, saying carelessly, "Yes, keep her if you like. I don't want her." She was six months longer in Ismid before she was crowded on a refugee boat for Thrace; in all that time she made no effort to see the child, and she left without making any. We were shocked by this unnatural callousness; we felt that at least she might have inquired about the child. It seemed that the lowest, instinctive, animal emotions would have led her to do that much.

Three years later I was rushing in an automobile from Piræus to Athens, during those mad days when the refugees were pouring in from Smyrna, bringing small-pox, typhus, and all the problems of delousing, feeding and sheltering hundreds of thousands. Suddenly a woman darted from the side of the road into the path of our car, waving her arms and screaming. Fortunately the car had good brakes and a lightning-quick chauffeur. Before we recovered from the jerk of its stopping, the woman was on the running-board, clutching at me. "Doctor, doctor! Suzanne? Is Suzanne all right?" I did not recognize her. "Don't you remember? I am the mother of Suzanne. Don't you remember my Suzanne? In Ismid?"

She had been through the massacre and the burning of Smyrna, her second husband and two of her children, the boys, had been killed; she had with her the other one and the baby. All she asked was news of Suzanne, the child she had given away. Fortunately I was able to tell her that Suzanne was well and happy, with her adopted mother in the Caucasus. "God is good," she said. "In seven weeks she will be four years old. Is

she pretty now?" Very pretty, I said, with rosy cheeks and bright eyes and a lovely smile.

That was all. She got down off the running-board, thanking me, and vanished again in the ebb and flow of refugee multitudes.

XIII

LIFE ON A RUSSIAN PRAIRIE

IT was the autumn of 1922; I had been a year in the Caucasus. The first hopeless agony of the Armenians had passed, had become an endurable suffering which now began to be coloured with a little hope. The refugee problem was disappearing. There was a question of just how much general relief work would be needed in the coming winter, and a doubt as to the accuracy of government estimates. Therefore an unofficial survey of conditions in the villages was being made. On one of these trips I was an idle observer, occupying a vacant place in the automobile and taking a few sunny, wind-swept hours as a prescription for a point of view that was suffering from too long and too close attention to detail.

We drove out from Alexandropol across the wide, rolling plateau that gave the name to Barley River. Behind us a quarter of the horizon's circle was blocked by the forty-mile-long base of Mount Algoz, which lies like the finny back of some huge, half-submerged sea monster between Alexandropol and Mount Ararat. The mountains on the Turkish side of the Arpa Chai curved in many-changing tones of blue toward the Black Sea in the west. All the rest of the world was waves of prairie, dipping and swelling to the far edge

of the sky where, like waves about to break, they ran up into folds of tawny, blue-shadowed hills.

The sky appears very large and clear from these Armenian uplands. The blueness of it, the white clouds that are always sailing in it, and the sweet, thin breezes give an impression of infinite airiness. Even the plains of Armenia seem to be lifted into the sky, and the gigantic mountains that border them are not oppressive masses that subdue the spirit, but seem rather to be protecting walls to keep one from rushing too far and falling over the rim of the world into bottomless space.

Five minutes from Alexandropol there was nothing to be seen but sky, mountains, and treeless prairie. The town had vanished in the folds of the deceptive plain that seemed so nearly level. Little winds ran over ripe, wild grass that rippled changing tones of greyish-green and golden brown. Coveys of some little bird resembling a partridge rose with whirring wings; blackbirds fluttered and rested and fluttered again; a rabbit bounded from the road and disappeared in three, long, quick leaps. As far as the eye could reach across the wide plains, nothing else was to be seen, save one American tractor dwarfed by distance, drawing behind it across the golden land a thin black mark of ploughing.

Miles upon miles of good land bare, wasted, while human beings were starving for the food it might be producing. Twenty, thirty miles we went across it, and in all that time we saw not one more moving thing. Then the road began to climb, looping among

hills as golden brown and as barren as the plain. Here we began to pass long caravans of ox-wagons, loaded with hay and grain. Over the edge of the car we looked down upon them, toiling upward on lower loops of the road as it dropped to a valley, or looking up we saw them moving slowly in file along a ridge that made the skyline. When we came upon them the drivers clambered down from their seats to cover the eyes of their oxen from the terrifying sight of an automobile. These drivers were not Armenians, but Russian Molokans, broad, sturdy men, fur-capped and tall-booted. Their auburn beards fell on blue peasants' blouses, and their small, blue eyes twinkled in stolid broad faces.

The Russian map showed that we should find in these hills the Armenian village of Metz-Kaitti. But when we reached it we found nothing but heaps of stones and blackened spots where the house-timbers had been burned in refugees' camp fires. If the people who fled from this village when the Turks came to Alexandropol had ever returned, they had not stayed to rebuild the ruins.

Further on, a camping-place for the caravans. Sixty ox-teams rested there beside a stream, oxen lying unhitched by the wagons, or drinking in the shallows; men unloading the noon food for themselves and their beasts; a few red-cheeked women in full-gathered, brightly coloured skirts and white aprons and caps starting the samovars. These were Molokans, again. Their village, they said, was nine hours farther on—but they were thinking of ox-team speed—and an hour

from the road. The first Armenian village was three hours beyond their own.

In another half hour we had climbed the hills, and were racing across a windy, high plateau—an immense terrace, lifted by the hills perhaps two thousand feet above the Alexandropol plain. It, too, appeared uninhabited save for birds and rabbits.

Looking at these thousands of acres of fertile, idle land, it was easy to understand Russia's spasmodic efforts to colonize the Caucasus, this point of the wedge which for a century she had been driving down toward Constantinople. Military conquest should have been followed by a flow of population, to consolidate the victories by a mass of peaceful human lives to sacrifice in the next war. The point of the wedge would be a hollow shell until this was done.

Catherine of Russia recognized this, and she had seized upon the early-nineteenth-century religious controversies in Württemberg as a means of filling the empty Caucasus with her own German blood. Tens of thousands of German farmers, accepting her invitation, had set out with their families toward these uninhabited acres of fertile soil which seemed to them an Eldorado. But Russia, large, loose, impractical, temperamental, had killed them by her carelessness while they tried to make the long journey, on foot and with ox-teams, across Bessarabia, around the northern shores of the Black Sea, and over the Caucasian ranges down to these plains. Tens of thousands began the journey; three years later, thousands reached the fron-

tiers of Georgia; a few hundreds survived the first years of malaria, cold, hunger, and wars between Armenians, Georgians, and Tartars. Two German villages still remain on the Georgian-Armenian frontier.

The next attempt to colonize the Caucasus was made with the Molokans and Doukhobors, the Quakers of Russia. Because they refused to worship ikons or to do military service, those who were not killed were sent here in chains, in long convict lines driven by Cossacks with whips. Those who survived the year's journey were released in Armenia and left to work or starve. They worked, and are a prosperous, simple, conscientious, communistic people, numbering some thousands. But the land on which our eyes rested, if farmed like the Kansas plain, could still swallow a hundred villages and cry for more.

Here and there on the foothills were small patches of cultivated land, crazy quilt patterns of light and dark soil; all the plain seemed left to wild hay. In the distance we saw three Armenian villages, low and rough, like a disease of the earth breaking through the stubble. After another hour that registered thirty miles on the speedometer we came to Kazanshi.

It looked like a group of straw stacks, clustered on one side of the road. On the other side a tiny stone building, smaller than a straw stack, announced by its ladder-like wooden belfry that it was a church. Its roof was covered with sod, and the tall, ripe grasses waving on it seemed to be reclaiming the building for the prairie. The car stopped beside it, and looking

between two straw stacks we saw a group of men standing by a hand-made fanning mill. Stepan Gregorian, the chief of the village, was turning its handle.

When we waded knee-deep through the straw to his side he stopped his work to welcome us courteously. He was about forty years old, slow, deliberate, stoop-shouldered with the work that had gnarled his hands and weatherbeaten his face. His clothes had come from American old clothes bundles; except for his eyes, so black that the pupils were lost, he looked like any American farmer harassed by bad crops and mortgage.

The fanning mill was as primitive as machine can be, but the men were watching it with the interest that American farmers once felt in a combined thresher. It did not belong to Kazanshi, they said; its owner took it from village to village and charged a tithe of the grain for its work. The grain was poured slowly into it; two vibrating screens husked the kernels, and a large fanwheel blew away the chaff. It was run by hand, but had obvious advantages over the common method of rubbing the grain between the hands and flinging it into the air by handfuls on a windy day.

Stepan Gregorian was quite willing to show us his village, and sending a small boy for a key he tramped beside us among the straw stacks and the houses. It could not be said that we were on road or street; the houses had no more pattern in their arrangement than the straw stacks or the heaps of dried dung cakes that towered over the flat earthen roofs. The ground between them had been trodden grassless by bare feet and hoofs of sheep and oxen. There was no colour in the

village, no trees, no flowers, no bright garments. A few ragged, barefooted women and half-naked children looked at us from the doorways that were like mouths of caves.

We were taken at once to the church; the new one, for Stepan said the church by the road had not been used since his father's time. It was the only building entirely above the ground. Large, gaunt and ugly, it stood in an open space ringed with straw stacks. Between them the ground sloped gently to a little stream and the plain beyond. While we waited for Stepan to struggle with the lock of the church door we stood in the sunshine looking across half the village and out to the golden fields, where men and women were loading ox carts with sheaves of barley. A few geese paddled in the stream, watched by a little girl. In three circles of straw stacks three teams of oxen were threshing the grain. Driven by women with cracking whips, they went patiently round and round, drawing wooden sledges over the scattered sheaves. Three half grown girls came up from the stream, carrying casks of water on their shoulders. A couple of Bolshevik soldiers went by, looking very smart in their new khaki uniforms, with the gnome-like peaked cap and the red star over their foreheads. Beside the black doorway of a house a woman stopped for a moment to look at us, then went on with her work. She was mixing with her hands a tubful of watered cow dung, and plastering handsful of it against the wall of her house, to dry in the sun. She would not stop her work of storing up the winter's fuel because strange visitors had come.

Let the chief attend to them; the life of the village went on undisturbed.

Only a few unhealthy children and one old woman followed us into the church. An air of reverential respect settled upon them. The interior was bare and gloomy, and filled with a musty smell. Rain had streaked the whitewashed walls and dome. A few heaps of rags lay on the floor, for worshippers to kneel upon. Two iron candlesticks stood on the altar, and over them hung a gaudy, Italian lithograph of the Madonna and Child. Around the altar rail ran a series of small pictures, six inches by eight, depicting in crude colour and horrible frankness all the tortures suffered by Armenian saints. Stepan waited respectfully while we glanced at these and, embarrassed, turned away from their naïve obscenity, but they were not what he had brought us to see. He led us to a corner and showed us with a tragic gesture the blue and gilt fragments of a plaster Virgin, lying on the floor. It was as though he showed us the murdered body of a son; the moment was too terrible for speech. Behind us the old woman and the children began to sob.

After we had silently looked, Stepan led us away. "The Turks did that," he said, and the old woman, appealing with shaking fists toward the grimy dome while tears poured down her withered cheeks, called down upon the Turks most hideous curses.

Outside in the sunshine again, we walked with Stepan toward his house. He said that when word came that the Turks had left Alexandropol all the people of Kazanshi fled northward into the Georgian

mountains, leaving only a few very old men to guard their houses from other refugees. These old men had kept Kazanshi from the fate of the villages that were torn down to furnish fuel for camp fires. After a few weeks the Turks came, and broke the plaster Virgin. She had come all the way from Rome; she was very beautiful, Stepan said. His grief was sincere and deep. We asked whether the Turks had done anything else, and he replied, "Yes." They had driven away the cattle and sheep and taken the harvested grain.

After a year, when the Turks left Alexandropol, the villagers followed the Russian armies back. Twelve hundred had gone away; nearly twelve hundred returned. Some had died of hunger and exposure in the mountains, but babies had been born to fill out the number. This year in the village many more had died than during the year in the mountains. They had come back to famine. Also, three hundred refugees had come from Turkish Armenia; these had nothing, and of course the villagers had taken them into their homes and divided with them what little food they had. Then in the winter there had been fever. Typhus, brought by the refugees, I mentally commented. But Stepan said it was the will of God.

This almost sublime resignation failed when he spoke of the approaching winter. Before spring, he said, the whole village would starve, and he placed the responsibility for this fate upon the Soviet government.

We had come to his house. Half-buried in the earth, like all the others, and heaped over with earth, it looked out at the golden valley through one small win-

dow and a doorway set in a wall of stone cemented with mud and wooden cross-beams. The low doorway opened into the square hall of the cow stable.

Stumping through it with the heavy unelastic tread of the tired farmer, Stepan opened the door of hewn boards that led to the living room. The floor was of earth, so many times moistened and pounded that it resembled cement. Two iron beds, made up with white covers and feather pillows, almost filled the small space. There was a hand-woven rug on the whitewashed wall; a wooden chest under it. A little table covered with a crocheted doily just fitted beneath the window, between the beds, and there remained room for two rawhide-bottomed chairs. On the table lay the village tax-roll.

Stepan's wife came in from the stable-room to welcome us and to apologize for her dress and for the house, which she said was untidy, though it wasn't. It was washday, she said, and she had been down at the stream all morning. Her dress was knitted of black and white wool in horizontal stripes, and she wore a black headkerchief over her smooth, greying hair. She was like any farmer's wife in America, hard-working, anxious, with lines of worry and of laughter around her eyes.

Stepan Gregorian was desperate, turning the leaves of the tax-roll. He was chief of the village, he said, and the new government forced him to collect the taxes. It was impossible; he could not do it. His gnarled, stubby finger went painfully along the lines of writing, stopping at this name and that. Here was a man whose harvest was three poods of grain; the govern-

ment demanded four from him, and when he could not pay it, he was taken away to jail in Alexandropol. "He has a wife and four children. They have nothing to eat and come to me crying for bread. What can I do? I cannot do anything. I must see them starve until they die. There will be no food in the village for any of us. Our whole harvest is fifty-five hundred poods of barley, and the government is taking forty-five hundred poods. They are making me take it from my own people, and what will be left in my village for my people to eat?"

We said there must be some mistake; the government was, after all, Armenian, and Armenians could not intend to starve their own people. This would be a madness destroying the government itself. Had Stepan explained the situation to the government?

Yes, he had. He had made the two-day journey to Alexandropol, and had waited two days there to speak to the Executive Council. He had stood before them, and told them that his people could not pay the taxes, that the village would starve. But all they had said to him was, "Go back and collect the taxes."

"I cannot pay my own tax," said Stepan. "This year I have harvested twenty poods of grain, and the government demands sixteen poods. Three poods I must have for seed next spring. That leaves one pood for my wife and children and myself to live on until another harvest. We must have fifteen poods at least, or die."

The sixteen poods demanded by the government were not all taxes, however. On paper in the govern-

ment offices the taxes were heavy enough, but not too great a burden to be borne, and as to the taxes, Stepan's figures agreed with those given us by the government. The tax was reckoned in proportion to return from the seed.

Stepan had planted three poods of seed and harvested twenty of grain—a good crop for Armenia. His tax was therefore five poods, which would have left him the necessary fifteen poods on which to live. But he must also return to the government the three poods of seed it had lent him when he came back from Georgia to his empty granaries, and the Near East Relief had given him eight poods of corn-grits, imported from America, on which to feed his family until the harvest. These eight poods must now be returned in grain. This made the sixteen poods to be subtracted from this year's crop, a proportion true for all the village. But, whether one called it tax or called it repaying a loan, the result, said Stepan, was the same.

In his agonized eyes the government appeared a monster as cruel as the Turks. "In the winter," he said, "the snow comes down. All our houses are buried in snow, and we sit here in the dark. We cannot get to Alexandropol. The government will be in Alexandropol, eating our grain. We will have nothing to eat. Even if we eat all our seed, and kill our cows and our sheep, there will not be enough. Before the spring comes, we will all die of hunger in the dark. The Bolsheviks say there is no God, and perhaps God *has* turned His face from the Armenians since the Bolsheviks came."

We could only hold out the hope that perhaps this year, as before, the government would lend him seed and the Americans lend him food to feed his people until another harvest. The terror remained in his mind, darkly underlying his talk of other things, and rising always through it.

The people of Kazanshi, he said, had been refugees from Turkey a hundred years ago. Apparently they had been in the northward drift of Armenians when Russia, by the treaty of Adrianople in 1828, relinquished Kars and Erzeroum which her armies had taken from Turkey. It was the story repeated during the Great War; the southward drive of Russian armies on their way to Constantinople, the rising of Armenians to welcome them and to fight in their ranks, the withdrawal of the Russians, and massacre following on the heels of the fleeing Armenians. The great game of European imperialism, played with the little pawns of helpless races, had caused it to happen that Stepan Gregorian's grandfather was born in a ditch by the side of a road choked with desperate and dying refugees, instead of under the family roof in a village near Erzeroum. Of Russia's need for a warm water port, or England's reasons for fighting the threatened break in her route to India, Stepan Gregorian knew nothing at all. He knew only that his grandfather had been born on a road south of Alexandropol, that the mother had been left there dead, and that the baby had been picked up by another woman whose own baby had died.

Two hundred of the refugees travelled onward until

they came to this plateau, where thousands of acres of uninhabited land awaited them. There they had met the winter, and dug shelters for themselves in the earth. In the spring those who were left alive had gone to work on the land. They had taken thirty-five hundred acres of land, which—no other idea had ever occurred to them—they owned in common. Every seven or twelve years, as families dwindled or increased, they held a village meeting and re-divided this land into portions allotted to each family. In a hundred years the two hundred villagers had become twelve hundred; Stepan Gregorian's father had been chosen chief of them, and when he died his son had taken his place. Nothing else had happened—save spring and summer and winter, birth and marriage and death—until the Russian armies came marching south again in 1914.

"I hope you will stay with us for supper," said Stepan, and when we said that we couldn't, a flush deepened the thick tan of his cheeks, as he realized that he had been speaking of starvation. He said with awkward dignity, "It is true that we have only poor and simple food, but as long as we have anything at all, it makes us happy to share it with a guest. I did not ask to be polite, I asked because we would like you to stay."

We made him believe, I hope, that our reason for going was the lateness of the hour and the distance to Alexandropol. He trudged beside us among the straw stacks and piles of dried dung, past the half-buried front walls of houses that seemed to lift the earth to peer out at us, and back to the road where the car

stood. The man who owned the fanning mill was still idle beside it, a half-grown boy was now enjoying the excitement of turning the fan-wheel's handle.

"God go with you on a happy road," said Stepan Gregorian, standing knee-deep in the straw and looking solemnly at our car. "In an hour it eats the distance that an ox-team travels in a day," he commented as though to himself,—"God go with you, and bless you for your kindness in visiting our village."

Stepan Gregorian's haggard face, bent above the tax-rolls, remained a long time in my memory. Statistics of Armenia's actual condition, in that autumn of 1922, were of course unobtainable; they did not exist.

Stepan's village and the twenty-seven other villages in the district of Alexandropol lay somewhere out of sight beyond the miles of rolling plain. From the low hills above the city one saw only the immense circle of treeless prairie and the three barrack-centres, sometimes gaunt and bleak on the yellow earth, sometimes alive with the swarming children, whose white clothes gave the effect of snow. All that Alexandropol knew of the villages was that the taxes were coming in, loaded on long lines of ox-wagons led by a military band and fluttering red flags. They looked like holiday processions, like spontaneous expressions of the joy with which the loyal peasants were bringing their harvest to the government. Alexandropol knew, too, that little groups of refugees from the villages were gathering in the streets, driven in by approaching winter. One morning a rumour ran about that the

small city orphanage (of three thousand children) was taking in more, and at noon the orphanage manager came distraught to the Kazachy luncheon table; she had turned away that morning more than two hundred children, a mob of childish desperation besieging her office door.

Yet the situation was immeasurably better than it had been a year ago. No one lay dead in the half-repaired streets, where twelve months earlier twenty and thirty bodies a day had been found on the piles of debris that choked the ways between wrecked buildings. Every morning two hundred men earned that day's bread for their families on the road that was being built by the Americans between Alexandropol and Seversky. The refugees were making shelters for themselves in the shells of abandoned buildings, and the clinic started for them reported no serious epidemics. Alexandropol would get through the winter with only a few score deaths from exhaustion and exposure. This, of course, did not answer the question of the villages.

One day, in the course of business, I met the President of the Economic Council of the Alexandropol district. Remembering Stepan Gregorian's despair when he told of his two-day journey to see this man, I looked at him with keen interest. He was a type of Armenian new to me. Thin, earnest, with deep-set eyes in which burned a flame, he reminded me of the young American Socialist of the nineties, the Christian Socialist whose gospel was Bellamy's *Looking Backward*. That early, and now almost forgotten Socialist movement in America produced hundreds of young men like this one,

whose imaginations were stirred by a vision of the Golden Rule governing the world, young men who were poets and dreamers and thought themselves scientists. Flaming with an ardent desire to save the world from poverty, unhappiness and crime, they threw themselves into the Socialist movement with a devotion that made them young ascetics. Admirable and ineffectual, they burned out their flame and disappeared. But it seemed that they, or their kind, had left an heir in this young President of the Economic Council, who had also inherited a thing they had never had—power.

He was the supreme authority in the Alexandropol district. There could be no question of his sincerity or devotion. He worked hard, ten to fourteen hours a day; he received a salary of eight dollars a month, and certainly did not spend more on his way of living; one glance at his face showed that he needed better food than he was eating. His office was a bare room, furnished with an unpainted, rough table and chairs. Maps and charts lined the walls, and on the windowsill was stacked a file of home-study courses from Cornell University. How they had found their way here I do not know. In the outer office, where Stepan Gregorian had sat waiting two days, a secretary was translating into Armenian a Cornell pamphlet on farm soils.

When another outwardly joyful procession of peasants bringing in their taxes passed beneath the windows, I could not refrain from speaking of Kazanshi to the President of the Economic Council. I made the village's peril clear enough, and asked why the government was pushing its peasants to such desperation.

"What else can we do?" said the President, all the lines in his face deepening. "The harvest is not enough to feed the people. It is a choice; some must starve to death, or all must starve a little. This is a communist government, a government of all the peasants and workers, for all the peasants and workers—"

Now it was certainly impossible to make me sympathize with Communism, or believe that the government of Armenia was a government of the peasants. The man who was speaking was obviously neither a peasant nor controlled by peasants. Yet he seemed to believe what he was saying.

But the sincere Communist—they are not all sincere—has two contradictory sides to his mind, one of impractical theory, and one of hard, concrete fact. The President turned quickly from one to the other. "The peasants of Kazanshi will either have to starve, or go to work and earn their grain back."

"You mean, earn it twice?"

"Exactly. These are not normal times; we confront an emergency." During the year 1922, he said, conditions had greatly improved. Ninety thousand acres of land had been cultivated, yielding two million, three hundred and fifty-two thousand poods of grain. This had been possible only because the government had distributed seed and the Americans had distributed corngrits to feed the people until harvest, so that they could plant the seed instead of eating it. This harvest, however, was only sixty per cent of the amount needed to feed the people and replant the fields.

The government's policy was therefore to take nearly

the whole crop, in taxes and payment of these loans, so that the food-control would be in its hands. The grain would be redistributed in payment for work on roads and irrigation canals. Thus only those who needed it most would get it, and their labour would improve the country. For example, Alexandropol plain had a very slight rainfall, and needed irrigation. The government had begun the building of the Arpa Chai irrigation canal, eleven versts from Alexandropol; by arrangement with the Near East Relief, the grain taken in payment for the American grits was being paid out in wages to workers on this canal. Americans were supervising the work and the payment. In the spring the canal would be completed, and would irrigate thirty-five thousand acres of land.

Cattle were not taxed, in order to encourage cattle raising. The expected result was not attained, because the high price of meat in Georgia caused the Armenian peasants to sell their calves for slaughter. Nevertheless, cattle had increased twenty-five per cent during the year.

Another difficulty was that during the war the production of wheat had dropped, the price having gone so high that the peasants did not keep seed. Before the war, sixty per cent of the cultivated land in the Alexandropol district had produced wheat; now seventy per cent produced barley. Wheat was a better crop. The government was trying to get into its hands all the barley in Armenia, and would distribute none of it for seed. Russia was sending three million poods of wheat from the Crimea, to be distributed for seed.

The impression left upon me by this interview was that the government was doing the best it could, under difficult conditions, and hampered by the fact that revolutionists are human beings, full of all human faults, and that they have had no experience in the working world. Certainly the corn-grits from America, handled by Americans, were the deciding factor in the situation. The working out of the problem was hard on the Stepan Gregorians who, after toiling all summer to raise their crops, must now toil all winter breaking frozen soil with picks in order to eat their own grain. But at least they would not die of hunger. America would keep them alive through another year.

The question of an American mandate for Armenia had long been forgotten, buried under the accumulating disappointments of the peace. Americans had been willing to fight only for an ideal, they had gone into the war with no careful preliminary treaties dividing prospective spoils, they had tried to make a peace founded on American principles; they had failed. After that failure, America continued to pour out her workers and her millions in an effort to save the European peoples from the consequences of their governments' cynical policies, and from the Atlantic to the Black Sea she was hated because, in the wrecking of Western civilization, she had suffered less than Europe. She was hated because she had the men and the millions that she was spending in charity. Still, she was expected to spend them, and when our government re-

fused the offered burden of Armenia, we Americans in the Near East were sorry.

Two years had shown, however, that when the European Powers slashed new frontiers for themselves across the map of Turkey they were cutting into a living nation. If America had taken the Armenian mandate, she would have been as deeply involved in the bloody peace, that is *not* a peace, as she had been involved in the war. American boys would have been killing and dying in Asia to defend Allied imperialistic policies, as they died in France to defend the Allies' lives. The fall of Marash had shown the wisdom of our government in going home when it did, though its going left the Armenians to agonies that do not bear thinking about.

Now, in Alexandropol, one saw that Americans had taken the Armenian mandate which our government refused. At home, Americans are saying that our old, American liberty is disappearing. Socialists and labour leaders, the man who likes his glass of wine, the employer who likes unrestricted power, all complain that organizations of minorities are destroying the freedom of the individual. Everywhere in the world rapid changes are occurring; old social structures shaken by the Great War are recrystallizing in new patterns. In America individualism is disappearing in organization. But doesn't this mean simply that our old American freedom is expressing itself in new forms? Certainly, in no other world-state have individuals—masses of individuals moved by a common desire—created or-

ganizations that have entered the field of international affairs, independently even of their own Foreign Offices. Officially and wisely, America refused the Armenian mandate. Actually, the Americans interested in Armenia *had* taken it.

The American organization was doing everything that our government could have done for the Armenians, except to defend them with the bodies of American soldiers. It was feeding the children and the refugees; in order to do that, it was developing the country, encouraging agriculture, building roads and irrigation canals and electric plants, establishing schools and hospitals, importing manufactured articles, buying native products.

Directly or indirectly, it was entering the life of every Armenian, and the sum of its effect on Armenia cannot be reckoned in our lifetime.

XIV

UNDER KAFTERLOO'S TREES

THREE hours by carriage from Alexandropol is the Boys' Camp at Kafterloo. I wish that I could make Americans see that wide, rolling, barren plain which swallowed the wandering wagon-track—the great bulk of Mount Algoz lying on the southern horizon, the faint blue mountain ranges of Turkey, the marvellous cloud-varied clearness of the Armenian sky. Our carriage went rattling over the swells of prairie on which the grass rippled silvery-golden in little winds. The sun was warm; a faint haze veiled the snow-peak of Mount Algoz, and the little hills that ran from its base to curve around the edge of the world before us were water colours of green and blue and rose. Quite suddenly, as we came to the crest of another prairie-swell, Kafterloo appeared before us, green with trees.

This unexpectedness of the Armenian landscape, like that of the Armenian character, prepares one for anything. We were ready to believe that any fold of the land concealed other surprising groves, but this is not true. Kafterloo is unique on the Alexandropol plateau because of its trees, and it was their charm of leaf and shade that had brought the Boys' Camp here.

The Boys' Camp, like Miss MacKaye's Blue Babies,

was an attempt to relieve the deadly spiritual barrenness of institutional life. There were conscientious men in the Near East Relief who opposed the appropriation for it, saying that American people did not want to pay for Armenian boys' vacations; contending, too, that only a few hundred boys could be benefited by it, while thousands were left out. But Mr. Ray Ogden, Y.M.C.A. trained, had fought successfully for his idea. Keeping life in the children's bodies was no more important than saving their souls alive, he said. Spiritual inspiration could not be measured out in thousands of pounds, like food. Personal contact was necessary. The Boys' Camp, by giving a few hundred boys fine ideals of manhood and of service, to take back to the crowded posts at Alexandropol, would be making the little leaven for the whole lump. "I'm trying to educate leaders for the new Armenia," he said.

Those future leaders were vigorously playing American games when we drove into the grove. In an instant they abandoned bars and vaulting poles and baseball diamond to come running to the carriage. In their white suits, with bare, sun-browned arms and legs and white teeth flashing in sunburned faces, they were like any crowd of American grammar-school boys. "Good morning!" they cried, taking off their caps, and some held the horses while others helped us out of the carriage.

In a few minutes they had unharnessed the horses and led them away, they had spread blankets in a shady spot for us and brought dripping jars from the spring, and at a word from Mr. Ogden they had gone

back to their games. The grove was alive with them and their voices, and one marvelled at the rapidity with which they had—externally at least—become Americans. For the Armenian child in his own village never plays; he works, or sits in some airless hovel soberly talking. Like all boys in the Turkish Empire, he goes from helpless babyhood into grave manhood with no interval of being a boy. It is precisely this interval of being a boy, of developing physical and spiritual muscles and a healthy zest in living, which Armenia needs.

They took to it awkwardly at first, Mr. Ogden said. It was necessary to make them play, to set baseball and football as tasks to be done. It was necessary, too, to teach them to use their muscles; their minds were alert and quick, but their bodies had never learned to translate thought into action, and an Armenian boy was quite capable of watching a ball come through the air and hit him in the nose, well aware of what it was doing, but never moving to stop it. Within a week, however, their muscles began to co-ordinate with their minds, and thereafter they were mad for games and could not get enough of them.

These boys came out, in groups of a hundred, to stay two weeks in camp. They played games all day long and in the evening by the camp fires Mr. Ogden talked to them, teaching them that religion should be used, should be put into their lives and expressed in action. He told them that Christ was not only a mystical figure, but that He became a living man on earth in order to show mankind how to live its life in this present world.

Now the Armenian adoration of Christ is mystical. Christ is to them a Principle of Good which if worshipped, will lead them to heaven, and He is worshipped by symbols, such as kissing the stones of His churches. As a guide in daily conduct, the Armenian follows, not the precepts of Christ, but the ancient patriarchal traditions, loyalty to the family, respect for elders, hospitality, and hatred of the alien conquerors of Armenia.

But these boys were eager to hear of Christ the Teacher, Mr. Ogden said. They understood the stories of His life, because they were set in familiar scenes. Their own fathers and mothers had gone riding on donkeys to pay taxes; they, too, had watched the fishermen on lake waters; they had run along with crowds following a speaker to a high place and had listened to his words spoken from the top of a hill; there were jars of wine at their own marriage feasts, and women bringing water from the village wells, and in their villages dogs licked the sores of beggars, and poor men ate the leavings from rich men's tables. The marvellous story of Christ was to them what it would be to us if He had come to our cities and given us the example of His perfect life lived among skyscrapers, automobiles, telephones and radio-systems. His human story enthralled and inspired them.

Another way of reaching them was through their patriotism. "I tell them frankly what I have heard people say, that Armenians are a crafty, dishonest, lying people," says Mr. Ogden. "It infuriates them. I've seen the whole hundred around a camp fire, so

angry that they choked when they tried to speak. But if I say, 'Do you want me to stop?' they say, 'No, no! Go on!' I tell them that people are justified in having a low opinion of Armenians, because there are Armenians who *do* lie and cheat and steal. They all know it. I say that as long as their own people disgrace them, they have no right to resent others having a bad opinion of them. It is up to them to clean their own house, if they want other people to take off their shoes when they come in. They can't have respect unless they deserve it. That isn't our affair, it's theirs.

"The result is, that we've got here as fine a lot of boys as you can find in the world. Splendid boys! When you think what they have come through—generation after generation of ancestors so oppressed that they had to scheme, and lie, and cheat, just to keep alive; then their own lives during the war, their people killed, and they, themselves, driven from refugee camp to refugee camp, hungry, living as best they could—it's remarkable. There is probably not a boy here who has not stolen food and clothing, and lied and cheated to get them, and seen men killed for them. When you think of it, it is a wonder there is one decent Armenian left. Yet I haven't had a bit of trouble with these boys. My tent is full of things they ache to get their fingers on, lying there unguarded, but not a thing has been touched. They have a sense of honour, and they're using it. When you remember that in a few years these boys will be leaders of their people—they're bound to be, they are educated men already, by Armenian standards, and already they are leaders in

the orphanages—why, I think our work has been worth while, if it stopped to-morrow."

No one can say, of course, what will be the effect on Armenia of those forty thousand men and women who will have spent their childhood in American orphanages, workshops and schools. To-day they are four per cent of Armenia's population.

We sat there on the blanket, spread under a tree, and watched the boys playing in the sunshine and shadows of the grove; some chinning themselves on the hand-bar, some practicing a running jump, a long line playing leap-frog, and eighteen intent on a flying baseball. Who can predict what their future will be, in this uncertain world still shaken and rumbling underground in the earthquake of war? Yet never anywhere in the world—except in America—has there long been peace, and all the good there is in the world has come from scattered seeds like these.

Mr. Ogden was opening his mail (six weeks old), which we had brought out from Alexandropol. One of the letters was from a friend in California, enclosing a statement of the goods sent that year from the Pacific coast to Armenia: Clothing, 850,294 pounds; flour, 2,545,780 pounds; beans, 4,492,877 pounds; rice, 259,320 pounds; dried fruits, 436,355 pounds; milk, 175,508 pounds.

"We'll have some of those beans for luncheon," said Mr. Ogden, and suddenly the Western world of stenographers' reports and way bills seemed to me

more romantic than the East with its camel caravans and blue bead charms against the Evil Eye. Beans, grown in the valleys of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin, and sent half around the world to be eaten in the Boys' Camp at Kafterloo! Rice and dried fruits and flour, gifts from the American people to the antipodes!

Those boys, shouting to each other in Armenian while they played American games, had never seen and probably would never see a sky-scraper, a subway, a soda fountain, a traffic policeman; the world around them is a world of mountain, plain and sky, of veiled women at the village wells and shepherds watching their flocks by night, of laden donkeys trudging down to the low grey towns—a world unchanged since Christ was born to it. But these boys are alive, and are the boys they are, because typewriters are clicking, trains running and ships being loaded, in businesslike, matter-of-fact America.

In the cook-tent a tin pan clanged with a wooden spoon, and the boys went running to the wash-basins. In a few minutes the first grinning, wet-haired ones were in line with their tin pannikins, filing past the bean kettle and the piled chunks of bread. Some of them brought beans and bread and tin cups of coffee to us, and when all were served they stood in a long line under the trees, their food on the grass at their feet, and with bowed heads and folded arms repeated an Armenian prayer. Then clamour broke out again, accompanied by the clatter of spoons on tin.

One of the boys seemed apart from the rest; he had not been playing with them, and now he ate quietly, speaking very little. His name was Hagop Kooyounian, Mr. Ogden said; a fine boy, but handicapped because he could not speak Armenian. He was learning rapidly, however. A very good Boy Scout.

After we had eaten the California beans and the boys had washed the dishes, we talked to Hagop Kooyounian, who was embarrassed as could be. Nothing could remove his boyish self-consciousness. He stood at attention, after a snappy Scout salute, and answered questions briefly.

He was an Armenian of Van—five years old when the Turks began the massacre of 1915. No; he had not been with the Armenians who fought the Turks. Yes; his family had all been killed. The Turks had come into the house and killed them. The Turks had taken him, with about five hundred other boys and girls. They had walked to the sea. The Turks had been good to them all the way, let them rest and gave them food and water.

From the seashore they had been taken on a ship to Constantinople and put in a Turkish orphanage. He had been five years in the Turkish orphanage. The Turks beat him when he said he was Armenian. They said he was a Turk, that there were only Turks in Turkey. They tried to make him say that he was a Turk. Later, they forgot, and did not ask him any more what he was.

Were the Turks kind to him then?

They were kind enough, if you did not say that

you were Armenian, he replied. They gave all the children food and clothing. A hodja taught the boys to repeat the Koran in Arabic; that was the school.

When he was ten years old, some of them were taken on the Black Sea to another Turkish orphanage in Trebizond. He heard that Van was not far away, so he watched for an opportunity, and escaped. Why? Because he was Armenian, and did not want to be a Turk.

Did the other Armenian boys in the orphanage feel as he did? Some of them did; some of them, the youngest, did not care. You could call them a Turk, they would not fight you.

Why would he not let them call him a Turk? He gave us a straight, dark look under lowered eyebrows, and said, "I am Armenian. I was five years old; I do not forget."

What did he do after he ran away? He walked from Trebizond to Kars, following the camel caravans.

We asked who had given him food during those weeks of walking, and then, seeing him flush beneath his tan, we knew he had stolen it, and hurried to ask how he had come from Kars.

In Kars, he said, he learned from the other boys in the bazaars that the city was Turkish, but that there was an Armenian consul there, and that further north there was an Armenian country. So he went to the Armenian consul, who gave him a passport and a bag of food. Then he walked on, northward, and many months later he came to Alexandropol, where he had heard that there was a family from Van. That family

did not know him, and he could not speak Armenian, but when he told them in Turkish that he was an Armenian of Van they took him in. He lived with them for a year, but they did not have enough food. He tried to get work on the roads for the Americans, but they said he was too small, and then an American man took him into the orphanage in Polygon.

It was a simple story. But there were and are many meanings in it. It shows from another angle the desperate policy of Turkey to leave alive no avowed Christians within Turkish boundaries; it shows again the Turkish eagerness to assimilate Armenian blood, and it shows the stubbornness resisting that assimilation. Looking at that twelve-year-old boy who, fed and cared for by Turks, had cherished since his fifth year a hatred of them, a boy who had forgotten his mother's language, but not his race, one saw that any solution of the problem inside Turkey was impossible. Barbarian rulers, sultans and Young Turks, had dug too deep the gulf between Turk and Armenian; no effort could bridge it now. If the Kemalists do not make that effort, it is perhaps because they know it could not succeed. Their policy, Turkey for the Turks, means that they can only massacre or deport their Christian populations.

XV

THE HIDDEN LIFE OF VILLAGES

WE walked through the grove and across the little stream into the village of Kafterloo. There was the church, tall and gaunt with the square stone wall and round towers of all Armenian churches; autumn leaves rustled on the stone steps and a bearded old goat stood there, solemnly watching us. Beyond the church, in another small, high building, was the new government hospital. Its two little rooms were whitewashed and clean—the windows, of course, tightly and immovably closed—and there were six iron beds, one occupied by a malaria case. There were enough sheets and bedding, and a shipment of quinine had just come by pack-mule from Alexandropol, Kafterloo's share of Russia's gift of three hundred pounds of quinine to Armenia. The Armenian nurse in charge had been trained in an American hospital in Turkey, and she was almost tearfully proud of her little hospital. There were none in Russian Armenia before the war.

From the steps of the hospital we looked across the roofs of Kafterloo—and looked for some time before we realized that they were roofs, covered as they were with mounds of earth. It was like going underground to walk along the narrow winding streets between the

stone walls of the buried houses. Here and there stone steps led to the roofs, where hens and goats were walking and a few women sat pouring grain through the breezes. The chaff flew away like streams of bright-winged gnats in the sunshine.

A child who had been watching for us ran with news of our coming, and two women were on the threshold of the priest's house when we reached it. They were the priest's wife, a matronly woman with mildly anxious blue eyes under a black headkerchief, and her daughter, apple-cheeked and demure, her heavy hair in two black plaits.

The priest's house, like that of all Armenian villagers, had a common entrance to stable and living-room—a narrow, stone-walled passage, with an earthen floor. A few hens scratched in the straw of the empty cow-stall; beside it, on the threshold of the living-room, the priest waited to welcome us. He was a stately figure, in sweeping robes of black wool. Between the well-combed luxuriance of long hair and patriarchal beard his eyes looked out at us—keen eyes, intelligent and commanding. His hand, emerging from the wide sleeve to take ours, was slender, white and sensitive, the hand of a scholar.

The narrow street beneath the earth-covered roofs had been like a trench; entering the house had been like entering a dug out. This cave-like effect of the passageway continued in the living room. The small windows were above the broad platform which, in Turkish style, ran across one end of the room, serving by night as bedstead for the family and by day as a

seat for guests. A ray of sunlight came through the panes of glass, striking bright colours from the rugs that covered the platform; kneeling on them, one could have seen blue sky outside, but that glimpse was not for guests sitting properly in a row on the platform's edge, facing the dim room. Had we been Turkish or Armenian, we should have sat more comfortably upon the rugs, cross-legged, with cushions against the wall at our backs. Being American, we sat perforce with dangling feet, like school children attentive before our host, who occupied the one chair.

The conversation was formal, and disturbed by the activities of the priest's wife and daughter, who brought a table, set it before us, covered it with a white cloth and with much coming and going deposited upon it so many dishes that there was not room for them all. The samovar must be removed to the platform on which we sat, and even the two women stood holding dainties for which no place could be made on the overcrowded cloth. The domestic discussion revealed the family relations, in which wife and daughter were submissive to the authority of father and priest. Their reverence for him combined the attitude of housekeepers to an employer, the respect of ignorant for the learned, and the unrebellious obedience of women in patriarchal households. So, no doubt, did the wives of the children of Aaron the Levite serve their husbands, contented with their lot, proud of the high positions of their lords who were priests of Jehovah.

This sense of ancient tradition conveyed by their gestures and voices gave such solemnity to the breaking

of bread that we could not appear our every-day selves, and in vain I reminded myself that we were merely taking tea with the pastor of a small town.

The priest broke the bread for us, tearing the thin sheets with his fingers and giving us each a handful. With courteous gestures he urged us to eat, pressing upon us plates of shredded cheese made of sheep's milk, rubber-like cubes of goat's milk cheese, rolls of butter, strained honey, comb-honey, bowls of soured milk, preserved fruits, and seven kinds of small Armenian cakes, all made, he said, by his daughter, whose placid peasant's face beamed at the word of implied praise. Mother and daughter refilled our glasses with tea, and handed us the dishes, while the priest shared the feast.

There was no apology nor complaint in his manner of saying that this was poor fare for guests, and a poor house in which to receive us; dishes, spoons and nearly all his rugs had been taken by the Turks. He belonged in another village nearer the frontier, he said; he had come to Kafterloo during the Turkish invasion of 1918, which did not touch this place. In 1920, during the second invasion, the Turks had come to Kafterloo. He expressed no rancour against the Turks; their officers, he said, had been courteous to him and had not disturbed the church. Only one unpleasantness had occurred, when a certain young Turkish officer had desired an Armenian girl, whom the priest had aided to escape. Infuriated, the officer had demanded that the priest tell him where the girl could be found, and had threatened him with death. Fortunately, the of-

ficer was suddenly recalled to military duty elsewhere.

Then, one night, several Turkish soldiers had battered down the door of the house and demanded that the priest give them his treasure. He had no treasure, but they insisted that he had quantities of gold buried. They held him down on the floor and prepared to torture him with hot irons, but the fire burned so badly that they became impatient while waiting for the irons to heat, and decided to cut his throat and let it go at that. One had grasped his beard and drawn a knife, when three Turkish officers appeared, having come to call. They drove the terrified soldiers from the house, and themselves remained for some hours, discussing Persian poetry. It was a pleasure to talk with the Turkish officers, said the priest; in general, they were admirably intelligent and well-educated men.

When the Turkish troops retreated, however, these same officers had come to make their polite farewells, and in leaving said, "We will take with us your rugs, as souvenirs of our very pleasant acquaintance." And they had taken every rug of value in the house. Being connoisseurs in rugs, they had been interested only in the cream of his collection, and had left him those on which we were sitting.

As to the new government, the priest merely said that it had not molested him, nor his flock. Taxes were high, but crops had been good at Kafterloo. Much depended upon the personality of the tax-collector in each village. The tax-collector in Kafterloo had been an ignorant, but not an unkind man, he had not oppressed the people. That week, however, he had been

removed from his post. He had been selling part of the collected grain, putting the money in his pocket, and making up the weight to the government by filling the sacks with gravel. This naïve and infantile graft had naturally been discovered; he was now under arrest and would probably be executed. A new man would take his place next week. It might be that he would be both more honest and more oppressive than his predecessor.

While we were talking, a cow had come down the passageway, gazed at us for a moment from the threshold, and then turned into her own room, from which the hens fled with protesting cackles. It was milking time, and rising, we said farewell to the priest, who asked us to express to America the gratitude of Kafterloo. These phrases of thanks, so often and sincerely repeated by Armenians, become almost a formula of all greetings and farewells. For an instant they bridge the distance between this priest's house in Kafterloo and the many little American parsonages from which so much help has come to the Armenians.

The priest remained, a figure of patriarchal dignity, on the threshold of the living room; wife and daughter accompanied us to the street door. The women of the village were coming down from the rooftops, carrying their winnowed grain; a few sheep went by, following the leader's tinkling bell; a girl came up from the river with a tall jar of water balanced on her shoulder. We climbed stone steps to the trodden earth of the roofs, deserted now, and the life of the village disappeared, leaving only a sweep of rolling prairie,

the grove on the banks of the stream, and the bulk of snow-crowned Algoz, gigantic against the sky.

But I felt that that Armenian life remained, buried in the earth at our feet, obstinate as a grass-root, tenacious and surviving. Wars of Medes and Persians, of Romans and Greeks, of Turks and Russians, waves of empires and revolutions, pass over it and leave it essentially unchanged, essentially occupied only with eternal things, with seed-time and harvest, birth and marriage and death, the rhythms of immortality on earth.

The real life of the million Armenians of Soviet Armenia is in these villages. The traveller and the busy American see almost nothing of it. The impression they have of it is of something furtive, concealed, like the life of wild animals. The villages are invisible, in the folds of the immense and apparently empty plateaus. In the villages, life retreats still further underground.

One would like to know what that life is, to those who live it. It is possible only to imagine it. Automobiles are, for the energetic American, the only possible transportation in a country crossed by only one railroad which was built for Russian military purposes, with complete disregard of cities or centres of population. In a day, an automobile rushes from Alexandropol across the plains, over mountain ranges, through the Karakles Pass, and down the valley of Big Demon River to Djalal-Oghly. Leaving an American breakfast table, one arrives at an American dinner table. Between them are one hundred and twenty miles of

excellent road, of incomparable views of mountain and plain, a few glimpses of toiling strings of ox-wagons and a camp of a hundred workmen repairing a sixty-foot stone wall that, at a curve of a mountain torrent, protects the railroad above from being washed away.

But to the Armenian, what a different country must appear. For him, distances are magnified. Seven days at least he would count, from Alexandropol to Djalal-Oghly; seven days of slow jogging in his seat on the yoke between the necks of his oxen; seven nights of making late camp, in a circle of wagons drawn around a camp fire, a stockade-camp such as American pioneers built on the plains to protect them from attack by Indians. Seven nights of taking his turn on watch, with rifle ready to raise the alarm of brigands. Seven dawns that would find him already on the road again, jogging slowly, ox-wagon in front of him and ox-wagon following.

Two weeks it would take, to make the trip from Alexandropol to Djalal-Oghly and to come back; longer time than it costs the villager of New England to visit California. No larger proportion of Armenians than of Americans normally make such a journey. Their nearest metropolis—a large city of perhaps twenty-five thousand persons—remains for them something imagined but not important, as San Francisco is to the shopkeeper of a village on the Hudson. Armenia, this bit of land in the Caucasus, smaller than most American states, stretches out around them to the edge of their world.

And when terror drives them out across it, floods of

human beings fleeing a monstrous pursuing horror, they go over the edge of all known things into strange lands of strange peoples who do not speak their language. They live for a time, for years, perhaps, as primitive man lived, amid mountains and forests, surrounded by the unknown. They wander, hungry, exhausted and sick, dying and giving birth, driven this way and that, until at last they can come circling back to their village.

The centre of the world is their village. What must it be, to think of home as a stone-walled underground cave, to count wealth in terms of sheep driven in through the house door at night, and of the height of piled dung on the roof? To know God as the Great Power, swift to anger, who is placated by kissing the cornerstones of His Church? To think of Government, dimly, as another alien but earthly power, that suddenly intrudes on life to take the harvested grain or to carry away sons to fight its mysterious battles for its own mysterious purposes? To know that the God of the Turks, and of their cousins the Tartars who live in the next village, is an enemy of our God, and that the Turks and the Tartars kill our men and steal our women, have always done so, always will do so? Then what must it be, to hear that far away is a place called America, where there is no war, where all men live together in peace, and all men are rich beyond dreams of avarice; a land where all the peoples worship one God, a land whence come pale-eyed men and women who speak no known language, and who from their unimaginable riches give food and clothing to all?

No; no American can fully understand the Armenian. There is no American so poor or so ignorant that he is not immeasurably richer, wiser and more powerful than the Armenian peasant. There are very few Americans, however wealthy and cultured, who match in culture and taste the children of the Armenians who were rich before the war. Somewhere between these extremes is the American, too busy and too practical to know the ancient Persian poets, to quote Homer or Heine, to recognize at a glance the history, the mystic meanings and the value of a rug woven long ago in Kashmir, and too rich to know the meaning of darkness, cold and hunger, too happy in his place in history to accept the barbarities of war and massacre as normal things. Yet Americans are bringing up the children who will be the next generation of Armenians.

I think of Djalal-Oghly, the little town on the brink of Big Demon canyon, as a place more dramatic even than Marash or Ismid. The landscape itself is dramatic. The automobile runs across interminable miles of high plateau, rimmed at the edge of the world by blue, snow-tipped mountains. For an hour one sees ahead the village of Djalal-Oghly, white amid trees. The purring engine brings it closer, until one sees the Russian church, and market-place and village fountain, the beginning of a street of white cottages and little red-brick houses that might have been brought here from New England. One minute more should end the journey, and hats are straightened, hair tucked up,

and purse in hand, when the solid earth suddenly opens at the front wheels. There is the unsuspected chasm of Big Demon River, which rushes foaming four hundred feet below.

The road goes painfully into the depths, eight sharp hair-pin turns, and caravans of toiling ox-wagons are looped against the canyon walls. The sky grows narrower overhead. Djalal-Oghly has disappeared. Halfway down, at the edge of the cliff, a man sits beside the body of an ox that, dying, has left him ruined, his only wealth the wagon that he cannot move. Above his bowed figure the rock walls of the canyon seem savage; the river roars relentlessly in the depths it has made. An old primitive terror stirs in one; Nature is huge, cruel and careless, and man so weak.

Nearly an hour later, with a last violent struggle, the engine carries us over the edge of the chasm to upper earth and sunshine again, and we feel that we have escaped a trap.

The human drama lies before us. Djalal-Oghly is a typical Caucasian Armenian town, in that it is half-Russian, half-Armenian, the two parts as distinct as though a continent separated them. For a century these two peoples have lived side by side, sharing the same streets, the same markets, going to different churches. Never has Armenian married Russian, or Russian taken an Armenian to wife. To these two towns in one, is added the American. Four thousand Armenian and Russian orphans live in it.

On the porches of their houses Armenian women are grinding corn between two stones. By the village foun-

tain, while the trickle from the stone fills the pottery jars, Russian women are spinning wool from distaff to dangling spindle. In the large white buildings under the trees of the American grounds, the four thousand children are working in modern industrial schools, with knitting machines, compressed air, and steel tools. The agricultural class is out on the ten thousand-acre farm with its tractors and model stables; the girls in the nurse's training school are learning English and modern medicine; the Boy Scouts are doing setting-up exercises on the drill-ground. This American invasion is directed by Mr. Newman of Oregon, assisted by Mrs. Newman of Washington, Miss Stockton of Ohio, Mr. Nelson of New York, Mr. Parker of Texas, Mr. Rankin of Kansas. Down in the chasm of Big Demon River Mr. Bowers of Pennsylvania is building, with refugee labour, an electric-lighting and power plant for the village of Djalal-Oghly.

Yet there are persons who think that the days of romance ended when the plumes were sheared from the helmet of the last mailed knight.

XVI

WELCOME TO THE FORT WORLD

FIVE minutes from Djalal-Oghly, as the eagles fly, is the village of Berd. The word Berd means in Armenian, fort, and the village of Berd really is a fort. We reached it after an hour of driving across the prairie, and by this time the Armenian landscape had so taught us to expect the unexpected that we were hardly surprised when we found ourselves again on the brink of the chasm of Big Demon River. Another crack in the earth joined it here, and on the tip of the promontory between the two canyons was the village. It was reached by a neck of land hardly wide enough for our carriage. After creeping along this, we were confronted by high, double stone walls and a tunnel gateway unchanged since it was built, some two thousand years ago.

It was unguarded, and we drove through it, as Alice went through the Looking Glass, into some unknown period of time. Beside us, against the walls, were the grim towers of the castle fort, and before us the huddle of peasants' huts. An old woman who was gathering cow dung in her apron looked up and greeted us, "Welcome, my ladies, welcome to the fort world!" A few yards farther on we met several men going to the field with scythes, and they stopped, and bowed, and asked us what we desired.

One of them came to show us the village. It was built, he said, "before we knew Christ," by a certain David the Landless. David—whose name would suggest one of the children of Abraham, or more probably a descendant of a relative who did not go down to Egypt—was landless because, when his father died, his older brothers took his portion. David fled northward among the savage tribes who were ancestors of the Georgians of to-day, and having collected among them a sufficient force, he returned with arms and caused this fort to be built. From it, he waged successful war against his brothers, and took not only his portion of his father's land, but theirs, and their lives. Thereafter he lived prosperously in Berd, no doubt with frequent small wars to occupy the time and more frequent descents upon wealthy travellers passing by.

The fort, grim as it looks from one side, proves from the other side to be nothing but a fragment of wall with a few steps of stone stairs still projecting into the air. Clambering over the fallen sides of it, we were led to a sunken place, floored with marble that still showed traces of beautiful polishing, and surrounded by bits of carved marble that had once been the base of circular walls. There had been steps going down into a rounded deeper place, now partly filled with earth. This, our guide said, had been the Emperor's baths. What Emperor? The last Emperor of Armenia, who had for a time held Berd as a stronghold while the Persian and the Byzantine Empires were overwhelming the Armenian Empire in the fifth cen-

tury. From Berd this last Emperor finally fled westward and died on an island that has since become the Cité of Paris.

Leaving these baths, we were led over the edge of the cliff, and precariously downward on a narrow trail that was dizzy above the depths of the canyon. Some six hundred feet below us Big Demon River growled and worried boulders with its white teeth, and fearing that our guide might intend us to make the descent, we protested, clinging to projections of the cliff with nervous fingers, while little stones slipped under our feet and went downward with sickening silence. But he was taking us only under a boulder that overhung the hardly visible trail. On its other side there was a gap between two strata of the cliff, and when we had unwillingly crawled through it, our guide struck fire from flint and lighted a bit of tow. The flame revealed the smoke-blackened walls of a large low cave. "Here, one hundred people," said he.

We crawled out, and following him farther came to a boulder which concealed the entrance to another cave. Our noses told us, even before the flicker of light showed bits of wool clinging to the rocks, that this was a sheepfold. "Two hundred sheep," said he, wishing us to come stooping to admire the size of this cavern. But we had seen enough; we backed out, and insisted on climbing to steadier footing. He was disappointed, he had just begun to show us innumerable similar refuges. For cattle and for sheep, for food and for people, he said, there were caves all along both sides of Big Demon canyon. He pointed out, across

the chasm, the almost hidden entrances. The cliffs were honey-combed with them. Nine thousand Armenians, two thousand sheep, nine hundred oxen, had lived there all the months of 1920 that the Turks were in Armenia, he said. They ate cold food, went out only at night, and muzzled their animals so that they would be silent. The Turks never found them.

This would explain the strange legend encountered now and then among American relief workers, that after the Turkish retreat of 1920 meadows and foothills became populated overnight with unaccountable herds and flocks that until then had been invisible.

On the edge of the cliff, watching our ascent, stood an Armenian woman. She was hale and hearty, apparently about forty years old. Her bright eyes looked humorously at us from beneath her black kerchief, and her fingers knitted a sock so rapidly that the strand of wool ran from its hidden place in the folds of her black and grey garments and sped in a white streak around her silver belt. It was the belt that attracted us. Apparently before the war every one in Armenia wore silver belts; the Near East Relief has chests upon chests of them, taken in pledge for loans of food and seeds; the peasants are beginning now to redeem them. But this was the most beautifully wrought one that we had seen. We could not help commenting on its delicate workmanship of chased links and black enamel, we could not take our eyes from it, and at last we offered to buy it.

She laughed good naturedly. "We women are not like you," she answered. "We work hard. We bring

all our water from the spring down there," and she gestured over the edge of the chasm. "We bring it up in jars on our backs, and often we are very tired. But we have silver belts. When you make the spring run up the cliffs into our fort-world, then I will sell my belt."

As we picked our careful way along the rough trails that are the streets of this mediæval village, we were joined by a lad about twelve years old, whom the woman said was her son. He wore a sheepskin coat and carried a staff; evidently a shepherd boy, and Berd, it seemed, was a village of shepherds.

The houses have certainly never changed in pattern since David the Landless built this fort in pagan times, and shepherds first gathered under the protection of its walls. If Wells is right in thinking that all races of men were once nomads, such houses were doubtless the first that Armenians built when the beginning of civilization dawned for them. Little shelters of rock laid without mortar, built more for the flocks than for the people who sleep in one corner of them. All the life of the houses was in the open air, where within crumbling walls of courtyards women were busy about the baking-pits or carding wool or winnowing grain or spinning thread on a twirling spindle.

We came first to the old church. No one knew how old it was. From earliest known times the Armenians were famous builders. They set together so marvellously the great hewn rocks, and their unsupported wide domes were such wonders, that it was said of them that they glued their buildings together with

white of egg. This little church certainly numbered its years in tens of centuries, but it still stood as solidly as when it was first built. Only the doors were gone, the floor piled with wood stored here out of the rains, and the ledges were resting-places for multitudes of pigeons that made much fluttering overhead. It was a little church, not in Armenian style, but septangular, perhaps twelve feet in diameter and twenty feet high. Two pillars in each wall crossed in arches overhead, deep niches were between them, and on walls and pillars, arches and dome, were deeply cut crosses. Three kinds of crosses, Byzantine, Catholic, and the kind we call Maltese; all cut haphazard without pattern. We thought this church probably a pagan temple, redeemed when Armenia became Christian by the carving of these crosses. If there had been an altar, there was no trace of it, no indication of where it might have been.

These things we saw, peering gingerly through the doorways because of the frantically flapping wings of the pigeons, and then we went to see the new church. It could not have been more than a thousand years old. It was the typical Armenian church architecture, which seems ugly at first (but you grow to like its crudeness); square-angled walls outlining a cross on the ground, and round towers and domes. Inside, the square centre of the cross is roofed by a great unsupported dome, and the four ends of the cross are entered through wide arches. The walls are of stone, unornamented. In one of the longer ends of the cross is the altar, and there is no other furniture. But the

light and shade of the arches on the grey stone walls make the place beautiful.

In this old church the altar was no more than a stone reading-stand, with a scrap of gold- and silver-embroidered cloth falling to pieces with age upon it. On the cloth, two Bibles. How old they were I do not know, but certainly the museums of London or New York would be glad to have them. They were bound in cowhide, with corners and plates of metal, wrought in naïve figures of angels and saints. The leaves were parchment, covered with Armenian writing—which dated the book at no earlier than the fourth century, for it was just as the Armenian Empire fell that the Armenian alphabet was discovered—and they were voluminously illustrated in colours still bright.

Our guide turned over the leaves as one well accustomed to finding his way among them, showing us this picture and that, pointing out that every page had a different border of fruits and flowers and figures of angels, men and animals. Even the shepherd boy had a favourite page to display.

And I was glad that these Bibles are where they are, in this bare mildewy church in the village of Berd, where shepherds enjoyed their beauty. Even though the leaves were falling apart, and a corner gnawed by mice, I thought them better here than carefully preserved in a glass case in the Metropolitan Museum or the Louvre.

Out in the sunshine again, we pursued our intention of becoming better acquainted with the humorous-eyed woman who knitted without stopping. It was difficult,

for she had little to say about anything. "You must remember that our women are not educated," said the man. "What happens in other parts of the world is unknown to them. They know only about the wars with the Turks." As to the wars with the Turks, she said only that they had always been and would always be, and that as long as the caves were hidden the people of Berd would be safe. But her husband had been killed by the Turks in 1920. He had been caught before he could reach the caves, because he had gone to bring in his flocks, and it happened that they were far away.

Then suddenly she upset us by saying that she had seen many wars with Turks (she meant Tartars) during her eighty years on earth. We looked at her, and did not believe it. Her hair was greying, true, but the braids that fell below her kerchief were thick, and blacker than grey. There were her teeth all showing when she smiled, and no more wrinkles on her face than forty years should have. And her son! "He is twelve years old, and you are his mother?"

"Yes," she said, as Sarah the wife of Abraham might have done. "The Lord God has blessed the loneliness of my latter years." She had five sons, she said, and this youngest was the only one left in her house; all the others were married and grandfathers. Four daughters she mentioned when asked. They were married, too, she said, and many of their daughters also. Still we did not believe that she was eighty years old, but the man beside her confirmed it.

"I do not know when she was born," he said, "but

she was married and a grandmother before I entered this world."

They urged us to stay and eat with them, but we declined—not because we feared unpalatable food, but that we knew Armenian hospitality would beggar the village in order to force us to eat too much. Our luncheon was in our carriage, and we could eat it on the sunny prairie. The man and the woman and the shepherd boy followed us through the arched tunnel under the towers of the gate, to call after us, "Happy road!"

XVII

SUZANNE TWICE A REFUGEE

WE sat in an open sunny space—there was no other on all those miles of plateau from which, in the sunshine of noon, the mountains had retreated into vaguely piled blueness—and ate our sandwiches. At a little distance the two mules hitched to the carriage struggled with the difficulties of nose-bags, and the tall-hatted coachman who had inherited his headgear from some American alderman, devoured many square feet of Armenian bread and swallowed boiled eggs.

Three women, searching the ground for something they continually stooped to get, slowly came toward us across the prairie. When they reached us they stopped to give polite greeting. They were gathering dung for winter fuel. Each carried on her back a filled sack and in her hands one partly filled, and they were clothed in neatly sewed, clean patches. Each had between her eyebrows a tattoo mark in blue, so we knew that they were Armenians from Turkey who had once been slaves to an Arab master.

Yes, they said; from Erzeroum. They had come from that distant Armenian city with the retreat of the demoralized Russian armies in 1918. Three years they had been on the road, walking and camping

with other refugees, until they reached this place, where they had found the son of one of them. He had been separated from his mother one night in the mountains when a sudden alarm of Turks had scattered the camp into the darkness, and she had thought him killed by the Turks. He was a tinsmith, and now they all lived with him in a village hidden somewhere on the plain. He worked at his trade, and the village people paid him with food, so that he earned enough for them all to eat. The women kept his house, and gathered dung. They were doing very well, they said; already the pile upon the roof was larger than the house, and they would be warm in the winter storms.

We gave them the rest of our luncheon and they wrapped it carefully in a handkerchief and one of them put it in her bosom. Then they went on, stooped under their burdens and searching the ground with their eyes.

"There you have fifteen hundred years of Armenian history," said Suzanne. "The life of my people. Always building up what is always torn down, always starting again in a new place. I think you don't like Armenians. But do you realize that what is bad in us comes from the life we've been forced to lead, and that what is good in us has survived in spite of it?"

Suzanne was one of the Near East Relief interpreters, and it was loyalty to her people that made her say "us," for she had no doubt whatever that we liked her. We liked her tremendously. Nor was it true that we disliked Armenians. It was more that there was something lacking in our liking them. Somehow our minds could never quite meet theirs; there was

always something oblique there—a starting from different angles. Somehow we never got quite close to them, not even to Suzanne.

Clever, and pretty, and charmingly dressed—she had a way with clothes, and from merest scraps of old things given her she evolved suits and blouses and hats that might have been made by French fingers—and much better educated than we, and liking us as much, I'm sure, as we liked her, still there was that indefinable thing in her—or in us—which kept us from really being comrades. She had more in common with those refugee women whom she had never seen before than she had with us. In that few moments of chance talk with the dung-gatherers the gulf appeared, and we were on one side of it, and she with them on the other.

"Were you ever a refugee, Suzanne?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," she said casually. "Twice. I was in Baku when the Turks took it, and I was in Kars when it fell. Let me see—about fourteen months, in all, I was a refugee."

She looked so pretty and so untroubled, sitting there in her smart blue suit and clever hat, her whole appearance was so much that of any American girl in her early twenties, who has never had anything to worry about, that her words seemed incredible.

"What was it like, when the Turks came to Baku?" I asked. The whole idle afternoon was before us. "Do you mind talking about it?"

"Why, no, not at all. Though you won't—I mean, I can't really tell you what it was like. You must live through things like that, to understand them.

"I'd just come home from school in Tiflis. That is, I had come to my uncle's house in Baku. My own people were Turkish Armenian, you know. My father was very modern in his ideas, he wanted his daughters to have the best European education. My sister and I were in the university in Tiflis when the European war began. My father had sent us there because we had relatives in Tiflis—the family had branches and banks all through Armenia, from Baku to Aleppo. After we'd finished the university, we were going to Europe for post-graduate work.

"Well, then the war— Of course we couldn't get back, from Russia to Turkey. My father was killed by the Turks in 1915, and—you know what they did, in the deportations to the women and children. Our little sisters may still be alive, in some Turkish house—we don't know—we've never heard—

"My sister and I went on with our university work in Tiflis all through the war. There was nothing else we could do. My sister had a year of nurse's training after she finished the university; she's a year older than I. Then we went to our uncle's house in Baku. We were going to be teachers. Of course nothing was left of our father's property, and we didn't want to be dependent on our uncle; that was the fault of father's modern ideas, our uncle said.

"We came to his house in 1918, just before the Turks attacked Baku. The fighting went on for some time, but we did not have much news of it. Then we began to hear the firing, and lots of wounded were coming in. My sister went to work in the hospital,

taking care of them. But every one said that the Turks could not take the city, that we were winning battle after battle. We were not really worried until one day—oh, God will punish them!—one day, without warning us, our Armenian leaders suddenly left the city.

"I was down town shopping—matching some silks, I remember—and I saw a friend of my uncle's in a carriage with his family, and the carriage full of baggage. I called to them and asked them where they were going. He laughed, and said he was going to Persia on business and taking the others for the trip. But I was worried. I told the coachman to drive straight home, and there was my uncle, and he said our armies were defeated and the Turks were coming. My aunt and cousins were crying, the servants were all running away, my uncle was trying to get some things packed and bundle up his papers—securities and things, and money. I went to the hospital to get my sister.

"I had to walk. All the servants were gone except the coachman that stayed to drive my uncle's family to the boat. There was no one to go with me, and my uncle commanded me not to go, but there was no one else to go for my sister and bring her to the boat. I had never been alone in the street before, of course, and—but American girls do walk alone, don't they? You would not know how I felt. Besides, the streets were full of people hurrying to the water-front, and merchants were putting down their shutters. I could not find a carriage that was not loaded down with

goods, going to the boats, and on the sidewalks people were dragging things—trunks on ropes, and bedding-rolls.

"Will you believe, when I got to the hospital, my sister wouldn't leave? She said it was her duty to stay with her patients. It was a senseless thing—what good could she do, staying? She couldn't protect them. Anyway, it wasn't my duty to stay, that wouldn't do any good, either. Things went around in my mind, that way. I told her we'd be killed for nothing, and there was the boat, and my uncle expecting us. I remember I actually shook her; I said she had to come. But she wouldn't, and so—somehow, I don't know why—I didn't go either.

"We stayed in the hospital, and I helped her work. She showed me what to do. It was two days before the Turks came in. But all the boats got away that first morning. There were thousands of people on the water-front, and more going all the time. The only way out of Baku was by the Caspian, no trains were running. And there were no boats on the Caspian, but some sort of crazy feeling made everybody go down and stay close by the water. All the important people had got away. If only they'd told us the truth, almost everybody could have gone. There were plenty of boats going and coming from Persia during all the weeks of fighting.

"Then the Turks came in, and began the looting and killing, and my sister and I ran away. We just simply ran out of Baku, on to the desert, and kept on going along the railroad tracks in the direction of Tiflis.

There were not very many of us in our group, I suppose two or three hundred.

"We had brought some bread in a handkerchief, and my sister had a little money. It was all we had. Of course our clothes were perfectly good at first, clean and whole. We walked three days and nights, all the time, just sitting down for a few minutes now and then. After that we went more slowly. We were tired, and some days we just sat, and didn't walk at all. It's strange what a difference it makes in your mind, being a refugee. Sleeping in your clothes, on the sand—and we hadn't brought a comb. That's the worst, when you are used to being clean—not having a place to wash, or a toothbrush, and your hair gets so—so awful. You become quite a different sort of person, in your mind, I mean.

"I told you that you would not understand, you couldn't. But being a refugee does things to you—Sometimes I hear Americans talking about Armenians stealing things. 'Here we come to help the Armenians,' they say, 'and we have to guard our goods to keep them from being stolen. Armenians are all thieves,' they say. Sometimes I have a mean feeling; I wish the people who say that were refugees for a while. They would understand, then. Things—anything you can imagine, a handkerchief, a pin—get to be so important. You can't dream how much they mean, until you have to live without them for days and weeks and months. Your character goes to pieces, too; you become just an animal. You live like an animal, and eat like an animal, and you can't even keep yourself clean and

healthy, as the animals do. Human beings are so helpless without things."

Lounging there comfortably, after our excellent luncheon, it was indeed almost impossible to imagine the degradation of refugeeism, passionately as she tried to express it to us. It was difficult, too, to realize that she had experienced it, however slightly. She looked so thoroughly the dainty, well-bred girl she was. And what fineness in the way she told the story, without personal emphasis. Daughter of a rich Armenian family, she must have spent her girlhood in a physical and intellectual luxury such as few Americans know, yet she had fallen through all the social strata into depths below the lowest. She had become a refugee, without family, friends, food or shelter, tramping the roads of Azerbaijan and sleeping in ditches. She who had never left her walled gardens without at least one servant in attendance. But she did not think of herself in telling the story; she tried to make us understand her people. We must ask her to be personal again.

"We got finally to the Georgian border. We didn't have passports. But we speak Georgian so well that when we said we were Georgians nobody doubted it. We made up a story about how we came there and why we had no passports, and—of course, we had a little money for bribes—we got permission to go to Tiflis. There we found relatives. My sister went to work in the hospital, and I got a place in the high school, teaching."

"Why did you leave it to go to Kars? You'd have been safe in Tiflis."

"I did stay a year in Tiflis. But—we don't like the Georgians, you know. They aren't our own people. We've always been enemies."

Now it was actually in prehistoric times that Armenians and Georgians first met, and they have lived together ever since, as mixed as the races that make America. Yet is it quite true that they are enemies; neither has been able to kill all the males of the other, so neither has disappeared, and nothing has ever suggested to them that peoples of different races, living in the same territory, are not necessarily mortal enemies.

"Then we had our own Republic, you know. We thought it would last. There were the Fourteen Points —we thought they were the basis of the Peace. We thought the Allies would keep their promises and help us. We'd only started, but we had good armies on the Georgian frontier and the Azerbaijan frontier, and we were already fighting the Turks—oh, we were so hopeful in those days! Of course I wanted to be helping. Especially with the schools, because you know Russia had never allowed us to have more than two grades in Armenian schools. There was an Armenian high school started in Kars, and I was given an opportunity to teach in it, so of course I took it. My brother was in prison there, too, and I thought I might be allowed to see him, or at least to send him food."

"In prison? Your brother?"

"Yes. He's the only brother we have left. The Turks killed the other five. He was just a youngster, only sixteen, when the war began in Europe. He was

in the Russian university in Baku. He was young, and easily influenced, I suppose, and of course university students—you know how idealistic they are, and always revolutionists. And the war cut him off from our father and from all of us—anyway, he became a Bolshevik. When the Bolsheviks succeeded in Petrograd, we couldn't do anything with him. He was just delirious with happiness; he thought all the troubles in the world were ended. Then we found out that he had been a member of the Communist party for several years, and you know the Party discipline. He was ordered to Erivan for propaganda work. When it came to the choice, he gave up his family for the Party. Our uncle was head of the family, since my father was killed, and he cut my brother out of it forever, disowned him, and read the burial service for him. It was terrible. We were never to speak of him or recognize him again.

"My sister never did, nor any one but myself. I don't know—he was so young, and the only brother we have left. I just couldn't. Everything is changed, anyway, since the war. All the old things are breaking up, even our patriarchal families. Perhaps it is wrong of me, perhaps there is something wicked and rebellious in me, too, as there was in him. Anyway, I meant to see him when I went to Kars. He had been circulating Communist propaganda and the Armenian government had caught him and he was sentenced to be shot. I kept thinking about how sweet he had been when he was a baby. I used to play with him when he was little, and sometimes the nurses let me

take care of him out in our garden in the afternoons."

"Did they let you see him?" we asked, after a pause.

"No, I didn't see him. When I got to Kars, all the political prisoners had been taken away. We did not know where, but we thought probably they had been executed. Everything was in confusion, for our army had been defeated, and the Turks were coming to attack Kars. No one dreamed that it would fall; it was an impregnable fortress. We had huge supplies of munitions and plenty of food. We weren't afraid, but we were excited.

"I organized a sort of Red Cross for our soldiers. It was hard to interest the women, for Armenian women have never done such things, and they thought it was not proper. But I talked, and scolded, and shamed and browbeat them. When our men were fighting and dying, it did seem that Armenian women might be making bandages and collecting medicines and cigarettes for them. Almost every day a few of us went up to the fort to take something to the soldiers and to do what we could for the wounded. We wore our veils and were careful to be very dignified, not to smile or laugh at all, and in a little while the soldiers understood and were quite grateful to us. That was how I learned that we could not hold Kars."

"Why not?"

"The soldiers said the Turks would take it. They were all discouraged and discontented. Lots of them were Bolshevists—not real members of the Party, but grumbling about fighting, asking what was the use of war, and what quarrel did Armenian peasants have

with Turkish peasants—things like that. Frightful things. They should have been shot down right there. But the officers were really, secretly, afraid to do anything to them.

"Then one day I went with three other women to distribute cigarettes in the fortress, and the soldiers said the Turks were coming. They could not fight them, they said, because the artillery was trained on the Kagizman road. They had expected the Turks to come that way, but instead they were coming by the Sarikamish road. So even if they fired the guns, they would not hit the Turks."

"Couldn't they change their aim?"

"I asked them that, but they said it would take three days to figure out the new range and to move the guns. They said it was no use to try; the Turks would be there before they could do it."

This seems to me to be one of the most amazing things I ever heard of in warfare. Of course I know nothing whatever about artillery. But I tell it as Suzanne got it from the soldiers in the impregnable fortress of Kars.

"Was that what happened?"

"I don't know. I went back to my work. The school was open, though we didn't get much done. The guns began to fire that afternoon, and they kept firing for twenty-four hours. I was standing in the gateway of the school, listening to them, when I saw one of the officers driving past—driving the carriage himself, on the coachman's seat. His wife was in the carriage, and it was loaded with trunks and packages,

and just as it went past me a hatbox fell off. His wife stood up and said, 'Don't stop! Don't stop!' I called, 'Are the Turks coming?' The officer looked back at me and shouted, 'No, no! Kars is impregnable. Don't be alarmed.'

"He was too far away then to say anything more. I just looked at that hatbox lying there in the street and went back into the school to get my hat and coat and make up a bundle. That time I remembered to take a comb and toothbrush, and underwear, and stockings. Before I got them together, crowds of parents were coming after their children. I thought I ought to do something, but everybody was hysterical, no one could listen, the place was like a mad house. The guns had stopped firing. I thought we'd all have to go northward into Georgia again, for even if we held Alexandropol, the country would be unprotected. The trip would take a couple of months at least; it's hundreds of miles. When we got to the frontier, Georgia might be fighting Armenia. I must have money to bribe the officials at the frontier, to get a Georgian passport again.

"I'd left my money with a friend, so I went to her house. It was quite a large family, but the only man left in it was this woman's brother. They were packing their things; he had gone to try to get a carriage. She was very fat, so fat that she could hardly move, and she begged me to help her. So I helped her pack, and all the time she cried and begged me not to leave her, to go with her. But it took such a long time; even when her brother came with a carriage they

couldn't decide anything, or seem to get anything done. The streets were full of people crying that the Turks were coming. At last I left. Perhaps I should have stayed with her. But they had filled the carriage with goods. And she was so fat, she couldn't really have got away on her feet."

"Did you ever hear what became of her?"

"Oh, yes. When the Turks were really right there, they unloaded the carriage, and she got away in it. Her brother stayed. He hid as much of the goods as he could, and barricaded himself in the house. But the Turks broke down the doors and killed him. His body was found there later, the house wrecked and almost everything in it gone. But he had had time to bury one box of money and jewels where the Turks had not found it. Afterward, when peace was signed with the Turks, she went back to Kars and got it. The last I heard of her, she was living in Kars and keeping a pastry shop. I don't think there has been a massacre since; she is probably there yet."

"And where did you go?"

"From the cries in the streets, I decided the Turks would catch us before we could get away. So I thought I would go to one of the American hospitals. I think there were three of them—Near East Relief hospitals, or perhaps they were orphanages. At least, American houses, under the American flag. They were in the little valley, between the town and the fortress. I went in that direction, and I saw an American woman on horseback in the crowd. She was bringing in a convoy of ox-carts, with supplies. The people were so frantic,

there were nearly pulling her to pieces, and she stood up in the stirrups and slashed at them with her whip, and kept on shouting orders to the men on the wagons. She was magnificent. You American women are really wonderful. You don't ever lose your heads, as we do, do you? You don't seem to have emotions. I suppose because you control them so well."

Perhaps. How can any one say when self-control is stronger than emotions, whether it is because the will is strong or because the emotions are weak? It is one of those interracial questions that can hardly be answered, because no one person can ever really know both sides.

"I couldn't get to the American houses. Our soldiers were coming down the hill on the other side of the valley, and on the bridge they were meeting the crowds that were trying to get to the American flags. We could see the flags. But—I don't know whether any one was being killed in that jam on the bridge, but it looked as though they were, and the Turkish flag was on the fortress. So thousands of us turned and ran back into the town.

"There was an Armenian hospital there. I knew the woman in charge of it, so when I saw it I pounded on the gate until she let me in. She had a great many wounded Armenian soldiers there, and said she would not leave them. We knew the Turks would come. We kept going around in the wards, so that the men would see that we hadn't left them.

"Nothing happened for a long time. Of course we heard a great deal of shooting outside. Sometime in

the night she had an idea. I speak French and English, you see, and she said that when the Turks came, I was to pretend that I was an American. Then they would not dare do anything to us or the patients. I said I would try it, though I was afraid they wouldn't believe me. I don't look like an American, and besides, at that time my English wasn't as good as it is now. I knew that a Turk who knew English might recognize my Armenian accent. It was quite noticeable then. So I kept practicing the words I might have to use, saying them over and over to get the accent right.

"It was about ten o'clock next morning when we heard a pounding and shouting at the gate. We looked out, behind the shutters, and it was a naked man—entirely naked and covered with blood, beating at our gate and calling out in Armenian. We would not have dared let him in. But we did not have to decide, because we had hardly seen him when some Turkish soldiers came running around the corner and shot him. Then they stood and looked at the hospital. Of course our shutters were all closed. In a few minutes a Turkish officer came, and he looked too. He couldn't see us, but we felt he was looking straight at us, and we ran away from the window. Then we heard him pounding at the gates and shouting to us to open them.

"My friend said I must go out and speak to him. She dressed me in a white apron, and put a cloth with a Red Cross on my head. I don't remember that I was frightened; I was just stupefied, and all I could do was to listen to the Turks shouting. She had to move my

arms as though I were a baby. The officer's voice was so cold—angry and cold.

"My friend shook me and slapped my face as hard as she could. She said if I did not go out, we would all be killed anyway. That did not make any impression on me, I didn't even remember it until afterward. Then she opened the shutters, and I stepped out on the balcony and said in French, 'What do you want? What do you mean, making all that noise? Don't you know there are sick people here?'

"The officer looked up at me. He looked surprised. He asked me who I was, and I said, 'I am the American in charge of this hospital.' I tried to speak French with an American accent. I think God must have had us especially in His care that day, for that Turk did not speak English. He apologized in French for troubling me, but he said he must inspect the hospital.

"The officer was perfectly—perfectly—what is that word?—meek. He was perfectly meek. I have often thought since, it's just your air of expecting to be obeyed that gives you Americans all your power out here. Why, if I had really been an American woman, I would have been just as much alone as I was. Not a man in the place, except the sick patients. No one to protect me, really. Not even America, for America has never killed anybody when missionaries have been killed. It was just assuming that no one would dare to hurt me that protected me, just as it would have protected an American. Just because I gave orders, as though I must be obeyed, the orders were obeyed.

"I went down and opened the gate, and told the

officer that three men were enough for him to bring in. I said I would not have more dirty feet spoiling my clean floors. He took three men, and ordered the others back, and I fastened the gates again. Then we took the officer through the hospital, and I went down with him to the gates and locked them behind him. He didn't do anything but ask if we could take in some wounded Turks. I said he would have to ask the American committee, as all our beds were full, but I thought it could be arranged.

"Of course we knew that as soon as the three days' looting was over, and the Turkish officers took control again, the hospital would be safe. Especially if the Turks had spoken about it to the Americans. And that was just what happened."

"But I thought you said you were a refugee from Kars. Do you mean that was being a refugee?"

"Goodness, no! Why, that—why, I was as clean as I am now, and sleeping under a roof. It was later I was a refugee."

"But why? Why didn't you stay in Kars if everything was safe?"

"I did stay, more than a week. Then—you see, I had a girl friend, an Armenian, about my own age. When it was safe to go on the streets again, I went to find her. Her family owned a sweetmeat shop, very nice, very modern—like the Tiflis shops. They were not exactly rich, but they had plenty of money, all they could use, and all the girls were well educated. When I went to look for them of course I went to the shop; I knew the Turks would have taken their house. I

found my friend and her mother living in the little back room behind the shop. Her father and brothers had got away safely. They were very happy about that, and happy to see me, and they gave me tea, and the Turk who had taken their shop sent us in some bread and cakes.

"It was so nice that in a day or two I went to see them again. I had to go through the shop to get to their room, and of course I went quickly and held my veil across my face, but I thought the old Turk looked at me strangely. And this time my friend wasn't the same. I thought she seemed to be hiding some thought. But her mother made a great fuss over me, and petted me, and made me promise to come again the next day.

"The next day, when I went through the shop, there was a Turkish officer sitting there, drinking coffee, and he watched me. And my friend's mother was so demonstrative, kissing me, and praising me, saying how beautiful I was, and taking down my hair to admire it—I don't know—maybe it was all my imagination—but my friend looked pale. She said she had a headache. Anyway—when her mother spoke about what a rich husband I should have, and how with my talents and my education and my good looks I should marry some high person and have jewels and servants again—

"I didn't stay long. I put up my hair and doubled my veil across my face, and left. When I came through the shop, the officer was still there, and I felt that he and the old Turk had been talking about me. You know how you feel such things. So I went straight to the hospital and took my bundle and went quickly

out with the refugees that were still going northward.

"Of course there may have been nothing in it. I hate to think that any Armenian woman—still, when you are desperate enough—and of course she had to think of her own daughter. She might even have persuaded herself that it would be better for me to marry a rich Turk than to be a refugee. They were there in that little back room, and they had nothing to eat but what the old Turk gave them. And again, there may have been nothing in it at all except my fancy. But I had that feeling—

"Anyway, I thought it best to get out of Kars very quickly. So I did."

I cannot express the poignancy and the unreality, together, of this story as Suzanne told it. Here for more than a week we had been talking every day to her, a pretty, well-bred girl, interested in hats and enjoying funny incidents, and suddenly she opened this vista of memories, all strange and dark and terrible. And how she took for granted things that our minds stumble over.

"I had to walk alone in the street," she said, as though no girl of twenty had ever walked alone in a day-lighted street. Yet, "Of course when the three days of looting and killing ended," she said, as we might say, "after luncheon." And "this time I had a comb and toothbrush," she said, quite cheerfully.

"I kept them all tied in the handkerchief with my money, inside my blouse. So it wasn't as bad as the first time, and there was plenty of water in the mountains, too. But we were much longer on the road. It

was months before we reached Alexandropol. You see, the Turks were advancing, and there were skirmishing parties of them all through the country; we had to avoid those, and kept going miles out of our way."

"What did you have to eat?"

"Some people started with a little food, and some of them, sometimes, divided it. Then there were ox-carts, at first—and we ate the oxen. There weren't many people left in the country, because first the Armenians had driven out the Tartars, and now the Turks were driving out the Armenians. There was some stock, a few sheep and cattle and hens that had been left. There were birds. It wasn't the season for bird's eggs. There were some rabbits. And in some villages there was grain.

"Yes, we tore down the houses. We burned every scrap of wood we could find. We cut down grapevines, olive trees, anything. It was so cold. Even when we had fires, we couldn't all get close to them, and it was so cold the rest of us didn't sleep. I had a blanket when I started, but it was stolen. I don't blame whoever took it. I'd have stolen one myself if I could have. I don't think I would have stolen it from a baby or a sick person, but I would have from any one else.

"Of course there were times when we didn't eat at all. Other days when we found pine-cones—you know, the nuts in them. And acorns. They're bitter, but you're glad to get them.

"Lots of people died, of course, along the roads."

The shadows in her eyes, even to us who saw them from outside, were painful. We skipped to the

end of the story. "How did you meet the Americans?"

"I was in one of the refugee camps in Alexandropol. There were about two thousand in that camp, and every day an American man came and gave us bread. When I had bread for a few days I began to think again, and I asked myself why I was sitting there when there was work to do? I thought I might help the man. So next day when I was going past him in the line, taking my piece of bread, I asked him if I couldn't help. He was so surprised. 'Hello! You speak English?' he said. 'Mission school? American orphan?'

"I told him no, I was a graduate of the Tiflis university, and that I knew French and German and Russian—and Georgian and Tartar and Turkish and Armenian, of course—and that if I could help him I would be glad, because I didn't like being idle all day. Yet there was nothing else to do, unless I could help the Americans. So he told me to go up to the offices, and I did, and they gave me a job as interpreter. They'd just got a shower-bath installed, and they let me have a bath—a warm bath, with soap, and towels. And this is a funny thing—after all those months that I hadn't shed one tear, I stood in that warm water and cried like a baby. It seemed so wonderful—

"They gave me some things to wear, too. And a pair of the long-pointed shoes that Americans wear—I was so funny! I used to look down at myself and laugh and laugh. I would have loved to see myself in a mirror. But one of the girls in the workrooms lent me shears and a needle and gave me yards of thread, and I sewed at night, so in a little while I was quite

presentable. It's surprising what talents you have without knowing it. I wouldn't have supposed that I could ever sew a seam. But now I'm a complete dressmaker and milliner. Don't you think this is a cunning hat? I made it myself."

It *was* a cunning hat. It also seemed to end the story, and as the mules had long been restless and the coachman reproachful-eyed, and the sun was getting near the western mountains, we rose and prepared to return to Djalal-Oghly. We went careening across the empty plateau for some time before I remembered one thing Suzanne had left untold.

"Did you ever hear of your brother again?"

"Oh, yes. He's chief of the department of political education in Erivan. I had a letter from him only two months ago, and before that I had heard that he was alive. He was sentenced to death, but while the Turks were coming in he escaped. He was hiding in the mountains, in Zangazour, when I got to Alexandropol. When the Russian armies went to Erivan he came down and joined them, and when they took Erivan they made him a member of the government. He is studying English; he wrote to me in English. He said he was studying at night, trying to make up for not having been able to finish the university. But he said he is working so hard that he is too tired at night to keep awake. He wouldn't give up his work, not even for an education. He's so enthusiastic about the new government. I'm sorry; he's so young—and he was such an intelligent boy. I think he would have been a great man if it hadn't been for the European War."

XVIII

FROM SNOW-CROWNED ARARAT

AT the foot of Mount Ararat, "Mother of the World," all Armenia becomes comprehensible. Mount Ararat has seen from the beginning the life of Armenia, coming out of the mists in which history's memory begins, crossing all remembered centuries, and going on indomitably into the future. The vastness and silence of the mountain reduces all human things to their proportions in the universe, and the short tale of mankind's life on earth becomes a chapter in the story of Mount Ararat.

The great mountain lifts its two peaks above the immense plateaus that are the birthplace of the Tigris and the Euphrates. Northward it looks across the valley of the Araxes at the huge lower bulk of Algoz that hides Alexandropol and the mountains of Georgia. On the banks of the Araxes there is a crescent of green trees and flat-roofed houses; Erivan. Twenty miles nearer the source of the river, grim fortress-walls, church towers and ancient gates guard the Katholicos in Etchmiadzin. But both these places—Erivan, capital of Armenia when the wolf was suckling Romulus in the wild forests of Italy, and Etchmiadzin, where Saint Gregory founded the Armenian church sixteen hundred years ago—vanish in the sweep of the plain. The

rhythm of rolling land is like the waves of the sea, caught up and flung to the sky in the two white peaks of Ararat, and land and mountain and sky are vast and indifferent as they were when the first Armenians came furtively, armed with stone and wooden spear, to find the undiscovered sources of the Euphrates in the far mysterious West.

They were an adventurous people, those first Armenians whom Mount Ararat saw emerging from the unknown sources of the white man's life on earth. Their brother tribes had turned southward, to the fertile plains of India; still others stayed contented with the discovery of Persia. The Armenians pushed westward, higher and still higher, climbing the enormous mountain-walls of the world, and fighting as they came with wild animals and wilder tribes of men.

Some of these wild peoples were less warlike, like the Iroquois tribes of America; these were Semitic peoples, living in the valley of the Euphrates. The Armenians subdued them. But the mountain tribes —Georgians and Kurds and a score of others—were savage and fierce as Hurons. They fought so desperately the invaders of their mountain peaks that, though slowly and inch by inch for unnumbered centuries the Armenians drove them back, they are still unsubdued and warlike, still holding here and there a mountain peak or a range, and still nourishing their hatred of the white men who took their country from them. Thus, in the deportations of 1915, it was these tribes that descended on the masses of helpless Armenian women and children whom the Turks were aim-

TWIN PEAKS OF ARARAT

This great mountain, which Armenians call Mother of the World, lifts its two peaks above the immense plateaus that are the birthplace of the Tigris and Euphrates. At the foot of Ararat, all Armenia becomes comprehensible.

lessly driving about, and slaked their prehistoric hatreds in blood.

No one knows when the Armenians, moving westward, first began this war for the plateau of the river Araxes at the foot of Mount Ararat. They had established themselves in the lower valleys, perhaps millenniums before the Flood. They were living harmoniously with the Semitic peoples they had found there. Centuries mixed the two strains of blood, the conquered Semitic peoples took the language and customs of the victors. Haiq was king of the Armenians; no one knows when. Following him came kings of Semitic names, Aram, Armais, Armenag. But the Armenians kept the name of their own king; to this day they call themselves Haicians, and they call their country Haiasdan. The name Armenia was given to it by the conquered Semitic tribes of the valleys; it meant in their language, "the high country."

One imagines these ancient Haicians living much as the villagers of Berd live to-day. In the valleys, no doubt, they built little shelters of mud. They had a few sheep, perhaps; perhaps they wore only skins of wild animals. There would be a little group of Haicians living in a village around the hut, larger than the others, of their father-chief. Nearby would be a village of Semitic peoples. On some days the men would go hunting animals in the forests of the foothills; on other days they would go hunting the men of the savage mountain tribes.

As they pushed higher into the mountains, they lived in caves. When settlers from the valleys followed their

pioneer warriors, they built shelters of stones. One day they built a wall around a village; it became impregnable. Thereafter, they went farther into the land of Kurds and Georgians; they built a wall around a camp, and held it. Warfare had made a great advance. They pushed the savages back, to the base of Mount Ararat, then to the banks of the Araxes. Civilization was conquering the wilderness.

But behind them another civilization was rising, the Semitic civilization of the Assyrians. A little more than eleven hundred years before Christ the Assyrians began their own conquest of their mountain frontiers. The Armenians of the valleys found their Semitic neighbours allied with the enemy, and their own blood mixed with the same colour. The Assyrian armies easily overcame them. The mountain Armenians were left between two enemies: to the north the savages, to the south the Assyrian empire. They fought bravely, but three hundred years later Assyria had conquered, and Assyrian camps were pitched beside the Araxes River, in the afternoon shadow of Mount Ararat. There was a last, convulsive struggle, the Assyrian Emperor himself arrived at the head of his army, and Ararat saw the first massacre of Armenians. The survivors fled to inaccessible peaks of the Taurus and Caucasian ranges.

The obstinate tenacity with which these groups of fugitive brigands clung to their independence and resisted centuries of effort to absorb them into the Assyrian civilization created innumerable legends which Armenian mothers still tell their children. One may

hear these tales to-day, by refugee camp fires on the shores of the Black Sea, in groups waiting outside delousing stations on the Greek islands. The legend of Ara the Beautiful, beloved of Semiramis; the legend of painted Belus, Emperor of Assyria; the legend of Astayage's dream. Children, small and helpless in an adult world, tell themselves fairy stories in which they are prince and princess, ruling an imaginary realm. Peoples oppressed by conquerors tell themselves legends of imaginary ancient glories.

Thus we have the legend of Haiq, king of Armenia, as it was clothed in song during long winter days in caves on snow-buried Ararat, while Assyria ruled from the Araxes to the Mediterranean. Haiq did not die in the valley of the Euphrates, says the tale. He fled to the Mother of the World—to Ararat—where all the peoples bowed before him. He established a kingdom and built cities, he was a renowned and powerful king. Then came Belus, king of Babylon, marching to attack Armenia. The Babylonians came in numbers as the leaves of the forests, their spears covered the earth as thickly as reeds in a marsh. Haiq marched forth to meet them with a mere handful of warriors. But they were Armenians! The two armies met in the valley Haiots-tsor, and encamped on opposite sides, while Haiq and Belus came forth to battle. Belus was so terrible in his warpaint that even the stout-hearted Armenians were shaken by the sight of him, advancing spear in hand. But brave Haiq drew his bow, and the swift arrow sped to bury itself in Belus' heart. Overcome by this disaster the Assyrians turned and fled,

pursued by the Armenians who slaughtered ten thousand. Triumphantly they returned to camp, bearing with them the corpse of Belus, whose blood stained the warpaint.

Other legends take up the imaginary glorious history. There is Aram, another king of Armenia, whose fame was known to the uttermost shores of the world. His son was Ara the Beautiful, the splendour of whose countenance was like the sun. He was so beautiful that Semiramis, Queen of Assyria, lost her heart when she heard him described. She sent messengers begging him to marry her, but Ara the Beautiful proudly refused. The great queen's love would not be denied; she declared war on Armenia in order to capture its beautiful king, and herself marched at the head of her troops. Before the battle she gave orders that the man would be killed who disturbed one hair of Ara's head. But in the fury of the fighting a chance arrow killed him. Ara the Beautiful lay dead, and the Queen's sorrow made her victory a defeat.

Even the death of Ara the Beautiful would not have conquered the indomitable Armenians; powerful Semiramis was driven to stratagem to save her armies. Ara the Beautiful must be shown to his enraged people. No living being had beauty comparable to his. Therefore the body of Ara, dressed in his royal robes, was shown every day at the window of the palace, and his people, thinking him a living hostage in the hands of Semiramis, were quiet.

Semiramis crossed the plateau of the Araxes, and went to Van. Such was the beauty of Armenia that

she was not content until she made that country her royal residence. The most magnificent city in the world was built on the shores of Lake Van, and the gardens of the palace were more marvellous than the hanging gardens of Babylon. There Semiramis lived in more than imaginable splendour, until the Fire-worshippers came to end her reign and her life.

To this day, the Armenian people see, in the ruins on the shores of Lake Van, the enormous walls of granite built for the palace of Queen Semiramis. The ruins are indeed there, and a wealth of inscriptions in cuneiform writing, which can be read but cannot be understood. They are the tombstones of a forgotten race. Ara the Beautiful, Semiramis and her sorrows and glories, are poetic creations of Armenian refugee-brigands, driven to mountain caves by the Assyrian armies. These kings and queens, battles and palaces, never were on earth. But they are a flowering of that deep root, still buried, still alive, which is Armenia.

It gave us also the legends of King Tigranes, who is described as the ruler of free Armenia. He, and his son Vahakian, are heroes of a cycle of tales, in which they are seen performing more mighty deeds than Hercules. Fact and legend cannot be disentangled. But the fact seems to have been that the Armenian brigand-patriots came from their mountain retreats when the Empire of the Medes arose, that they joined the Medes in their wars against Assyria, and that in return they were given the limited freedom of a vassal state. Some centuries later King Tigranes appears, making alliance with the Persians against the Medes, then giv-

ing his sister in marriage to the Median king, then waging successful war against him and taking back his sister by the simple expedient of making her a widow. Tigranes is then described as the ruler, not only of Armenia, but of the lands of the Medes.

The legendary age ends with Vahakian, son and successor of Tigranes. Thereafter, for many centuries, we have no more news of the Armenians. History was recording—as far as records were made—the great conflicts in the valley of the Euphrates and in Asia Minor. The Armenians apparently were free, a small people spreading over the plateaus of the Caucasus, mixed with Medes, Assyrians and Persians who had straggled to these edges of the known world. There must have been many tribes of them, loosely united under the leadership of one or another. There must have been innumerable little wars among them, and between them and the valiant survivors of the original inhabitants. Their freedom and these wars expressed their emotions in the world of reality, therefore they made no more legends.

This chapter of their history ends with the defeat and death of their king, the last descendant of Haiq, at the hands of Alexander the Great, when the Macedonians and Albanians were conquering the world.

When Alexander the Great died, and his brief Empire fell to pieces, Armenia became captive to Syria. Still it profited by its great distance from the centres of government, and its subjection was more nominal

than real. Emperors were apparently content to let that turbulent corner of the world alone if, now and then, a knee were bent and a tribute offered. There were troubles enough in Asia without stirring more.

The Parthian Empire was rising now, overthrowing one by one the kingdoms established by Alexander's generals. Looking back upon those days, one sees the pattern; one says, "The Parthian Empire was rising." So will historians some day see the pattern of to-day's events, hidden from us now by the events themselves. There is no doubt that during the several centuries following Alexander's adventure, no one knew what was happening. It was known only that everywhere there were wars and intrigues.

Out of them came triumphant the chief family of one small town, whose power had steadily waxed until it covered the whole earth, save only those remoté fringes of it, the Balkans. Persia was conquered, the Macedonians were driven from Babylon, the Greeks who had followed them to Asia Minor were chased from its shores, Syria was subdued. The glory of the Parthian Empire began.

It was a large, loose empire, administered in each of its various subdivisions by a member of the royal family. To a brother of the Emperor was given the task of subduing and ruling the Caucasus. The remnants of the Macedonians were organizing a revolt against the Parthians, and the position of the Armenians between the two greater powers appears in their brief emergence from history's forgetfulness of them.

Macedonians and Parthians joined battle; the Armenians killed the leader of the Macedonians, and were at once attacked and defeated by the Parthians.

The first work of the new Parthian ruler of Armenia, Valarsace, was to wipe out brigandage. He was horrified by the barbarity of the country, whose inhabitants, he reported, lived by murder and pillage. So are all empires horrified by the feeble retaliations of their subjects—who certainly are not conquered by kindness and charity—and so do all conquered mountaineers retaliate. The ensuing conflicts among the crags of Mount Ararat were called, as usual, "pacifying the country," and in those conflicts the Armenians undoubtedly displayed a ferocity equal to that of the Parthians. They were, however, pacified in the end.

Valarsace then organized this subdivision of the empire, and conferred his greatest favours upon a certain Jew whose name was Pakarad. Pakarad was given the title of Bragatide, or Bestower of the Crown, with the honour, made hereditary in his family, of placing the crown upon the heads of all successive kings of Armenia at their coronation. This office carried with it the position of commander of the royal cavalry, and the successful Israelite founded a family destined to great power in the annals of Armenia. The Bragatide princes, indeed, survived even the Armenian empire, and more than a thousand years after the death of the founder of their family they were kings of the little Armenian kingdom which endured almost to modern times.

Valarsace, aided by Pakarad, organized Armenia so well that for almost half a century the country had no history; then it began to play an important part in world affairs.

The Greeks were defeated and had retired. The huge Parthian empire was beginning to suffer from its unwieldy size. West of the western rim of the earth, another small village was spreading its power, becoming a city, a state, a kingdom, an empire—Rome.

Tigranes the First, king of Armenia, was able to play against each other the declining and the rising empires, and to seize advantage from both. Armenia became a world-power. Mark Antony, the young Roman general, waged war against her and captured the son of Tigranes, whom he sent captive as a present to Cleopatra of Egypt. It was Cleopatra's royal caprice, later, to have him decapitated.

Eventually Armenia was made a vassal of Rome. An unwilling vassal, rebellious and turbulent. Armenia's kings enlisted the aid of Persia in their revolts against Rome. Various rebellions were put down, and in time we find Abgar, king of Armenia, ruling it as a Roman governor, and quarrelling violently with Herod, Roman governor of Judæa. Herod sent armies against Armenia, the Armenians triumphantly defeated them, and extended Armenian territory into the lower valleys of the Euphrates.

The political situation was anything but pleasing to Rome. Abgar had made a visit to the court of Persia;

Abgar was building a royal city on the banks of the Euphrates. An alliance between Armenia and Persia would be a serious danger to Rome. Herod was recalled, and a new governor of Judæa, with fresh armies, was sent to replace him.

Abgar immediately sent his favourite, Anan, to visit this new governor of Judæa, to protest Armenia's innocence of any plot to attack Rome, and to pay the annual tribute, now some time in arrears. Of this journey from Armenia to Judæa a curious story is told, which may not be true, but which easily might have been.

Returning from his successful mission, so the story goes, Anan lingered a while in Jerusalem. Political missions in those days, as now, showed no great haste in making history, and the hotels and entertainments of Jerusalem must have been pleasant to a hard-worked emissary from the provinces of the Caucasus. While in Jerusalem, Anan heard much discussion of a new prophet who was said to be causing grave uneasiness in inner official circles. He was described as a magician, who performed miracles of many kinds, including the cure of diseases. His birth had been surrounded with such portents that Herod had ordered a massacre of all Jewish male infants. His following was growing, and might become dangerous to the safety of the province.

Returning in due time to the Armenian court, Anan reported these rumours. King Abgar, who suffered cruelly from an illness which appears to have been rheumatism, and who may also have had political

reasons for making the acquaintance of an enemy of Herod and a leader dangerous to Rome, immediately dispatched Anan to Jerusalem again, with the following letter:

"Abgar, son of Arscham, to Jesus, the great doctor who has appeared in Judæa—Greetings:

"Sir, I have heard much of thee and of the cures thou hast made. Thou dost not heal with drugs and with the juices of roots, but with Thy word alone. Thou givest sight to the blind, strength to the lame, health to the leprous and hearing to the deaf; Thou drivest out devils and raisest the dead from the grave. Thy word heals all those who suffer and are in pain. Therefore I address to Thee this supplication: come to me to heal me of my pain and of my suffering as I believe that Thou hast power to do.

"I have heard also that there are those who complain against Thee, pursue Thee and would do Thee to death. I possess a beautiful small city and sufficient of all good things for Thee and me. Come to me, and we will live together in peace."

This letter, the story goes, was carried by Anan to Jesus, at the house of the High Priest in Jerusalem, and after having read it, Christ replied that the work which He had to do would not permit Him to live at the court of Armenia. He promised, however, that, later, one of His disciples would go.

Historically, it is true that soon after the Crucifixion, Saint Thomas sent to Armenia one of his disciples, named Thaddeus, who was followed by Saint Bartholo-

mew. This attempt to convert Armenia, however, did not succeed.

"A new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another. . . . By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another. . . ."

This was one voice, speaking to a few poor ragged men who tramped the roads of Asia Minor and slept beneath the stars, while all the world was filled with turmoil of battles and clash of old hatreds and new greeds.

"Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you peace."

A new commandment for the war-tortured peoples of the world, that they love one another. A new commandment, that would bring them peace.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment.

"And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.

"On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

One voice, speaking as the voice of one man could speak, for the few that followed Him through His short pilgrimage on earth.

The Roman Empire covered the world. The little town on the Tiber had grown so powerful that all the old empires had fallen before it. It had pushed even beyond known limits of the world, had conquered the savages of Gaul, had reached the limits where the world

ceased to be and only waters were beyond. It was daring to adventure even over the world's edge, to find lost in the encompassing oceans another small fragment of land where savages called Angles and Saxons and Picts fought the Roman soldiers with stones.

Love? Had the doctrine spread, civilization would have fallen to fragments. Civilization was then the Roman Empire, the Roman Empire was war. The world had been made by war and massacre; it continued to exist by massacre and war. The Roman Empire did not want the peoples of the world to love one another; it had subjected the peoples of the world by force of arms and by force it continued to keep them subjected.

A new commandment? But the world was full of old gods, Roman gods, Greek gods, Persian and Egyptian gods, and here and there gods of Israelites and Assyrians and Chaldeans, whose commandments their peoples followed.

In a remote corner of the earth a minor Roman governor who found a man stirring his province with these doctrines, treasonable in politics and in religion, could do only one thing. His political future was at stake. A successful term of office in Judæa, with proper political support in Rome, might lift him from his mediocre place to one nearer the imperial purple. A serious disturbance in Judæa, calling for Roman legions to suppress it, would lose him his political head.

The Galilean was arrested, tried, convicted. The rabble that had followed him was not considered im-

portant. Respectable people who happened to hear of the incident thought that the Voice that had spoken of love was silenced for ever on Calvary.

"Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away."

Abgar, the king of Armenia, died. The successful war with Herod of Judæa had extended Armenia down the valley of the Euphrates into Mesopotamia. Abgar's son inherited this fertile lower half of the kingdom, but the son of Abgar's sister took the slopes of Mount Ararat, and descending from them with his hardy mountaineers at his back, seized the whole. The country then fell into complete anarchy. Profiting by this condition, a certain Erovant exterminated all the descendants of the former kings, and seized the throne. Only one infant escaped the massacre. This infant, named Ardashes, was carried by his nurse to the stronghold of Sempad Bragatide (Bestower of the Crown), who was the reigning descendant of Pakarad, inheriting his honours, wealth, and power.

Erovant, bargaining with Rome for the safety of his kingdom, relinquished Mesopotamia to the Romans, and retired to High Armenia, where he built a magnificent capital, Erivan, on the shores of the Araxes. Here he established his court. For his gods, however, he built another city at a little distance, in order that the multitudes of pilgrims who came to worship them might not oblige him to keep too large a garrison of soldiers to protect his court. Thus nineteen centuries ago Mount Ararat looked down, as it does to-day, upon

Erivan the capital of Armenia, and Etchmiadzin, the centre of Armenia's religious faith.

Erovant reigned here in splendour and comparative peace. Rome did not trouble him; every year he bought his freedom by payment of tribute to the Empire. But the fugitive child of Abgar's family was growing to manhood in the care of Sempad Bragatide, and one day Erivan was startled by news that he was coming to reclaim his kingdom. King Erovant hastened out at the head of his troops, and battle was joined on the banks of the Araxes. That night the victorious Ardashes slept in the tent of former King Erovant, who had been killed by a soldier in the very gates of Erivan.

The reign of Ardashes, under the prudent tutelage of Sempad Bragatide, was long and prosperous. When a large Roman army appeared at the gates of his capital, doubtless intending to profit by the disturbance of the revolution and annex Armenia, Ardashes bought them off by payment of a double tribute. During his reign he built a new capital, of which no trace is visible to-day, and installed there a large colony of Jews, doubtless under the patronage of Sempad Bragatide.

The ancient and still unended war with the original inhabitants of the mountains—Georgians, Kurds and other savage tribes—broke out afresh, and Ardashes brilliantly defended the northern boundaries of his kingdom. Defeating the savages, he returned from the war with a wife, Satinig, still celebrated for her marvellous beauty. There are Armenians to-day who

still sing fragments of the old songs commemorating that marriage.

The great king Ardashes rode out on his black war-horse,
His thong of red leather and links of gold hissed in the air;
Swift as an eagle falling upon its prey he crossed the river.
The thong of red leather and links of gold curled round the virgin's body,
And cruelly seizing around the waist the beautiful Georgian princess
Roughly he bore her away into his camp.

There are villages among the crags of Zangazour, I am told, where, to this day, the guests sing at marriage feasts, while the musicians are playing and Soviet paper roubles are showered on the heads of the dancers, the old song:

A shower of gold fell on the marriage of Ardashes,
And pearls rained down on the wedding of Satinig.

Still the aboriginal peoples of the Caucasus continued to revolt, and Sempad Bragatide took the field at the head of an army whose victories were rewarded by the gift of a northern province. Here the Bragatides built their own semi-independent capital, Ani.

So many successes in war, combined with the troubles which beset Rome in Europe, emboldened Ardashes to refuse to pay tribute to the Roman Empire, and when Roman armies came to collect it, the Armenians defeated them. Armenia was now at the zenith

of her power, and while Nero was gazing through his emerald at the slaughter of Christians in the arena at Rome, Armenians and Persians were raiding the eastern provinces of his empire.

At home, too, Ardashes was accomplishing great things. The king and Sempad Bragatide were importing into the wild Caucasus the civilization of the valleys. Bridges were built across streams, boats were launched on the mountain lakes. A method of counting the days and reckoning the passage of months and years was established for the use of the court. The people, of course, continued to count time only by the changing seasons and the waxing and waning of the moon. But for them, too, there were improvements. They were instructed to sow seed and to reap the harvest; agriculture was beginning. Grapevines were brought from Persia and set in Armenian soil. The fashion of cooking meat before eating it began to spread; it was an acquired taste, like olives, but those who had tasted baked meat while hot, preferred it to the raw flesh cut from the slaughtered animal, and the villages began to dig baking-pits. With the harvest of grain, too, came a method of grinding it between stones, mixing the result with water, and spreading the dough on hot stones to cook. The Armenian bread of to-day had been invented.

These golden days passed. Rome revived under Trajan, and when Egypt and Palestine resounded again to the tramp of Roman legions, Ardashes abandoned valour for discretion, and hastened to remit to Trajan the unpaid tribute of the rebellious years. The king

was growing old; his sons were intriguing against each other and against Sempad Bragatide. In the midst of these troubles, Ardashes fell ill, and although hundreds of human victims were sacrificed to the gods in order to save his life, he died. His funeral was a magnificent one, and his wives and concubines, buried alive with his body, were counted by scores.

It is said that before his death, during one of the quarrels among the princes, Ardashes had cursed his son, Ardavazt, who succeeded him to the throne. This curse is supposed to have caused the death of Ardavazt, who fell into a mountain chasm while king and court were one day hunting wild asses. Since that time, the Armenian peasants believe, Ardavazt has lived chained in a cave and tormented by two enormous dogs. Eternally he tries to break his chains and to escape. Should he ever do so, he would devastate the country. Therefore, whenever among the mountains is heard the subterranean rumbling of the living volcanos, and when a trembling of the earth rattles the copper pans and cracks the stone lining of baking-pits, the villagers make the sign of the Cross, saying, "Ardavazt is trying to break his chains." And every Sunday the prudent blacksmith strikes three times with his hammer upon his anvil, for thus he forges again the chains that bind Ardavazt in his cave.

One by one, four kings succeeded Ardavazt, while the villagers sowed and reaped, were born and married and died, and summer and winter went over the eternal snows of Ararat. On the plains of the world, far below these high plateaus, history was being made. In the

West, barbarians were attacking Rome from without; from within there was a growing restlessness among the slaves—Christianity. In the East, the remnants of the old Parthian Empire were reviving. In Persia a national religious revolutionary movement was persistently growing.

Khosrov reigned in Armenia when this Persian revolution succeeded. The revolutionists, overthrowing the kings who had adopted Greek gods, re-established at the Persian court the religion of the people, Fire-worship. Amid enthusiastic acclaim of all the populace, the new Persian king, Ardashes, ascended to the throne, and Persia was securely anticipating a revival of her old glory, when Armenia suddenly became dangerous.

It is a characteristic of all nations so far known to history, to attack and if possible, invade any neighbouring country which is upset by revolution. In international politics, the difficulties of a neighbour are always opportunities for adding to them. Khosrov of Armenia naturally lost no time in attacking Persia. Many of his captains deserted to the Persians, but Khosrov appealed to Rome for aid, and gave battle. So successful was he, that he not only defeated the Persian armies with great slaughter, but pursued Ardashes, their king, even to the frontiers of India.

Ardashes, thus ruined and exiled, was driven to stratagem. He promised, to any Armenian who would kill Khosrov, the highest place in the empire which he did not doubt that he could recover, were the king of Armenia dead. There were, of course, many claimants to the Armenian throne; to one of these, named

Anag, Ardashes promised to give Armenia if he would earn it by killing Khosrov.

Anag agreed to the bargain, and his entrance into Armenian history is sufficiently dramatic. He appears fleeing across the borders of Persia, pursued by Persian armies and shrieking to Khosrov for aid. Khosrov immediately sent troops to his rescue, and brought him to Erivan, where he soon became a royal favourite. For two years Anag dwelt at the Armenian court, covered with honours and showered with gifts, and during those two years he became the father of a child who was named Gregory. This boy was born sixteen centuries ago; for more than fifteen centuries his bones have been dust, but his short life has preserved for fifteen hundred years the life of the Armenian people. He became Saint Gregory the Illuminator, founder of the Armenian Gregorian church.

He was a baby in the arms of his nurse when Anag, his father, carried out his promise of killing Khosrov. Choosing a moment, when in the excitement of a hunt, the unsuspecting king was unguarded, Anag stabbed him to death and fled toward Persia. On the banks of the Araxes, some miles below Erivan, he was overtaken and killed by the king's guards.

Dying, Khosrov gave orders that Anag's family should be massacred, and none of his blood escaped the slaughter save Gregory, with whom his nurse fled to Cæsarea, a Roman city of Anatolia.

As soon as the news of Khosrov's death reached him, Ardashes gathered his armies and threw himself on Armenia, which was embroiled in a dozen civil wars

among claimants for the empty throne. Easily defeating the disordered country, Ardashes subdued all the warring chiefs, excepting only the reigning Bragatide, who took refuge in impregnable Ani. As for the family of Khosrov, it was massacred, with the exception of one infant named Tiridates, whose nurse fled with him to Rome.

After his victory, Ardashes established himself in Armenia, defeated an army sent against him by Rome, and suppressed all gods but Fire, throughout his new dominions. He reigned comfortably for thirty-six years, and was succeeded by his son as king of Armenia.

Then Rome played her trump card—Tiridates, the rightful heir to the Armenian throne, who had been held in reserve and educated at the Roman court. Roman armies marched into Armenia and made him king, that is to say, they reconquered Armenia for the Roman Empire. Tiridates, established on his throne, drove out the priests of the Fire, set up again the old gods and those of Rome, and began his long and eventful reign.

Not long after it began, there arrived a traveller from Cæsarea,—Gregory. He had been brought up as the son of his nurse, a poor woman and a Christian, who had taught him her own faith. Living as a modest, working man among the poor, he had married a Christian woman and was the father of two sons, when he heard the story of Khosrov's murder. Thinking about it and praying for guidance, it seemed to him to be his duty to devote his life to expiating his father's crime.

His wife agreed with him. The family was broken up, the wife and two boys going to join a Christian group in Rome, while Gregory came to Armenia to serve Tiridates.

He was well received by the king, and very soon held a high place in the royal councils. He had not told Tiridates that he was the son of Khosrov's murderer. Feeling it his duty to expiate that inherited sin by serving the orphaned son, he could hardly have begun his service by an announcement that would have ended it and his life together. But when the time of the autumn sacrifice to the gods arrived, another difficulty arose. Tiridates was a deeply religious king and a devout worshipper of the old gods. Gregory was a Christian. As a Christian, he was constrained to refuse to sacrifice to the gods of Tiridates, and the friendly king was reluctantly compelled to put him to the torture. Gregory, under the torture, was still refusing to abandon his faith, when jealous courtiers who had been making private inquiries into the past of the king's new favourite, announced to Tiridates that the obdurate Christian was the son of Anag.

In natural fury, Tiridates ordered him thrown into an old well to starve. Thereafter during some thirteen years, Gregory was forgotten.

XIX

BAPTISM AND MASSACRE

THE stage is set for Armenia's conversion to Christianity. Around this great fact so many legends cluster and so many battles have been fought by those more learned than I, that I hesitate. I hesitate, too, because I remember my many Armenian friends, cultured, intelligent and sincerely devout men and women, to whom the story of this conversion means no more, and no less, than it means to the American for whom I write it. I would not misrepresent the Armenians, whom it is my hope, indeed, to represent as they actually are, through these many wearying pages of writing. I pause, remembering among others Dr. Artine, whom I am glad to call my friend; a man who, in the Armenian Church, is one of the number of earnest followers of Christ who are working within the Christian Churches of the world to make them express more perfectly His Spirit.

Yet to make intelligible his effort, and that of many other leaders of the Armenian people, the weight which they are trying to lift must be shown. When I think of the Armenian faith, its followers seem to me to fall into three groups; the mass of the people, oppressed during fifteen centuries, to whom the Church is what the Catholic Church was to the miserable peas-

ants of Europe during the Dark Ages, a bit of beauty, a light in darkness, a hope; the Vartabed-Bishops of Etchmiadzin, whom I shall later describe; and the men and women scattered through all masses of Armenians wherever you find them, who are Christians as we, who belong to the Churches of America are Christians.

Please to understand then, that the story of Armenia's conversion to Christianity which I am about to relate is that story as it is understood by Armenian peasants, as it is told to their children by the shawled women who reverently kiss the cornerstone of every church as they pass it.

Thirteen years after Saint Gregory had been thrown into a well and forgotten, King Tiridates received a letter from Diocletian, Emperor of Rome. Diocletian, after amiable greeting to the King of Armenia, informed him that a certain Christian virgin of remarkable beauty was said to have fled from Rome to Armenia, accompanied by several other women. Diocletian, having been told of the girl's charms, had sent his soldiers to bring her to him, but when they reached the place where she had been living with other Christian women, they found that the whole community had escaped. It was said that they had taken refuge in Armenia. The girl, a Greek, was named Hripsime, and the Mother-Superior of the community was known as Gaiane. Diocletian requested Tiridates to search his kingdom for these women, and if they were found, to send these two under guard to Rome.

Tiridates immediately offered rewards for the dis-

covery of the women, and it was soon reported that they were living not far from Erivan, in a shelter in which winecasks were stored between vintage seasons. One of their number understood the art of making beads, and by selling these the community earned its food. When Tiridates received this information, he ordered Hripsime brought to the palace, and the others guarded until he should decide what to do with them.

The king's guards sent to carry out this order encountered an unexpected resistance. Hripsime not only refused to accompany them, but when they attempted to take her by force she fought so desperately that a second detachment was ordered out to help to subdue her. No less than twenty men were required to get her to the palace, and the king, hearing of this remarkable battle, himself went to see her.

He was so struck by her beauty that he decided to marry her himself, rather than send her back to Diocletian. The marriage was announced, and according to the simple custom of the day Hripsime was carried to the king's apartments, while gifts were distributed to the rejoicing populace in the streets of Erivan. While the marriage was thus being celebrated and all Erivan was singing and dancing outside the palace, within the king's apartments Hripsime was continuing her resistance so effectually that the king barely escaped with his life.

Force having failed, Tiridates sent his guards to bring Gaiane, the Mother-Superior of the little Christian community. Gaiane was threatened with torture and instructed to command Hripsime to yield to the

king. Instead of doing this, she spoke to the girl in Greek, a language which the guards did not understand, and urged her to remain firm in devotion to her vows of celibacy. Gaiane was taken back to her other companions, and that night Hripsime fought so desperately that she escaped from the palace.

The king's guards sent in pursuit captured her before morning, tied her to four stakes, cut out her eyes and tongue, burned her with their torches, and subjected her to other tortures until late in the following day, when they killed her with stones.

Gaiane and the little group of thirty-four Christian girls in the shelter of the wine casks were reserved for the entertainment of the court, which enjoyed the spectacle of their sufferings under more deliberate refinements of cruelty until they also died.

Immediately the wrath of heaven fell upon king and court; Tiridates and all who had assisted in the martyrdom of the Christians were changed into wild boars. A few faithful citizens of Erivan guarded them in the forests to which they had rushed, where they lived on acorns. Armenia was left without a king, and the horrified family of Tiridates appealed in vain to their gods. At last Christ sent a dream to the king's sister. In this dream a figure of more than mortal beauty appeared to her, and said that the king would be cured only when Saint Gregory was brought from the well into which he had been thrown thirteen years earlier.

In the morning the king's sister related this dream, but no one thought it important. Only after the figure had five times appeared to her, repeating each time the

same words, was she able to prevail upon the king's minister to release Gregory. He himself went to the well in which it had been thought that Saint Gregory had died long ago, and drew the saint from its depths. During the thirteen years Saint Gregory had become completely black.

He was taken to Erivan, and thence to the forest, where at sight of him Tiridates and his courtiers recovered their human reason and voices, but remained imprisoned in the bodies of boars. These boars followed Saint Gregory weeping and imploring him to save them from their hideous punishment, and every order which Gregory gave was immediately confirmed by the boar Tiridates.

Gregory's first desire was to be taken to the bodies of the Christian martyrs, which were found to be still perfectly preserved. By Gregory's orders they were carried to the shelter of the wine-casks, and there the saint prayed before them during sixty days and nights, while the human boars grovelled outside the door, listening to his words.

At midnight of the sixty-sixth night Saint Gregory, still awake and meditating upon the infinite mercy of God, was granted a vision. With a noise of thunder and of crashing waves, the firmament opened like a tent, and from it descended a figure of shining light who called Gregory by his name, saying, "Look up, and contemplate the wonders which I am come to show thee."

Saint Gregory beheld the heavens opened, and there were revealed mountains and valleys so enormous that

the eye could not see their limits. From them poured a light that fell upon the earth, and in this light came innumerable shining angels with wings of flame. These filled the flood of light as particles of dust fill a ray of sunshine which in the bright days of springtime may sometimes enter a house through a crack made by winter storms. These angels covered all the earth, together with the spreading light.

Then from on high descended a man of terrible aspect, holding in his hand an enormous hammer of gold. He came like an eagle dropping swiftly from the sky, and struck with his hammer the gigantic landscape of mountain and valley. The sound of the terrible blow filled the deepest chasms of hell, and instantly mountains and valleys vanished, and an immense plain stretched as far as eye could see.

Then in the midst of the city of the old gods, near the palace of the king, appeared a golden pedestal, from which rose an immense column of fire, with capital made of cloud, surmounted by a fiery cross. Around it rose three other pedestals, one where Hripsime had died, one where her companions had been tortured, one above the shelter of the wine-casks. These pedestals were of blood, their columns were of cloud and their capitals of fire. All were surmounted by crosses, and from these crosses sprang arches, and upon the arches appeared a pavilion made of clouds. Under this pavilion, on the arches, stood the martyred women, ineffably beautiful, clad in shining, white garments. Above the pavilion stood a throne of iron, and

upon this throne was the Cross of Christ. The light from Heaven mingled with the rays of light spreading from the Cross, and radiant columns of light touched the bases of the columns of cloud.

On the enormous plain which filled the heavens a spring of water opened, and flowed out upon the land. The water became a blue sea, the fields about it became blue as the sky, upon them appeared innumerable fiery altars, and beside each altar a column surmounted by a cross; the numbers of them were as the stars of heaven.

Through the blue waters came immense flocks of black goats which, having been bathed in that sea, were transformed into white lambs with shining fleeces. These became sheep and increased and multiplied, lambs covering all the plains. Again these divided into two parts, of which one, crossing the water, became black wolves and turned upon the lambs to devour them. Rivers of blood flowed from the carnage. But great numbers of the lambs became winged, and flew from the slaughter to join the shining legions of the angels. A torrent of fire destroyed the wolves, and the vision vanished.

In the morning Saint Gregory described the wonders he had seen, which Tiridates understood to mean that Armenia must immediately become Christian. Under his orders, crowds immediately began the work of erecting Christian churches on the sites indicated by the columns of the vision. Meantime, Saint Gregory laid the bodies of the martyrs in pine coffins, and Tiri-

dates himself, aided by his wives who had retained their human shape, dug the graves.

As to the spot where the column of fire had been seen by Gregory, it was enclosed by high walls. Tiridates went to the top of Mount Ararat and himself brought down from the summit a huge block of granite which formed their cornerstone, and when he had done this he was restored to human form. The walls were completed, a cross set upon them, and they remain to this day the walls of Etchmiadzin, the Vatican of the Armenian church.

In these legends one sees the reaction of a primitive people on whom a new, and unknown, religion is suddenly forced. Gregory had converted to Christianity the king who, during his long reign, had most devoutly worshipped the gods of the people. In Armenia were probably remnants of all religions known to humanity; prehistoric, unknown gods such as those worshipped there to-day by the Yezidees, whose religion is secret, but is said to be worship of the devil; old gods of the Medes and the Persians; Jehovah, the god of the Jews; gods of the Assyrians and the Chaldeans; the modern gods of the Greeks, come from Olympus; the gods of the Romans, Jupiter and Mars. Here and there, furtive among the mountains, persecuted by Tiridates, must have been groups worshipping Fire, the god of the Persians. That there were some Christians in the country is obvious, for Gregory's imprisonment was a fact, and during it he was fed secretly by an old Christian woman of the neighbourhood.

One imagines what the conversion must have been to the masses of the people. Upon this mixture of old creeds suddenly is forced a new faith. King Tiridates has decreed that men worship a new god named Christ. On the heels of this announcement come the king's armies, the king himself at their head, with Saint Gregory beside him, and war and massacre sweep the land. The priests of the old faiths fight desperately in their fortress-towns, the people rally around their gods, which do not save them. Town after town falls, accompanied by the bloody slaughter of its defenders; with his own hands Saint Gregory fires a stronghold, burning men and women and children alive. With his own hands he throws down and breaks the smoke-blackened idols. By thousands and tens of thousands the terrified populations flock to announce their conversion.

In three years the last priest of the old faiths has been killed or has escaped over the borders into Persia; the last god lies in fragments. Saint Gregory, in a wagon drawn by white mules, and attended by twenty-four princes of Armenia, goes to Cæsarea, where he is ordained a bishop. On his return he brings with him some bones of Saint John the Baptist, purchased by Armenian gold from the Bishop of Cæsarea, and in one day, on the banks of the Euphrates, he baptizes the king and court, the army, and one hundred and ninety thousand of the people. Armenia has become Christian.

Tiridates died after a reign of fifty-six years, and

his death was sunset for Armenia. A little light lingered for a time, troubled and cloudy, and then Armenia disappeared as a nation.

Naturally there remained much discontent and turmoil of religions in the country. The early, primitive Christianity of the men and women who had known Christ in the flesh had its scattered adherents. Tiridates had persecuted them as he had persecuted the Fire worshippers. The new Church, of which Saint Gregory was the first Katholicos, continued to persecute both, and in addition was obliged energetically to continue the suppression of the gods formerly favoured by King Tiridates.

Persia was not slow to use the pretext of persecuted co-religionists in order to further her imperialistic designs on Armenia. She stirred up religious revolts in Daghestan, then sent her armies to aid them. Armenia was obliged to call on Rome for help. Thereafter her short story is one of desperate attempts to save her life, both from Persia and from the Byzantine Empire. The two great powers—as has always been, and is to-day, the way of powerful nations with weaker ones—used Armenia as a pawn in the game they were playing against each other, until the game paused for a moment at the peace treaty with which they divided her.

The last kings went down in convulsive efforts to save themselves, not only from foreign invaders, but from the Katholicos of the Church. As they lost strength, the Church acquired it.

Diran, king of Armenia, having bought safety by

paying tribute both to Persia and to Rome, was obliged to send his family as hostages with the Emperor Julian on a campaign in Persia. While they were gone, the Katholicos Jousig tore down from the wall of the Royal Church a portrait of Julian and trampled it beneath his feet. Diran, trembling for his family when the Emperor should hear of this insult, had the Katholicos whipped to death. But the Armenian troops that were with Julian, when they heard of this sacrilegious execution, refused any longer to obey Diran's orders, and deserted. The Roman Emperor's vengeance was averted by his death from wounds, but immediately Diran received an invitation from the Persian Emperor to visit him at the Persian court, an invitation he dared not refuse. The Persian Emperor received him courteously, ordered his eyes burned out, and gave Armenia a king whom he thought would be more loyal to Persia.

This story is typical. Repeated for a century, it is the story of the fall of Armenia. In the beginning of the fifth century, Great Armenia was engulfed by waves of foreign invasion, and save for the brief uprising of the Bragatide dynasty at Ani in the ninth and tenth centuries and of Little Armenia in Cilicia during the Crusades, Armenia has ever since remained submerged.

The force that has kept her alive, a nation, a people, resisting absorption by the successive conquerors of fifteen centuries, is the Church. Persians, Greeks, Arabs, Turks, Mongols, Franks, Egyptians, fought

each other over the living body of Armenia, and did not destroy her, because of the Church. The five centuries of comparative peace under the Turkish Empire did not absorb her people, because of the Church. Obstinate, forceful, mystic, intelligent, the Gregorian Church has maintained itself through fifteen centuries of attack, and the walls of Etchmiadzin still stand as firm as the cliffs of Mount Ararat.

While the last, little kings of Armenia were dying, the great Katholicos Nerses laid the foundations of the Church government. He was such a leader of the Church as the Pope of Rome became in Europe during the Middle Ages. It was he who treated with the Emperors of Constantinople and of Persia, he who gathered the armies that brought back fugitive little kings and set them again on the tottering throne.

But his wisdom was in the depth with which he laid the foundations of the Church. He built them in the hearts of the people. For the first time the peasants living in their cave-houses, the poor who had never known anything but toil and war and oppression, received something from their ruler-priests. Houses where the sick were cared for appeared in all the villages; shelters were built for travellers; on the summits of the mountains and on the lake islands rose monasteries whose walls were refuges where justice could be found, and at whose doors bread was distributed to the hungry. In one short lifetime the Armenian people learned to love their Church with a passionate devotion which nothing could overcome.

Before the century ended, the Church had given the

Armenians a new religion, a new unity, an alphabet, the beginning of a Golden Age of literature which Europe was not to equal for a thousand years. The monasteries had drawn into their cloisters the intelligence, the energy and the genius of Armenia, and in the sixth century they were producing one of the finest flowerings of humanity's creative spirit.

The fresh vitality brought to the life of the people by the Church was revealed in the first of the politico-religious persecutions inflicted upon the Armenians. In the first half of the fifth century these began, with the determination of the Emperor of Persia to re-establish the worship of Fire throughout his dominions.

The news of this intent became known to the Armenians when a large army led by the chief of the Persian generals crossed their borders, announcing the Emperor's orders that all Christians must abandon their faith and adopt that of the Magis. This order was followed immediately by the arrest and conveyance to the Persian court of the leading bishops of the Church. One imagines how this news swept through the mountain defiles and penetrated the underground villages of the peasants on the plains of the Araxes. It was followed by a report that at the Persian court the bishops had yielded, and had sacrificed to the Fire.

The Bishops had in fact done so, thus early showing the flexibility with which the Church weathered storms. The yielding had been a stratagem. Loaded with Persian gifts they returned to their own country and at once announced a holy war. The people who had

been unable to defend their kings rose as one mass to defend their church. The first Persian army sent against them was defeated before the snows of that winter fell. Then, in the mountain passes buried in snow, Armenians stood staunch throughout the long, bitter winter. During seven months Persian emissaries tried in vain to sow discord among the troops; not a single soldier deserted. In the spring the army advanced to battle, and on the second of June, 451 A.D., Ararat looked down upon the contending forces.

Armenian historians describe the battle as of terrible ferocity; it endured an entire day. The Persians lost three thousand, five hundred and forty-four men before they won the victory. The battle was followed by a massacre of one thousand and thirty-six Armenians, and the whole population of Armenia, men, women and children, with their flocks, fled to inaccessible defiles of the mountains. Doubtless the village of Berd took refuge in its caves.

Harassed and assailed by small bands of the intrepid Armenians, who descended on them from all sides, the Persian armies were unable to subdue or to hold the country. To set up Fire worship was impossible. The Persian general was obliged to admit defeat and to report to his Emperor that his rage should fall upon the men who had suggested the disastrous attempt. The Emperor immediately appointed a new governor of Armenia, instructed to subdue the Armenians by kindness, and withdrew his armies.

In the year 1924 the peasant-villagers of Soviet Armenia are still celebrating with song and dance the

anniversary of that battle in which three thousand, five hundred and forty-four Persians fell. The spirit which they showed in the fifth century has not failed them since, and though names and dates and conquering races have changed as centuries passed, their history since that time has been little more than repetition.

XX

THE AMERICAN INVASION

SO we come to Erivan, crescent of green trees and flat-roofed houses, curved among low hills on the banks of the Araxes at the foot of Mount Ararat. The Armenians say that Noah named it, when the Ark rested between its two peaks, and looking forth at the receding waters of the Flood he saw the first land emerge, and exclaimed, "Yerivan!" which means, in Armenian, "It is seen!" One of the shallow depressions in the rolling land about it is called, "The footprint of Noah," and on the spot where he is thought to have made his vineyard stands a village named, "The vine was planted here."

Travellers who saw Erivan before the war speak of it as a city of gardens and fountains, of cobbled, walled streets where beautiful Armenian women walked in filmy veils of white and red, of flat roof-tops where all the people slept beneath the stars.

When the Americans came into it in 1919 it was a city of fallen walls and death. The Tartar section had been destroyed as Jehovah had commanded his people to destroy the cities they took, so that not one stone remained upon another, and nothing living moved in it. The Armenian city had passed through the siege of the Bolsheviks, and had suffered in the riots and

massacres of the Armenian Nationalist's short-lived counter-revolution. The very pavements of the streets were uprooted, walls had fallen upon them, choking the gutters of running water, and pestilence had come out of the ruins to feed on the starving people.

Nothing of this was new to Erivan, the city that has suffered looting and burning and massacre at the hands of invading Persians, Greeks, Romans, Arabs, Tartars, Turks and Russians, since first its walls were built. But the invasion by America was new.

Do I say this too often? *Can* it be said too often? The attitude of Americans toward the world is a new thing. Nineteen centuries ago an ambitious politician and a group of fanatical churchmen silenced for ever—as they thought—a Voice that said, "A new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another. . . . By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." For nineteen centures that Voice has been buried under noise of wars and clamour of old hates and new greeds; its message clothed in creeds that kept it alive, but stifled it. In the name of Christ every barbarity has been done that was known to the old gods. Under pretext of spreading Christian civilizations in un-Christian countries old hates have been nourished among Christian nations, and war after war has drenched the earth in innocent blood and fed the living on misery. Now, after nineteen hundred years, Christ's message comes again to the suffering multitudes, clothed not in words nor creeds, but in deeds. Twenty millions of human

beings, citizens of a world-power, followers of all creeds and of none, twenty millions of us with all our human faults of selfish ambitions and envy and all uncharitableness, nevertheless unite to express in deeds a Christian love.

For the first time since Armenians, clothed in skins and carrying stone-weighted clubs, came out of the unknown birthplace of mankind to climb the foothills of Mount Ararat, a powerful foreign nation has invaded the country, bringing not hate, but love. Twenty million Americans, who had never seen and never would see Armenia, so felt the spirit of Christ that they did this thing.

That, to me, is the real meaning of the American work in Armenia. Not the multitudes that were saved from starvation, nor the tens of thousands of little children bathed and clothed and fed, not the unofficial but actual economic administration of an entire country, but the great fact of Christ's spirit working through the machinery of the modern world.

For the first time it animates that machinery, and it works partially and feebly. Human beings make the great organizations, human beings carry out their work. Christ said, "Love your enemies." Christ said, "Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor."

But we are human still, and a Divine spirit does not fill us to overflowing, crowding out all other things. It is too much, yet, to ask us to sell all that we have and give to the poor; a little sacrifice we can make, but not such a great one. It is too much, yet, to ask us to love our enemies. But the love we have for

ourselves, spreading to our families, to our neighbours, to our state and country, at last brims over that boundary. We cannot love our enemies, we cannot yet love Germans or Turks, but at least we can love strangers. Another obstinate obstacle to the spreading of Christ's spirit throughout the world breaks down then.

So the Americans came into Erivan. Representative Americans, as human as the rest of us. Not animated solely by unselfishness, nor more filled to overflowing by Divine spirit than most of us all. Many came because they liked strange countries and adventure; many because their work in the war had taken them from their normal lives at home, and chance led them on to Armenia; many because their professional work was such as must be done here, and they were following their careers. But all these motives were mixed in them with the motive spirit that had sent them, and their work was done in that spirit.

It was strange to see, in aged Erivan, the coming of those Americans. Straight-eyed, healthy, active American girls in uniform, walking through the walled streets as no gracefully veiled and subtly feminine Armenian girl had ever walked, climbing over heaps of debris, inspecting ruined buildings with practical eyes, directing workmen. Nurses in white, efficient, practical, and jolly, sleeves rolled up and antiseptics handy, washing emaciated bodies all day long, treating loathsome sores, shaving and anointing hundreds of favus-encrusted heads. Men in khaki, with Sam Browne belts and Russian boots, striding into government offices, or busy at tables with piles of esti-

mates, waybills and roughly sketched architect's plans. Young, vigorous, impatient Americans, heading gangs of refugee workmen who were cleaning the streets and hauling away the cartloads of dead and fumigating pestholes. Shirt-sleeved Americans, pencil in hand, checking carloads of goods into warehouses, checking them out again into camel-carts and ox-wagons, presiding over distribution of bread and of old clothes. Americans, working, getting the job done.

We do not talk of our souls, like the Russians; we work and put our souls into the work. We do not sit for long hours contemplating the stars and clothing our thoughts of them in beautiful words, as the Persians and the Tartars do; we say, "It's a peach of a night, but gee! I've got to get up early to-morrow!" We do not kiss the cornerstones of churches, nor say, "God's blessing on you," to each other, as the Armenians do; we keep our thoughts of God to ourselves, and when every Sunday the Americans in Erivan meet to read together a chapter of the Bible and to sing a few hymns, they close the hymn books to talk of warehouse tonnage and of new hospital wards. We are a practical people; many men scorn us for it. But we are the first people who have built great organizations to feed the hungry, clothe the naked and heal the sick; we are the first people who have fought an unselfish war and withdrawn from a dishonourable peace. We are the first people who have done Christ's work in Christ's own country, the Near East.

The Americans in Erivan cleaned the streets, cleared the choked gutters that were spreading pestilence, laid

down again the up-torn paving stones. They created nine hospitals, where thousands of sick have been brought from dirty paving stones to be bathed and laid between clean sheets on beds. They gathered up forty-five hundred miserable sick little animals and made them again into human children, clean, rosy, and able to laugh. They built workshops, where boys are learning trades; a Boy Scout house where they are learning to be honourable and self-respecting men; a Girl Scout organization which is giving future mothers of Armenia the ideals of American womanhood.

The Americans in Erivan did these things, but they were the hands of twenty million Americans on the other side of the world.

So Erivan was made into the city it is to-day, by busy stenographers in New York City, by men and women on the farms of the Middle West, by miners in Colorado, and oil-drillers in Oklahoma and California, by business men and women in Chicago and Portland, Oregon, and Portland, Maine, by pastors of little churches and their wives who make their own hats, by multitudes of school children who went to see a moving-picture show, bringing food from mother's pantry to pay their admission, by the farmers' sons of Kansas who raised corn for Armenia—by America.

Erivan is now a crescent of green trees and flat-roofed houses, on the banks of the Araxes in the shadow of Mount Ararat. Its streets are still broken, but clean; water flows in its sewer-gutters until winter's cold freezes them. Its buildings that were wrecked are homes and schools and workshops and

hospitals for thousands of Armenian children whose lives were saved by America. The huddle of markets that surround the square of the old Russian church are alive again, living on the new currency, American old clothes, which was put in circulation by American purchases of labour and materials. Ox-wagons lumber through the streets, bringing in the harvest of fields that were sown because America fed the peasants with Kansas corn-grits. That harvest has set turning again the wheels of the old water-mills in the canyon of the Araxes.

Mount Ararat and the Araxes, that saw the prehistoric invasion of the Armenians, that saw the invasions of Assyrians, Medes, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Arabs, Turks, Tartars, Russians, that have seen the marching of German armies and English, have now seen the American invasion.

The road to Gamarlu runs from Erivan toward the Persian border, a long straight road across the plains below Mount Ararat. Ten years ago it must have been a beautiful and romantic road, bordered all the way by the low mud villages of the Tartar people. Rows of poplars shaded it and raised their slender spires of green above the Tartar gardens where fruit-trees bloomed; Tartar women sat by the roadside grinding grain between two stones and gossiping of the passers-by. This was the caravan road from Persia; along it drove the carriages of the rich, drawn by shining horses decked in silver and blue beads, and up and down it passed the long pack-trains of camels

with their deep-toned chime of bells and their packs of spices and rugs.

The road to Gamarlu is now an empty track through desolation. Dust blows across the untilled fields, the walls of the gardens are broken down, the houses are falling shells of homes. For twenty miles one goes through ruins, where only a few returned Tartars live furtively and poor, in gardens whose flowers are dead and whose unpruned and broken trees pitifully attempt to bloom. Then one comes to the village of Gamarlu, where the Lord Mayor's Fund is feeding the children of refugee Armenians from Mesopotamia.

The English attitude in foreign affairs is that of the business man, and it is the American who says that there is no sentiment in business. Nevertheless, certain obligations, once undertaken, must be carried out even at a loss. The English had given the Armenians refuge in Mesopotamia, and having done this, they had the Armenians on their hands. Twenty-five hundred of them were brought from Mesopotamia to Soviet Armenia, where the government gave them the lands of the Tartars who were driven from their villages in 1915. Here the British government is caring for them, through the Lord Mayor's Fund.

This refugee-camp of Turkish Armenians is an object-lesson which makes Soviet Armenia reluctant to admit others. Exhausted by years of refugeeism, demoralized by idle years of living encamped in Mesopotamia, and worn by the long march northward, they arrived in the new homes. Here they fell prey to malaria, the scourge of the lowlands to which during

centuries the Tartars had become immune, but which decimates the exhausted Armenians. The British give them seeds and tools and farm animals, but their efforts to till the soil are faltering and ineffectual. Huddled in shelters made amid the ruins of Tartar villages on the plain, they sit hopelessly, alternately swallowing the quinine served out to them and shivering in the ague of new infection brought by swarms of mosquitoes from the undrained lands.

They are Turkish Armenians. These men accustomed to the life of shops, to handling goods and bargaining, these women with babies at their breasts, whose home villages are in ruins far away, are too tired and too listless to adapt themselves to life in a new country among people who do not speak their dialect. They respond spasmodically to the galvanizing efforts of the British, and sink into apathy again.

Only the several hundred of their children who have been taken into British orphanages in Erivan, will live in the Armenia of to-morrow. These, sturdy and healthy in their stout boots and sensible clothing such as English children wear, are growing up to useful lives of an English-Armenian character. So much England contributes to the pattern of Armenia, which all nations of history have somewhat coloured and changed.

On the plains between Gamarlu and the base of Mount Ararat, a little hill rises steeply above the well in which Saint Gregory is supposed to have spent his thirteen years of imprisonment. The summit of the earthen cliff is surmounted by a church Saint Gregory built. The stone walls around it, twenty feet thick,

are a honeycomb of rooms and narrow stone staircases; in the quadrangle stands the church, as solid as when first it was built sixteen centuries ago. Only sunshine and mountain breeze come here now; the last priest who lived here is dead. To this church of Saint Gregory, founder of their faith, the Turkish Armenians from Mesopotamia are to be moved. It is hoped that the height of the hill and the distance from the marshes will somewhat protect them from malaria.

XXI

CATHÉDRAL TOWERS

THE way to Etchmiadzin dips into the deep gulch of the Araxes River, below the crumbled walls of Erivan that rise against the sky. The steep banks climbing to them were once the Tartar quarter; now gangs of refugee-workmen are clearing away the debris of houses and terracing the declivity. One day it will be a public park, beautiful above the swiftly rushing water.

Crossing the torrent on a bridge above the watermills, whose flat roofs are golden with grain piled in the sun, the road rises swiftly to the level of the plateau, and there is again a glimpse of Erivan's Russian Church towers and the dome of the Persian Blue Mosque like a sapphire bubble above straight lines of roofs. Then the dust-deep road turns into narrow lanes hemmed in by high mud walls. These are the walls of little farms, and over their tops appear the topmost twigs of fruit trees, olive and apricot and peach.

Armenia's fruit, like her cotton and wine, is famous throughout this part of the world. Persia's is not larger, juicier or more deliciously flavoured. The harvest of the orchards is no longer what it was, for trees are unpruned and irrigation ditches broken by war

years of neglect, and here and there a break in the walls shows once-tilled rows that are wastes of dry weeds. But patiently the peasants are beginning their labour again, and when the road leaves the last wall behind and starts out across the prairie-land gangs of men appear, working on a new irrigation system which America is building.

It is twenty miles to Etchmiadzin, and nothing is to be seen upon the way but the immense plateau, in the south sweeping upward to the two peaks of Ararat that are crested white like a breaking wave, and in the north rising to the great unbroken curve of Mount Algoz.

At last the church-towers rise from the concealing waves of land; Saint Hripsime's church, standing lonely on the prairie, Saint Gaiane's church, further ahead, and midway between them the fortress-walls of Etchmiadzin. The red flag flies from one corner of them, the American flag from the other, and between them rise the Cathedral towers. There the three forces that control Armenia are represented. The Soviet government has confiscated the printing plant of Etchmiadzin; the Americans have filled a block of cloisters with a hospital-orphanage for babies; and still mighty behind his invaded walls sits the Katholicos, supreme head of the Armenian Church and of the Armenian people throughout the world.

An old man, the present Katholicos—so old and so worn by life that now he does little more than wait for the call to heaven. One sees him walking slowly

and with effort in his flowing black robes, a Vartabed-Bishop upholding either arm, a servant following with a chair. He moves along the worn pavements of ancient stones, beneath the heavy stone arches; he goes through the archway-tunnel that pierces the cloisters and into the tiny garden where the fountain is dry and the flowers are not watered now. The chair is placed for him beneath a tree, slowly he lowers himself into it, and sits, his withered hands listless on his knees and his tired eyes seeing only his own thoughts.

The long years during which he was a power, years when he fought the Tsar of the Russias for his people and for his Church, are ended now. He is very old and tired, his life-energy has ebbed away, and he cannot fight the fierce young enemy, the Soviet government. Only a few years remain to him on earth, before the shell of him that carries the heavy, jewelled robes and wears on its forehead the enormous diamond of the spiritual ruler of Armenia will be laid beneath the granite blocks that floor the Cathedral. Until that time, he remains a symbol. As a symbol he is served reverently by the community of black-robed Vartabed-Bishops who move about the ancient quadrangle of Etchmiadzin like figures from some remote past.

The Middle Ages are still alive in Etchmiadzin. There is no other place like it known to me. It is neither a community withdrawn from the modern world, nor a community coloured by it, as Roman Catholic monasteries are. It is a community squarely in its place in its own century—but the century is one that we, in the West, have passed. The simplicity, the

hospitality, the pomp of Etchmiadzin are those of the Catholic Church of Europe before the Reformation.

The Vartabeds who surround the Katholicos are the court of a spiritual emperor in a land where the spiritual world has a solidity which no longer exists for us. The scientific spirit has not penetrated here, with its eternal question lifting veil after veil from a core of the Unknowable. God and the angels and the saints, the golden pavement of heaven, the iron key of Saint Peter, are still corporeal things, in Armenia. They are mystic things in the imagination of the people, mystic presences having little to do with this world, which is governed by its own traditional laws. But in heaven, in their own world, they are as real as human things are in the human world. There is an actual gate of heaven, opened to the faithful by an actual key. God sits in a solid throne, with a sceptre in His hand. And His personal representative, His diplomatic minister to the human world, is the Katholicos.

It is as though Armenia, with its conversion to Christianity in the fourth century, became a vassal of the empire of heaven. Its own earthly rulers still ruled it by its own earthly laws, but above them was the Katholicos, viceroy of God. The Church is his court. Because Armenia was a vassal of heaven, it was for Armenia that the Church fought, against both spiritual and temporal enemies.

The Church offered to intelligent Armenians an opportunity for a career. By becoming Vartabeds they escaped from the temporal world, where they were

oppressed by foreign conquerors, into the safety of Etchmiadzin, where they could study, write, think, and become powerful rulers of the Church.

These mediæval-minded men are the scholars of Armenia, and in European scholarship they hold high places. They study old manuscripts, spend a lifetime untangling legend and fact to clear up some abstruse point of theology, or to decide some debated question of ancient history. They decipher inscriptions on old stones, they know forgotten alphabets and old Assyrian and Chaldean lore. Their correspondence before the war was enormous; their museum and their library were a Mecca of pilgrimage from Europe; their names are known in that dim world of learning which is closed to most of us.

It is a strange life, a quaint and, in its way, a beautiful life. For recreation, they walk in their walled gardens, they study botany and astronomy, or with miniature brushes patiently and lovingly illuminate their manuscripts. They know printing and book-binding, too; their printing press, the only one in Armenia, produced treatises on learned subjects that were most marvellous examples of the printer's and book-binder's art.

Their rooms are like engravings in some old musty book; stone walls four feet thick, lined with book-shelves and pierced by small deep-set windows; stone-flagged floors worn by centuries of sandalled feet; heavy furniture dark and glossy with age. Here in jovial mood, when a visitor is to be entertained, they bring from small wall-cupboards a flagon of Etch-

miadzin wine or a decanter of Armenian cognac and sheets of the paper-thin Armenian bread which they spread thick with honey and butter and roll into delicious morsels. Their grave faces framed in the tall, pointed, black cowls break into child-like smiles, and their plump bodies shake with laughter under their long black robes, while jest follows jest until, all together, they sing an old Armenian song.

There is still another side to Etchmiadzin. The obstinate tenacity, the deep-rooted life of Armenia which all history has not been able to destroy, are here in the Armenian Church. Changes in temporal affairs have beaten against the walls of Etchmiadzin for sixteen centuries like little waves against a granite cliff. Now the Tsar has fallen, the Soviets have come. The Soviets may endure for a few years or for a few centuries; it is all one to Etchmiadzin. Some day the Soviets will go, as all temporal governments do, but Etchmiadzin will still stand.

A certain surface flexibility is needed to meet these changes; the Church has always had it. An ever-renewed and yet unchanging life has been in the Church, and always will be. The Katholicos is old and very tired; soon there will be a new Katholicos. He will probably be the present Archbishop of Erivan, Archbishop Khorian. One cannot predict this with certainty, for the Katholicos—unlike any other spiritual ruler—is elected by the vote of all Armenians in every part of the world. But to-day it is Archbishop Khorian who is most frequently spoken of as

their next choice, and he is already the power behind the throne in Etchmiadzin. When the Church speaks, it speaks with the voice of the Katholicos, but its words are those of the Archbishop.

He has spent nearly all his life in the service of the Church. A young man, son of a family neither rich nor powerful, he struggled through Tiflis University, against all the obstacles which the Tsar's government put in the way of Armenian education. Graduating, he became a teacher in the Nerses Academy. Even as a young man, he must have shown ability and character, and the Armenian Church has always shown cleverness in choosing its recruits. The former Katholicos visited Tiflis, saw the young Khorian, and asked him to come to Etchmiadzin.

This is a peculiarity of the Church; its supreme head is chosen by democratic vote, but he is surrounded by an oligarchy of his own choosing. The Bishops of Etchmiadzin are celibate monks, but the village priests must be married. The result is that the priest cannot become a bishop unless his wife dies, and even then very rarely. There is democracy within Etchmiadzin, there is democracy on a lower level among the village priests, and there is democratic choice in the election of the Katholicos; but there is no democratic passing from one level to another within the Church. An invitation to become a monk at Etchmiadzin is an opportunity granted to few.

The young Khorian's gifts were administrative, active rather than passive. His scholarship is extraordinary, but it is his recreation, not his life. Within a

few years he became Archbishop of Erivan, in the forefront of the battle against the Tsar. He became a clever, acute, resourceful politician. Only one error is recorded of him. In 1905, when the Tsar confiscated the Church treasure and the whole population of the Caucasus rose in revolt, the Russian governor of Erivan was besieged in his palace by a mob as furious as that which destroyed the Bastille. Armed only with such weapons as they could improvise, scythes and axes and clubs, the Armenians killed the governor's guards and were tearing down the palace. Messengers rushed to the Archbishop, begging him to save the governor's life. The Archbishop came out on a balcony, held up his hand, and quietly told the silenced mobs to go home. They went. The Russian government thereupon arrested the Archbishop and exiled him to the Crimea, on the very logical grounds that his influence with the Armenian people had been proved to be strong enough to be dangerous to Russia.

Saving the governor's life was the one error in a long and brilliant career; it was an error excusable, no doubt, on the ground of his youth at the time.

He escaped from exile by very clever political work, and since his return to Armenia his power has steadily increased. To-day he is the unofficial leader of the Church, the skilled adversary encountered by the Soviets. With the Communists he is on the same excellent terms as were the first rulers of the Church with the last Armenian kings.

Never before has there been greater enthusiasm for the Church among the Armenian peasants; the re-

ligious processions grow larger and more enthusiastic every year. The Archbishop contemplates such tremendous modern reforms in church service as seats for the congregation, and instrumental music in the Cathedral. He is adroit; the government has returned the Church vineyards it confiscated, and the Church buildings it claimed. The government has given Etchmiadzin permission to open the university for which it fought so long and so vainly against the Tsar's opposition. Archbishop Khorian is interested in the refugee problem, and in irrigation to reclaim land on which the exiles from Turkey can be established. The government has been brought respectfully to ask the Katholicos to allow Archbishop Khorian to work with the Soviets on this plan.

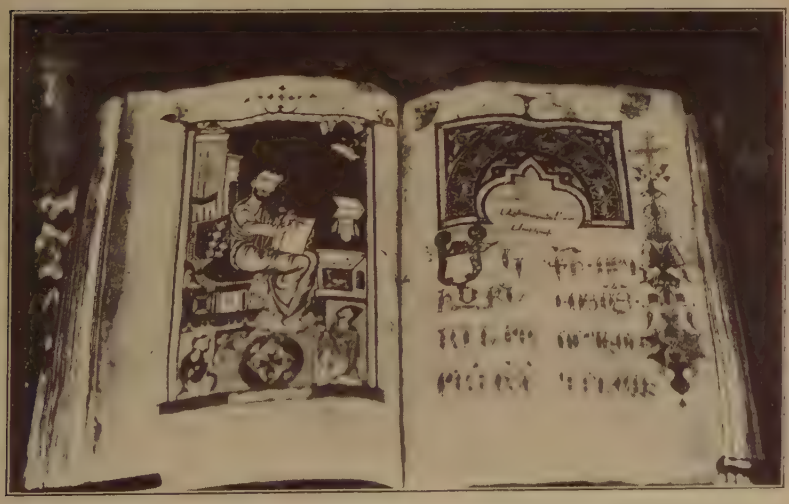
The Archbishop does not discuss Communism or the Soviets; he talks of the peasants, of the reforms in church service, of his irrigation projects. But behind all these activities there is the real interest, the only interest, the interest to which all his plans are subservient—his intention to bring the Church through this political storm stronger and more energetic than it has ever been.

Everything indicates that he will succeed.

Behind the walls of Saint Hripsime's church, standing lonely on the prairie outside Etchmiadzin, lives the Vartabed Khatchik Dadian. He is an old man now. Twenty-five years of his life and all the fortune inherited from his father have been spent on his one passion, the discovery of the real church built by Saint

FATHER DADIAN IN HIS CELL

The renowned scholar lives alone in rooms in the walls that surround Saint Hripsime's church, and delves into the past as revealed in old manuscripts.



ONE OF THE BIBLES AT BERD

The leaves are parchment, voluminously illustrated in colors still bright, although dating back probably to the fourth century.

Gregory after his vision. This church he believes he has found, and buried beneath one of the pillars that his excavations unburied were the bones, he asserts, of Saint Gregory himself.

This attack upon the tradition of Etchmiadzin made by a man whose great learning was nurtured in the bosom of the Church, is received with silence in the cloisters that surround the Cathedral. Khatchik Dadian is a Vartabed-Bishop, and will be one until he dies, but his labours are no longer supported by the Church. He can dig no more, for even were his own fortune not exhausted, the Soviet government forbids further excavations. So he lives alone in his rooms in the walls that surround Saint Hripsime's church, and delves deeper into the past as revealed in old manuscripts. But on the prairie at some little distance lie the fruits of his life work: the temples uncovered when he stripped one of the many small hills to its bones of granite blocks and broken columns.

Here are exposed again to daylight the ruins of five temples, built one upon another, each raising its walls on fragments of the former ones. Three thousand years ago, said Vartabed Dadian, the first temple was built in honour of Sun, Moon and Air. The Greek gods wrecked it, and twenty-one hundred years ago a temple to Diana rose above its fragments. A wave of Persians came from the East, and Diana disappeared; the Magi lighted the sacred Fire on their own altar in this place. The worship of Fire passed when Tigranes the Great of Armenia conquered Persia. Then, for the thousands of Jews who were brought here to the

new towns built by Sempad Bragatide of that generation, a temple to Jehovah was erected, sixty years before the birth of Christ. This was one of the temples destroyed when Saint Gregory converted Armenia, and his little temple built to Christ was made of all the walls that had fallen. Still built into the walls of this little Christian church are stones smoke-backened by the fires of the Magi.

This little church, still distinctly traced upon the ground by its pavement of granite blocks and still surrounded by fragments of its walls, is the original church built by the saint, if Vartabed Dadian's documents tell the truth. Near it stood King Tiridates' palace, burned during an invasion of the Romans in 59 A.D.; it was rebuilt seven years later when Tiridates himself had gone to Rome to sue for pardon, and receiving it had brought back Roman architects to raise the palace walls again. The lower floors and dungeons of this palace are still buried by the slowly-moving waves of earth, but its upper halls, its corridors and its judgment seat are uncovered to the wind and rain, and Vartabed Dadian, stamping on the stone pavements, awakens below them a hollow sound that testifies to hidden chambers.

All the little hills surrounding this excavation, he says, are filled with palaces of ancient kings. A city lies concealed here, holding unknown treasures of truth about the almost forgotten childhood of man. He sighs, knowing that now he is too old ever to see them uncovered, and he smiles, looking at the wealth of Greek and Byzantine and Persian carvings, at immense

pillars and their capitals of granite eagles with outstretched wings that he has unearthed.

Standing against one of the bits of old wall is a slab of stone as tall as a man, on which are deeply graven forty-seven lines of writing, in the language of the Urardu, the first tribes of Armenia. For long years after it was discovered it could not be read, for the language had been forgotten. How this stone had come here was unknown, for it was far older than any of the five temples that had succeeded each other here, but at last its meaning was deciphered by scholars, and from depths of the past this stone spoke, and said:

"To God the Sun, Ruler of the World, this stone is inscribed by order of Rusas, son of Argistis. To the illustrious worshippers of the Sun, Rusas son of Argistis speaks, saying: I have conquered the land of Quturli, with all that belonged to it, to its uttermost frontier. This great victory was granted to me by the Sun, Ruler of Earth. To him I have built these things: a garden of cypress trees and oaks, a splendid city with walls about it, and a wide canal from the River Ildaruni to water the trees of this garden of the Sun. In the name of Rusas, son of Argistis, libations are poured. The wall of the city, the wall of the canal, are built. A lamb is sacrificed to God the Sun; sacrifice of a lamb is made to God the Moon, may these offerings be acceptable to the gods.

"For abundance of water in the canal, a goat is sacrificed to the Sun, a lamb to the Sun, a lamb to the Moon, a lamb to the Air, as offerings acceptable to the

gods from the hand of Rusas, son of Argistis, the powerful king, the great king, king of the world, king of the peoples of Van, king of kings and king of the city of Tosp.

"Rusas, son of Argistis, commands: Whosoever destroys this inscription, whosoever defaces the name of the king, whosoever takes upon himself to give commands, whosoever overthrows this stone, whosoever pretends—whoever he may be—that he has been the builder of this city, of the garden, of the great canal, whosoever effaces the name of Rusas, son of Argistis, to place his own name in this place, though he be a man of Van, though he be a Lulubien, may God the Sun, God the Moon, God the Air, the great gods, wipe out for ever his name, his family, and all that are of his blood."

This is the only record left of Rusas, the son of Argistis, of his people, of his victories or of his building. No one knows who were the Lulubiens or the peoples of Van. No one knows, save for this stone, that the city of Tosp existed. Of the pride of the king of kings, the emperor Rusas, and of his people and his empire, nothing remains.

Only the canal that he built of huge blocks of stone was discovered when a tunnel was run from the River Araxes through the hill on its banks. America is repairing it, with wages paid in corn-grits from Kansas; it is part of the new irrigation system that will water the plains around Etchmiadzin.

XXII

PEACE BETWEEN THE VILLAGES

THE Soviet government of Armenia existed, as an Armenian government, less than two years. It was established under cover of the Turkish occupation of 1920; on the first of January, 1923, it was dissolved into the federal government of the Federated Socialist Soviet States. That is, Armenia was again absorbed by Russia.

Armenia's escape from Russian dominion was brief, and had two phases; first, the Nationalist government, then the Armenian Soviet. Neither of these governments represented the Armenian people; neither of them lasted long enough to give the exhausted, starving masses an opportunity to recover and assert themselves. Both of these governments were an adventure of a group of revolutionists. The Dashnak Nationalist government was militaristic and autocratic; the Soviet government was socialistic and autocratic.

In a sense, responsibility for the faults and crimes of any revolutionary government lies on the head of the government that the revolutionists have destroyed. Tsarist Russia created her revolutionists, embittered them by oppression and cruelty, distorted their minds by enforced ignorance and long years of idleness in prison, and made them her relentless enemies by cen-

turies of bloody injustice. The revolutionists ruling Russia to-day are the legitimate children of Tsarist Russia, exactly as much as her cultured, beautiful and callous aristocrats were.

From thistles come forth thistles, and from grapevines, grapes. If, in faraway America I had ever feared that bloody revolution threatened our own country, that fear would have vanished when I saw Soviet Armenia. Only bloody oppression brings forth bloody revolution, for they are two sides of the same thing. Seeds of discontent may fall as fast as they will on the soil of any country where men are free; they will find no place in which to root and grow.

Tsarist Russia was a bloody oppression; a government of the Dark Ages. In the small sunny spaces around her courts blossomed an aristocracy of culture and beauty, but even in it there was no political freedom. Children of the aristocrats who loved art, antiquity, literature or luxury, could cultivate those tastes and develop in them a perfection which we do not know in busy America. But even the sons of the aristocrats could not speak of political freedom. When, in their universities, they dared to do so, they were driven into outer darkness, hunted, imprisoned, exiled to Siberia, executed. Hate was burned into their souls. Living furtively as hunted animals, pursued in all the countries of Europe by agents of the Tsar's secret police, they educated themselves as best they might by midnight study of Marx, of Engels, of all the men who had dreamed of a perfect world built upon the ruins of the real world. Of what the real world is,

these revolutionists could have no real understanding; they saw only as much of it as the terrified fox sees of the farm from which, starving, he steals chickens.

The fox would dream of the perfect farm, one supposes, as a place where there were plenty of chickens for all. If it can be imagined that this fox murdered the farmer and became master of the farm, he would at once decree chickens for all. But he would know nothing about cultivating the soil, harvesting the grain, building the chicken coops, running the incubators.

So the revolutionists dreamed of a world of liberty and plenty for all the "dark people," the oppressed, ignorant, hungry people of Russia. But there is very little liberty in the real world; none of us have more than a small bit of it. Even in America we sacrifice our personal liberty every day to our social sense, to our recognition of the rights of others and to our conceptions of right and wrong. As for material things, a wealth of them comes only from self-discipline, work, and knowledge of how to work. The revolutionists among all the peoples of Russia did not have any knowledge of how to work, how to manage factories, farms, railroads, or government. How could they know these things? The government of the Tsars had given them no opportunity to learn.

This was true of the Armenian revolutionists, as it was true of their comrades among the innumerable oppressed peoples of Russia. Armenia was a conquered province, and Armenians were not given even the very small opportunities that the Russians had. There were few universities in Russia—none in Armenia—and

these were entirely for children of the aristocrats. Even the aristocrats of Armenia were not allowed freely to enter them. All the peoples of the Caucasus, Armenians, Georgians, Tartars and Abcasians, were permitted to send to Russian universities only seven per cent of the total number of students. Whenever able men developed among the Armenians they were taken from Armenia; they were not allowed to stay among their own people for fear that they would help to educate them—and education was a danger to the Tsar's government.

The Armenian Church was a danger to the Tsar's government. It was the heart of a submerged Armenian nation; the people gathered around its leadership. Therefore the Armenian Church was oppressed. Its lands were taken, its treasures confiscated. Its efforts to open a university were crushed. Even the last spark of liberty left to the Armenians, the right freely to elect the Katholicos, the head of their Church, was taken from them by the Tsar.

When, after the disastrous Russian-Japanese war of 1905, the Tsar refilled his treasury by confiscating the wealth of the churches, the peoples of the Caucasus were driven to a frenzy. There were mass meetings, demonstrations, riots, and a sudden lovefeast of all the peoples. Armenians, Georgians, Tartars, united to resist the Tsar's attacks on their churches. Such friendliness among his subject peoples was the most imminent danger to the Tsar; if ever they were united his throne would be destroyed as by a hurricane. The Russian secret police desperately hastened to avert

such a calamity as friendliness among the races of the Russian Empire.

In Baku they disarmed the Armenians and gave arms to the Tartars. Then hundreds of them, working among the ignorant Tartar masses, inflamed their minds with stories of Armenian atrocities, until on a certain day they distributed free vodka to all the armed Tartars, withdrew the police from the city, and led the drunken mobs into the Armenian quarter. The massacre was one of the most terrible in Armenian history; for days afterwards thousands of bodies lay piled in the streets. The whole Armenian quarter was burned; even the oil wells owned by Armenians were set on fire. The sky was covered with black smoke, the blazing oil ran out over the waters of the Caspian Sea until even it seemed to be burning, and all the passions of ignorant men crazed by vodka rioted through this inferno during three days and nights. Satisfied, the Tsar's secret police brought back the Cossacks; the carnage ceased in a ruined city. The desire of the Tsar had been attained; there was no more love between Armenian and Tartar. Such was the rule of the Tsar over the Armenians.

The war between Tartars and Armenians did not cease during fifteen years. From the massacres of 1905 until the establishing of the Armenian Soviet government in 1920 there was constant war between Armenian and Tartar villages everywhere in the Caucasus. Men ventured from their villages only in armed groups; the life of a Tartar in an Armenian village or that of an Armenian in a Tartar village was worth

no more than the shortest possible time required to kill him. Every effort of the leaders of both races to stop this slaughter, to make peace between the peoples, was thwarted by the Russian secret police. So long as the peoples could be kept killing each other, they would not turn against the Tsar.

This was the soil in which the Armenian Communist movement grew—secretly, of course. Under cover, hunted, always in danger of capture and death, the Communists spread their propaganda and created the party in which all races joined hands. While peasant Armenian and peasant Tartar went armed, ready to kill each other, Communist Armenian and Communist Tartar called each other "Comrade."

Let me repeat that it is only in such soil, only in such darkness and under such oppression, that revolutionary movements can grow. Revolution is reaction to unscrupulous oppression; the two things go together, inseparable. In a free country, among a free people, neither of them can exist.

When the Tsarist government disappeared, blown to bits as by an explosion of the forces it had so long held down, Armenia was captured, not by the Communists, but by the Armenian Nationalists. Armenia did not want to be Communist; it wanted to be free. But the Nationalist government was between the Turkish armies and the Russian; Kars was taken by the Turks from the South, the Red armies came down from the North. The Nationalist government fell, and the armies of Communist Russia helped to establish the Communist government of Armenia.

It was a bad government, judged by any standard of ours. It could not be anything else. Revolutionists controlled it, and revolutionists are such men as we do not produce in America. They had never had as much of a share in the work of governing as every twenty-one year old man and woman in America has when marking a ballot. They had never known such a thing as free political discussion. They did not know as much about railroading as the loneliest telegraph operator in our most isolated railway station; they did not know as much about agriculture as any farmer's boy who drives the cows home from pasture at night. They could not know these things; they had been given no opportunity to learn.

They had on their hands the government of a country most utterly wrecked—a desolation of fallen house walls, untilled fields, and starving, diseased peoples such as no American at home can imagine. To cope with this situation they had an economic theory which had never been applied to the real world of human beings, and nothing else. When they tried, as best they could, to apply this theory to the life of more than a million human beings who knew nothing about either economics or theories, who were dying of hunger and exposure and disease and wanted nothing but food and shelter and medicines, they encountered immediately a great American organization. The Americans had come to Armenia to save hundreds of thousands of human lives, and they saved them. They did it by methods that had nothing whatsoever to do with Communism, American methods.

The Near East Relief had been established and working in Armenia before the Communist revolution. Nearly forty thousand orphans were dependent upon it, and all the life that was left in Armenia centred around it. The Communist revolution was serious enough to the small Nationalist group that fought it in Erivan, and serious enough to the small Communist group that was backed by the armies of Russia. But both to the American organization and to the masses of the Armenian people, it was merely a sound and fury signifying nothing; a crackling of thorns under a pot.

One thing the new government did; it stopped the long warfare between Tartar and Armenian and Molokan. For the first time in fifteen years, there was peace in the villages. Azerbaijan, the neighbouring country of the Tartars, was Soviet; Armenia was Soviet; Great Russia was Soviet; the Soviet government was being attacked by armies from Europe and by armies of counter-revolutionists, and unity was absolutely necessary between the Soviet states. The Red armies controlled the Caucasus, and the order from Moscow was, "Internal peace at any cost." Therefore there was peace.

Stepan Gregorian, returning to his village after a year of living in refugee camps, did not know anything about Communism, nor wish to know; he cared as little about Europe's policies and the wars of the Red armies; he and his wife and babies were dying of hunger and all he wanted was food. Tartars, brothers of the Turks, had always been his enemies and always, he thought, would be his enemies. But if

his friends raided a Tartar village for food, the government descended upon them and carried them away to jail, perhaps to execution. When the Tartars raided his village, behold! government descended upon them, and treated them likewise. Word spread that there was now peace between Armenians and Tartars. Word spread that the war between them was ended. Cautious groups ventured from one village to another; nothing happened. Men grew bold, and went from village to village in twos and threes. They were not killed. There came a day when a lone Tartar, unarmed, rode into an Armenian village, and rode out again, alive. Stepan Gregorian, returning in his ox-wagon from a trip to the Americans who had lent him corn-grits to live upon till harvest, drove through a Tartar village and saw a Tartar woman milking a water-buffalo. He paused, and offered to exchange a small portion of corn-grits for a measure of milk for his baby. He told her that the baby's mother was ill, and that the baby grew thinner every day, and there were no cows left in his village. The Tartar woman gave him the measure of milk. Indeed, there was peace between the villages.

This is the one thing that all the villagers of Armenia say, "The new government made peace between the villages." They do not like the new government; it collects cruel taxes, it makes the villagers call meetings and elect men of its own choosing, not of theirs, to represent them in Erivan. But it has made peace between the villages.

Another thing the Soviet government did was to

establish schools for the people. Poor schools, and not as many of them in reality as there are on paper, but schools. And never before were there any schools at all for those who were born in villages. There is a university in Erivan, and a night school, and any man or woman who wishes to study may do so; it is not necessary to have been born an aristocrat. The rooms are bare and cold; the teachers are underpaid, shabby and hungry; books are few. But there it is, a free university, where even the son of a farmer may go.

The new government oppressed the people and oppressed the Church, but not as much as the Tsar oppressed them. The Communists have confiscated the museum of Etchmiadzin and have opened it at Erivan, in the government building. It is crowded every day by masses of reverent hungry-eyed clerks and peasants—old women in shawls, Tartars in their long, tent-like black capes and pointed hoods of camel's hair cloth, Molokans in blue Russian blouses and high boots, soldier-boys in khaki uniforms, and peasants in coats of sheepskin—who gaze for the first time on treasures of woven stuffs, embroideries, illuminated manuscripts, collections of old coins, and walls covered with the beautiful canvases of Armenian painters. The Communists have confiscated the printing press of Etchmiadzin, and it is printing leaflets of Communist propaganda and a few pamphlets on agriculture, home medicine and hygiene, which may reach the peasants. But the Communists have given Etchmiadzin permission to open the university—that per-

mission which Etchmiadzin could not get from the Tsar.

It was a bad government, inefficient, here and there corrupt; a government that imprisoned without trial hundreds of men, and executed no one knows how many. It was a government that did not know how to govern, but that nevertheless, somehow, desperately and badly, did govern. It enforced peace and order; it tried to encourage agriculture; it hated the Americans whose huge and working organization at every turn blocked efforts to establish Communism, and yet it co-operated with them, as well as it could, in building irrigation canals and roads and electric plants. It lasted nearly two years, and handed a somewhat recovered Armenia back to Russia.

This reunion with Russia was inevitable. Little Armenia, without markets, factories or ports, with at most a tiny army of her own, could not long exist between Russia and Turkey. One or the other would swallow her. A formerly wealthy Armenian, now ruined and living in the basement of his home, which the Communists had confiscated, expressed the situation to me in these words, "Communist Russia is better than Nationalist Turkey. At least, we are alive."

On January 1, 1923, occurred the reorganization of the whole of the former Russian Empire. The word, "Russia," vanished from all official documents and was replaced by "The Federation of Socialist Soviet Republics." All the multitudinous peoples of Russia—Kerghis, Cossacks, Tartars, Daghestanese, Georgians,

Abcasians, Mongols, Huns, Molokans, Russians, and I do not know how many others, have each their small separate Soviet state, represented (theoretically) in the Federal government at Moscow. Among these states is the Armenian.

It is possible that as part of this mass the Armenian people may be able to develop again some revival of their ancient culture, their genius in building and in poetry and art. It is possible that with time the revolutionary despotism may relax, and that the peoples may be able to take a part in governing themselves, a thing which to-day, after centuries of oppression by the Tsar, they are not capable of doing, even were they given the opportunity to try. It is possible that commerce and industry may develop; already Russia has sent Armenia a present of machinery for a cotton-mill.

On the other hand, it is possible that out of Russia may rise the "Strong Man" for whom the exiled ruined aristocrats are hoping, and that this Slav Napoleon may revive the Empire and hand-in-hand with Turkey sweep across Europe the savage warriors from the steppes of Asia who were beaten back when the Mongolian Khans halted in the eleventh century. Who can say what will come out of Russia, or what will be the patterns of the wars of to-morrow?

Whether for better or worse the Armenians of the Caucasus are now part of the fate of Communist Russia. Another chapter in their long history ends. Armenia will live; a root deep-buried in the ground, refusing to die. Twice it has blossomed into a culture remarkable for its day. Now it has a new sap, some-

thing of the spirit of America. Forty thousand children, four per cent of the population, are growing up in America's care, beginning again at Ararat. They owe their lives to America, their schooling, their training in workshops and on playgrounds, their ideals, their energy. To-morrow, they will be men and women, and who can doubt that they will be the leaders of their countrymen? Something of America has been planted here; something that will grow.

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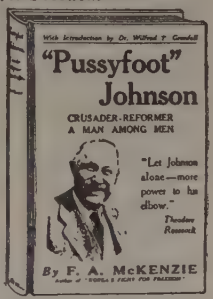

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